

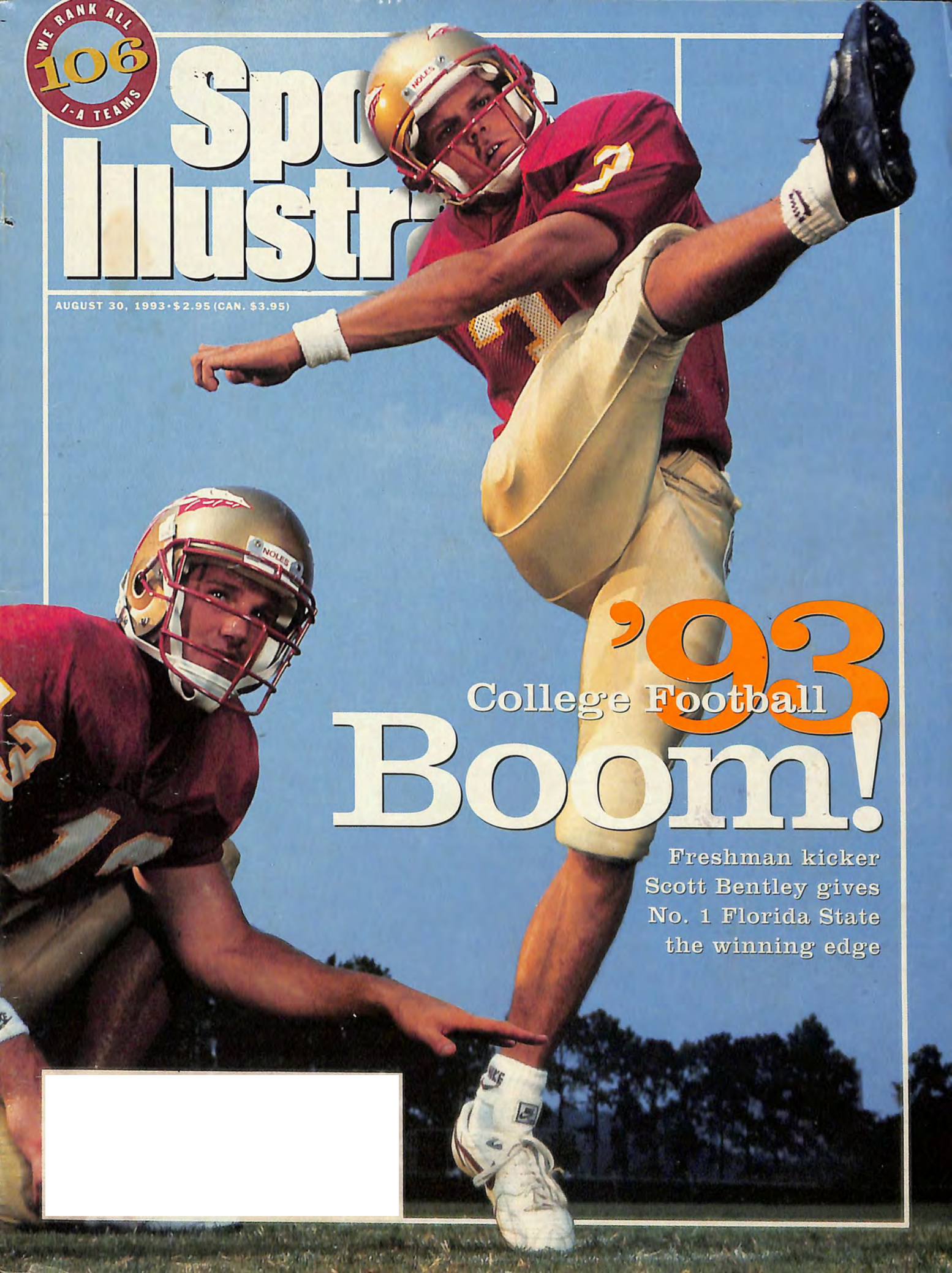


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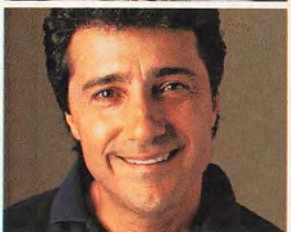
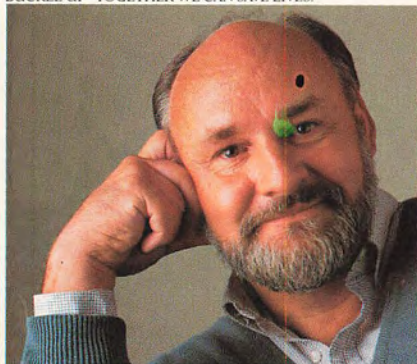
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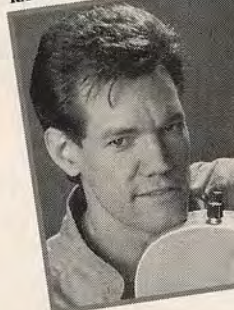


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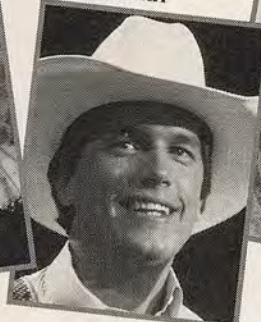
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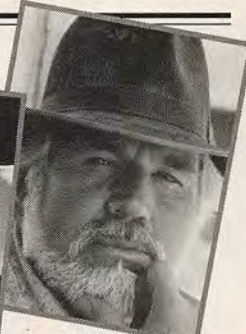
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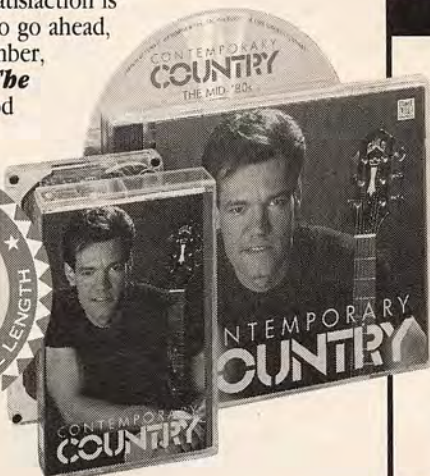
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Fans still yearn for the larger-than-life college football coach

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POINT AFTER

The Play Begins

As we kick off the college football season with our annual preview issue, the first snap goes to Tennessee quarterback Heath Shuler (page 66).

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ANTHONY NESTE

Mr. October

Your nine-page valentine to Reggie Jackson (*The Gall of Fame*, Aug. 2) was pure fluff. To publish a fawning tribute to the man who set the standard for self-promotion over team goals reminds us once again that the phrase "journalistic integrity" is an oxymoron. The fact that sports-writers elected Jackson to the Hall of Fame proves that you can get there by being good copy as long as you hang around the game long enough. Who's on your next ballot, Jack Clark?

PAUL CAIN
Virginia Beach, Va.

Reggie Jackson's being enshrined next to Ruth, Gehrig, Mantle and Mays dishonors the game. His lifetime batting average is an embarrassing .262, and he struck out 2,597 times. His strikeout-to-at-bat ratio is one of the highest ever.

Jackson's selection is a reflection of American culture. It doesn't expect much, doesn't

receive much and then celebrates the mediocre. If he won by producing drama as Mr. October, he should be given an Oscar, not enshrinement in Cooperstown.

HAL G. GEISS
Pine, Colo.

Play Like a Girl

YOUR SCORECARD item about the girls' soccer team in Middleburg, Ohio, that had to compete in the boys' division and ended up winning the Ohio Games title (Aug. 9) put a smug smile on my face. For all the times my daughter has played ball on coed teams and some ignorant father has yelled to his son, "C'mon, you're hitting like a girl," I wish that father could have seen that playoff. It gives new meaning to the phrase "play like a girl."

RONDA J. BAKER
Newington, N.H.

Environmental Concerns

Please continue to surprise your readers by printing the

kind of top-notch journalism found in Robert H. Boyle's *POINT AFTER* (July 12). While it is not directly related to sports, his column addresses an issue that affects every aspect of human existence, including leisure activities.

JEFFERSON RANCK
Portland, Ore.

I am acutely aware of the recent shift in the normally responsible press, including *The New York Times*, toward publishing articles that torture the truth about major environmental issues. But none of the twisted rationale of these articles has changed the facts: Poisons remain poisons, ultraviolet levels at the earth's surface are increasing, the earth is warming under the influence of heat-trapping gases, and biotic resources around the world are becoming impoverished.

GEORGE M. WOODWELL
Director, Woods Hole Research Center
Woods Hole, Mass.

Mr. Boyle's commentary is typical of a vein of environmental journalism that has become too closely tied to an ideological orthodoxy about what is good and bad for nature and human health. This has produced blind spots among writers who confuse their roles as journalists and activists.

Much of what we know about the environment, and the policies we put in place to protect it, is undergoing rapid change. It is our responsibility as journalists to evaluate this new information and to follow it wherever it may lead. I am doing that. Mr. Boyle appears to be stuck.

KEITH SCHNEIDER
The New York Times
New York City

I fail to see how environmental issues relate to sports reporting. It is unfortunate that we as a society have to be subjected to politically correct commentary every time we turn around. Enough is enough. A sports magazine should focus on sports.

LYNNE WELLS
Halifax, Pa.



Griggs (right) faintly resembles our July 19 computer projection of how he would look today.

Lost and Found

Your question "What ever happened to Hal Griggs?" (*CLASSIC SPORTS PEOPLE*, July 19) caught my eye because I am his youngest daughter. He is retired and living in Tucson. If you want to know more, I can put you in touch with him.

LORA SWEENEY
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

• We contacted Griggs, now 65, and he filled us in on his life since 1959, when he last pitched in the majors. After playing a few years in the minors and winter ball in Puerto Rico and Nicaragua, Griggs worked various jobs in sales, building maintenance and construction in Pompano Beach, Fla., Port Huron, Mich., and Tucson, where he has lived since 1969. Until he saw the SI article, he didn't realize he was among baseball's missing. "Everybody I know knows where I am," says Griggs. He has never attended any baseball alumni events because, he says, "I was never invited. I guess baseball didn't know where I was." It does now.—ED.

Letters to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and should be addressed to The Editor, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020-1393.

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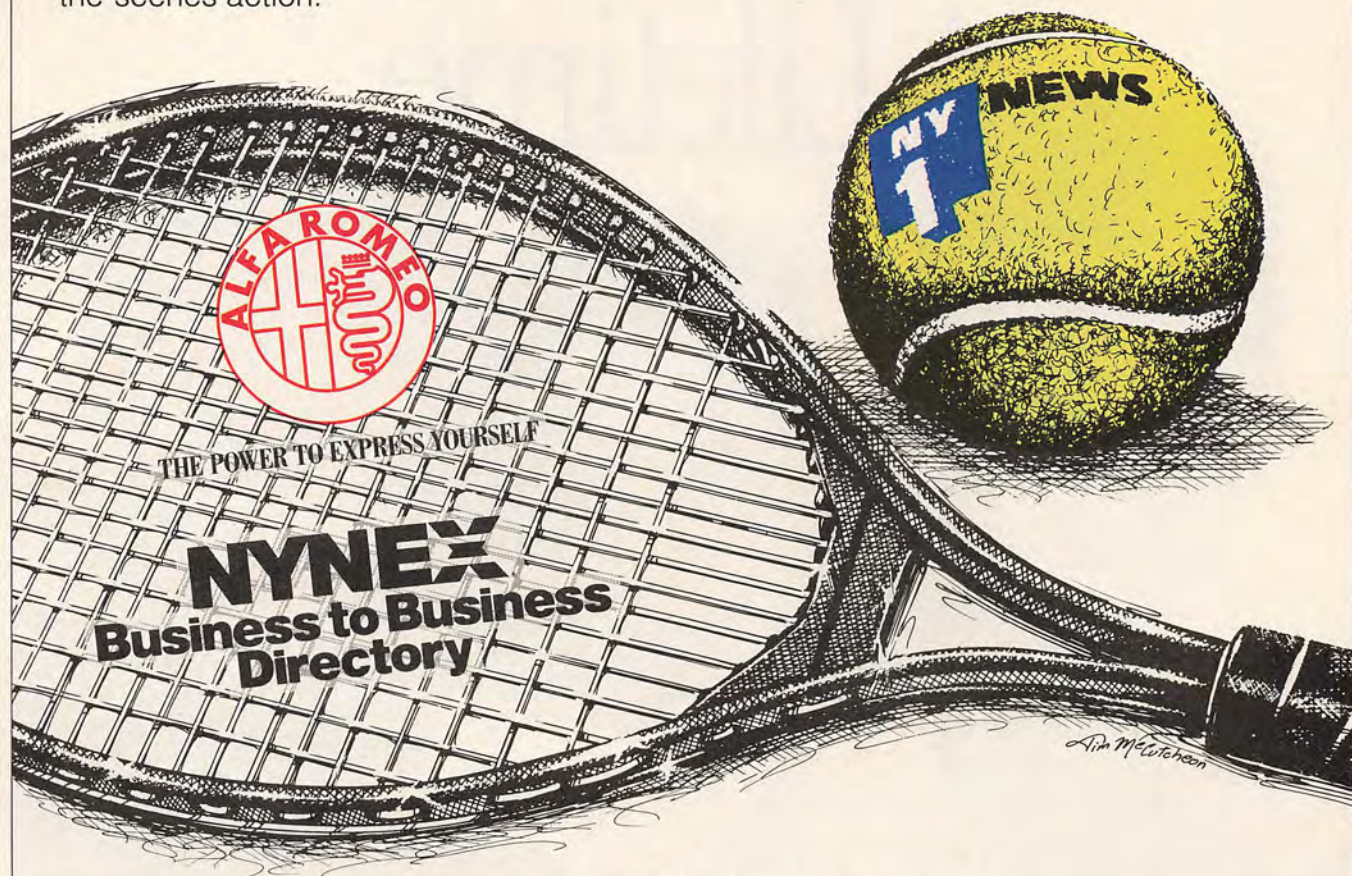
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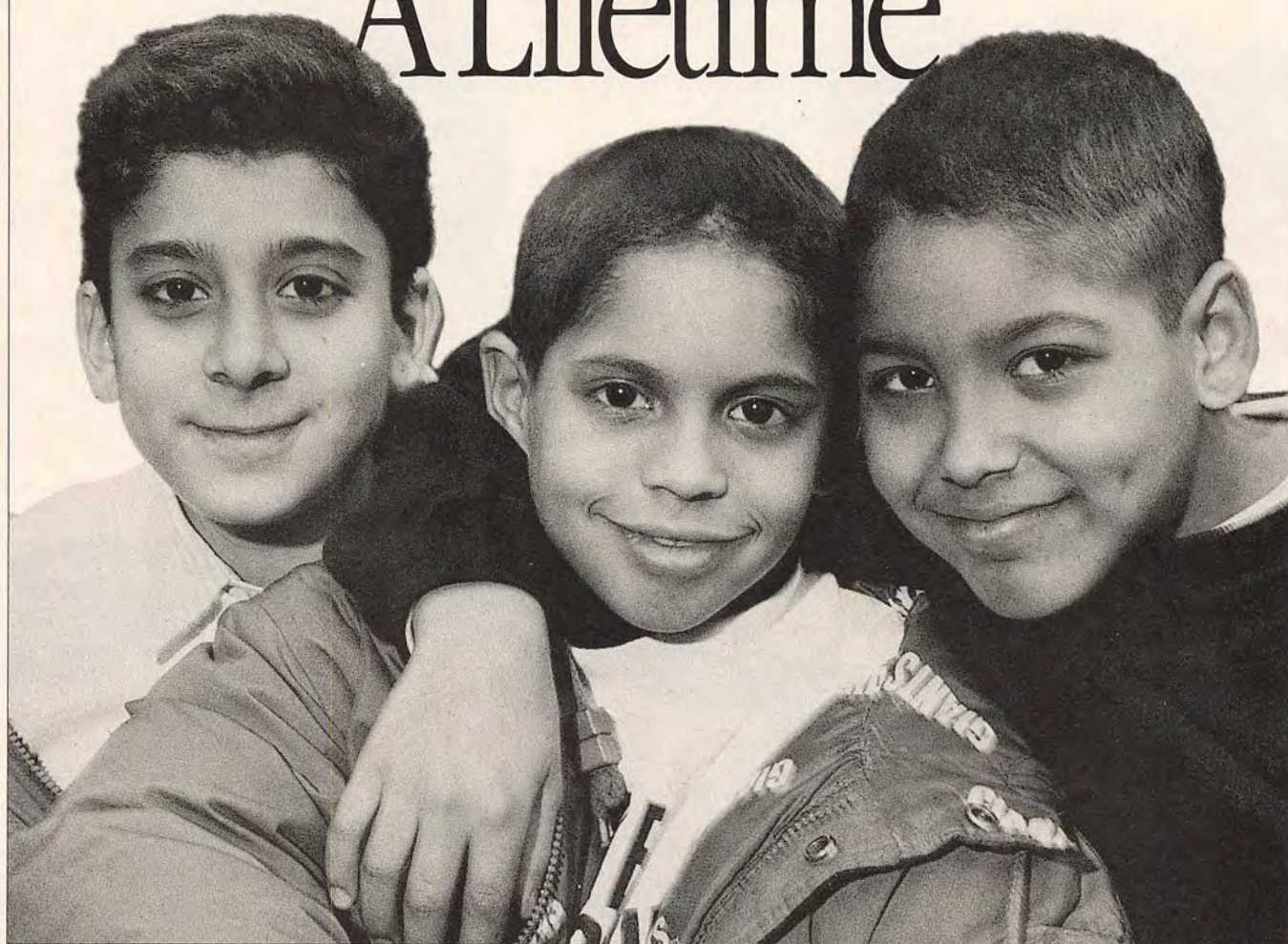
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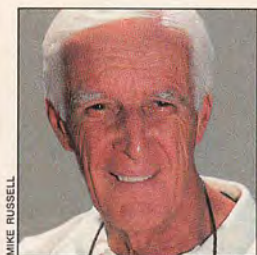
Faces in the Crowd



UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Jill McGill DENVER

McGill, 21, defeated Sarah Ingram of Nashville one up in the 36-hole final to win the U.S. Women's Amateur Championship at San Diego Country Club. Earlier this summer McGill, a senior-to-be at Southern Cal, had reached the semifinals of the Broadmoor Invitational and of the U.S. Women's Public Links Championship.



MIKE RUSSELL

Aldo Da Rosa PALO ALTO, CALIF.

Da Rosa, 75, won the 500- and 1,650-yard freestyles, the 100 and 200 breaststrokes and the 200 and 400 individual medleys in the 75-79 age-group division at the Masters Swimming Short Course National Championships. Four of the winning times were U.S. age-group records. Da Rosa holds four world marks in the 70-74 age group.



GORDON ALEXANDER

Courtney Ann Castle NEW LONDON, CONN.

Castle, 18, won the junior women's single sculls at the U.S. rowing championships for the third straight year. She also won the junior quadruple sculls, and the junior double sculls with Anna Porter. She and Porter then competed in the double sculls at the junior world championships in Aarungen, Norway, where they finished 18th.



ANDY MOLLOY

Anna Chai AUGUSTA, MAINE

Anna, a senior-to-be at Cony High, won her third straight state high school Class A girls' tennis championship with a 6-1, 5-7, 6-2 victory over Cape Elizabeth High's Erin Wentworth, her final-round victim each year of the streak. In 1992 Anna and Gabriela Hricko of Dover, Mass., won the New England 16-and-under doubles championship.



SKIP PETERSON

Jim Walters TROY, OHIO

Jim, 16, won his fifth consecutive boys' title at the World Horseshoe Pitching Championship, in Spearfish, S.Dak. En route to the title he pitched only the third perfect game (24 ringers) in the 75-year history of the event. Jim had a ringer percentage of .8815, 7% better than that of second-place finisher Vorn Ven of Arkansas City, Kans.



ROBERT JOHNSON

Amanda Burns MOSS, TENN.

Amanda, 12, won the 70th Annual National Marbles Championship, in Wildwood, N.J., and a \$2,000 scholarship by winning eight of 11 games in the final against Kim Shuttleworth of Allegheny County, Pa. As champion, Amanda is retired from the competition but will receive a free trip to next year's tournament.

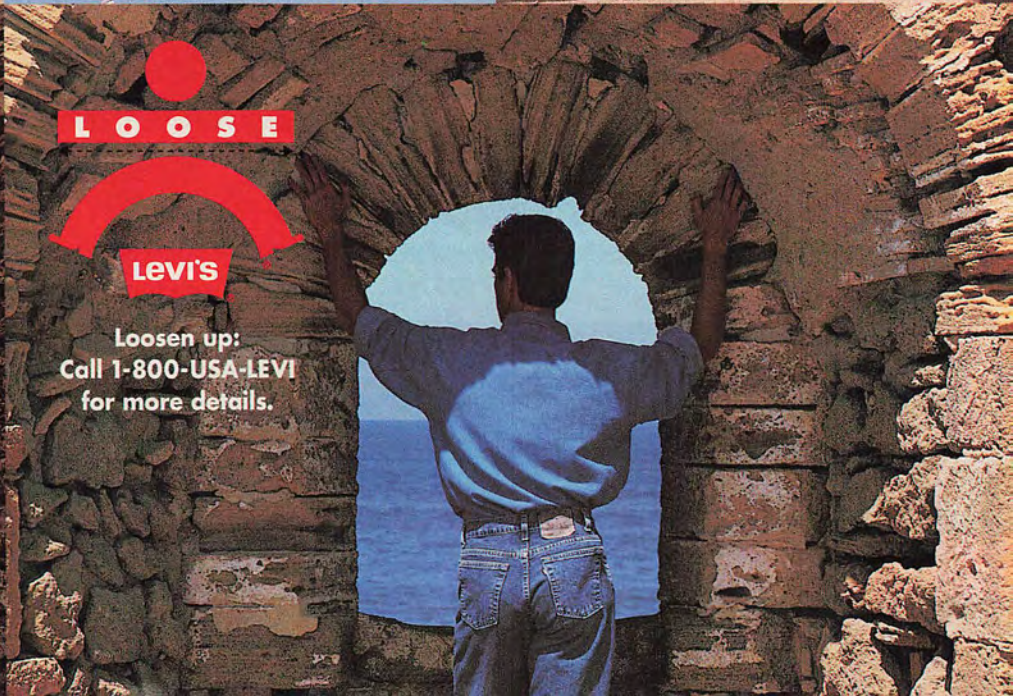
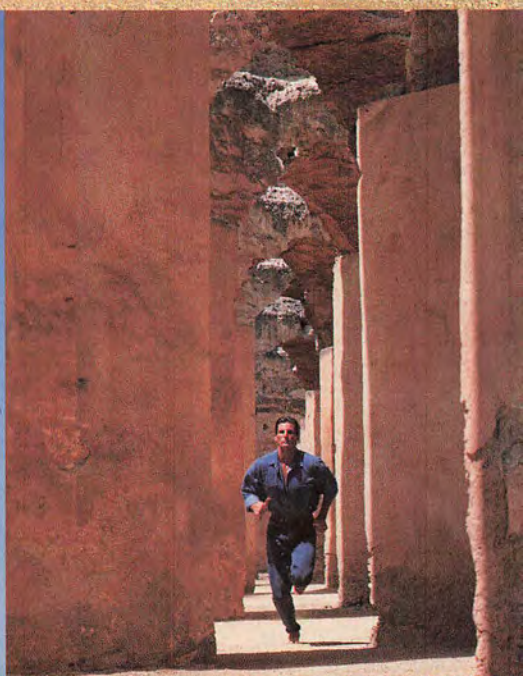
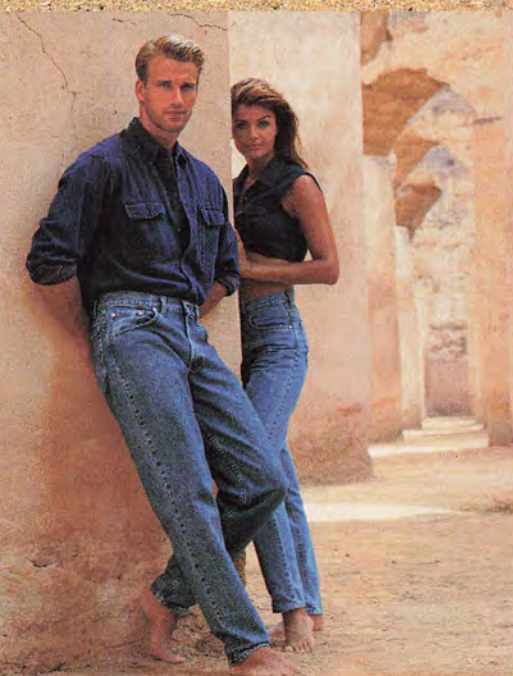


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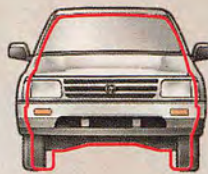
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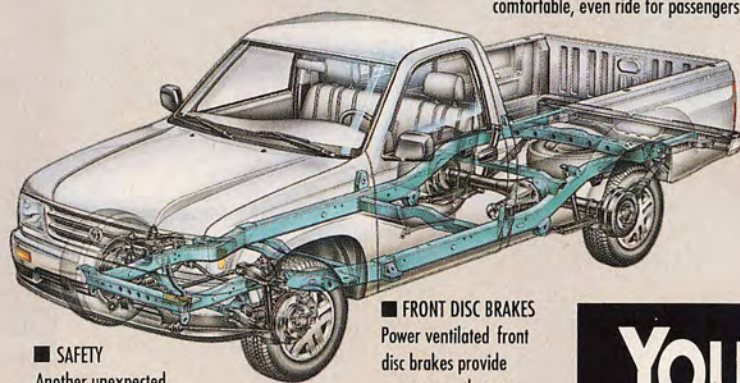
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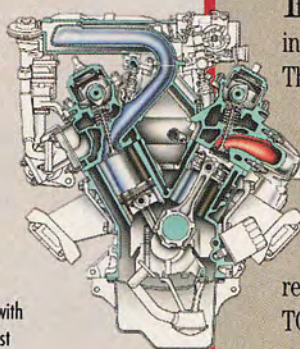
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SCORECARD

Edited by Jerry Kirshenbaum

Down and Out

College football lost one of its few remaining coaching giants on Sunday when Washington's Don James abruptly announced his retirement. James, 60, who was replaced by longtime Husky assistant Jim Lambright, quit in protest hours after the Pac-10, having conducted a nine-month investigation of wrongdoing by Washington boosters and players, imposed severe sanctions on the program. "I have decided I can no longer coach in a conference that treats its players and coaches so unfairly," James said.

The penalties against the Huskies include a ban on bowl appearances for 1993 and '94, a loss of 20 scholarships in those years and forfeiture of conference TV revenue for one year, which Washington officials estimate will cost the school \$1.4 million. In addition, the Pac-10 stripped three players, including star senior tailback Beno Bryant, of their eligibility, but the players can be reinstated on appeal. In response James decided to give up a 21-year career in which he won almost 70% of his games, took the Huskies to a share of the national championship in 1991 and earned a spot on the short list of coaching throwbacks to the days of Bear Bryant and Bud Wilkinson (*page 94*).

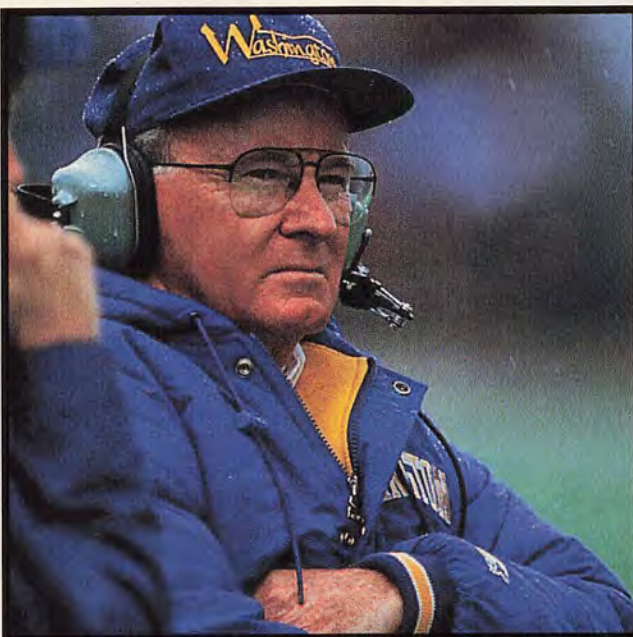
Washington was not the only football power to be punished on the eve of the new season. Last week the NCAA announced that because of violations that occurred under Pat Dye, another coaching icon, Auburn would be barred from postseason play for two years and from television for one. The program will also lose six scholarships over the next three years. The key evidence against Auburn was the tapes secretly recorded by former defensive back Eric Ramsey, who received improper payments from a recruiting coordinator, an assistant coach and a

booster (Oct. 7, 1991, et seq.). Personally implicated in the Ramsey scandal, Dye resigned as athletic director before the 1992 season and as coach at season's end.

In contrast to the Auburn case, Washington's coaches weren't accused of complicity in any of the 25 NCAA rules violations cited by the Pac-10. However, the Pac-10 Council found that boosters had given players dubious summer jobs and

campus"—the administration—had not supported him vigorously enough. Indeed, although Washington president William Gerberding protested the harshness of the sanctions and publicly praised James, sources say he believes that the athletic department has grown too independent. To judge by the abuses found in the football program, he is right.

In cracking down on Washington, the Pac-10, the only conference that conducts its own compliance investigations, is to be commended. For, like too many others in college football, James ultimately was guilty of losing control of the monster he helped create.



James was miffed at Pac-10 rivals as well as his own school's brass.

that former quarterback Billy Joe Hobert had used his reputation as an athlete to receive \$50,000 in loans. Accusing the school of a "lack of institutional control," the Council also found that Husky players had served as hosts for recruits who turned in phony meal receipts and then split the loot with the recruits. If coaches didn't know about such goings-on, the Council concluded, they should have.

James was particularly incensed about the two-year bowl ban. In imposing that penalty, the Council overruled the conference's Compliance and Enforcement Committee, which had recommended a one-year ban. James was said to feel that Pac-10 rivals were out to get the Huskies (as Lambright put it, "The big dawg is shot out of the sky") and that the "upper

kers brooking no opposition. Stein's Hall of Fame machinations were in that tradition. According to the investigators, he 1) prevailed on Los Angeles King owner Bruce McNall, chairman of the NHL board of governors, to nominate him to the Hall; 2) stacked the Hall's board of directors, which votes on new members, in his favor; and 3) changed voting procedures to ensure his election, which occurred in April.

The investigators properly recommended that Stein's election be overturned, but, Stein, faced with humiliation, withdrew his name. Stein, the NHL's attorney for most of John Ziegler's 15-year reign as the league's president, succeeded Ziegler last year but lost a battle for the new position of commissioner to

Less Shady

The conclusion by two independent investigators last week that former NHL president Gil Stein rigged his election to the Hockey Hall of Fame represents a milestone for a league still trying to get its act together (*page 20*). For too long the NHL conducted its business through secret deals, behind closed doors, with a handful of power brokers brooking no opposition.



SCORECARD

Southern Exposures

"Want to see what's sexy about baseball? Come check it out!" reads the text in the ad (above) that has appeared in newspapers and magazines and on TV across Japan. The ad is designed to attract women fans to games in that country's Pacific League, but attendance is down this season all the same. Could it be that the seats aren't good enough?

A Lad's Lament

Thirteen-year-old **David Peterson**, a five-time national scholastic chess champion from Chandler, Ariz., has played against many adults and has found the experience at once rewarding and maddening. As he puts it, "Sometimes even after you beat them, they still don't like you just because you're a kid and you're annoying."

They Wrote It

• **Scott Ostler**, in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, drawing a comparison between Oakland Athletic pitchers **Goose Gossage**, 42 (right), and **Todd Van Poppel**, 21: "Gossage's mustache is older than Van Poppel."

They Said It

• **Michael Johnson**, one of the stars of the World Track and Field Championships in Stuttgart, Germany (page 18), on the \$28,000 Mercedes given to each gold medalist: "Anybody good enough to win one already has one."



Gary Bettman, who assumed that office in February. It was Bettman who called for the investigation, a move that in itself raises hopes that the shady dealings of the Ziegler-Stein era are a thing of the past.

National Pastime?

So how come CBS, having paid \$1 billion to cover baseball, didn't televise either the Toronto Blue Jay–Seattle Mariner game or the New York Yankee–Kansas City Royal game last Saturday? After all, it doesn't get any better in baseball than this: The Blue Jays and Yankees were in a dogfight for first in the American League East (page 14), while the Mariners and Royals were contending in the West. A call to CBS elicited the explanation that contractual obligations tied the network's hands. O.K., but why did CBS—and baseball—allow its hands to get tied?

P.S. The network carried an NFL exhibition game instead.

Indy Invasion

Circle Aug. 6, 1994, on your calendars, auto racing fans. That's the date of the inaugural Brickyard 400, the NASCAR event at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway that looks as if it will rival the Indianapolis 500 for excitement. Any doubt that the good ol' boys would prosper at Indy was dispelled last week when a two-day test of the Speedway by 32 NASCAR drivers drew an astonishing 150,000 fans, who paid \$5 each to watch the stock cars take practice laps.

Asked to compare NASCAR to Indy racing, spectators kept saying the same things: The stock guys are friendlier, and you can pronounce their names. Their cars are slower, but the action is hot. The day after the tests ended, Speedway officials moved to cut off mail orders for tickets; because of overwhelming ticket demand, a turnout of 350,000-plus already seems assured. Credit goes to

the Speedway's 33-year-old president, Tony George, who boldly opened the track to the stockers; his grandfather Tony Hulman, who owned the brickyard from 1945 until his death in 1977, insisted that it be used only for the Indy 500. But that, of course, was before NASCAR got popular enough to take even the bastion of Indy Car racing by storm.

Ever Uplifting

In a documentary about an athlete at the 1952 Helsinki Olympics, filmmaker Bud Greenspan struck a basic but beautiful chord. People loved watching the Olympics, he realized, but didn't fully grasp the pain and uncertainty the athletes endure. If he could capture their struggle, Greenspan felt, he could evoke a second, even stronger wave of emotion than that inspired by the spectacle itself.

Greenspan has since made dozens of films on the Olympics, repeatedly playing that same chord. In *Barcelona '92: Sixteen Days of Glory*, now airing on the Disney Channel, his approach is still lovely, still capable of clouding the eyes with tears. The Barcelona film consists of the stories of 10 Olympians. For example, there is cyclist Erika Salumae, from Estonia, fighting Soviet repression and then the chaos that followed the U.S.S.R.'s breakup. And there is British 400-meter runner Derek Redmond confronting the agony and despair of a torn hamstring to limp the last 250 meters of his semi-final supported by his tearful father.

Those hungry for deeper psychological nuances, more complicated chords, won't find them here. And different kinds of Olympic stories, such as the role that Barcelona itself came to play in the Games, are lacking as well. Perhaps Greenspan simply can't reach those notes. Then again, if he listens carefully to the chord he plays so well—the one having to do with individuals who throw themselves against all odds—there is always hope for Atlanta in 1996.

—GARY SMITH

If we were just any beer,
we'd probably need a pretty picture.

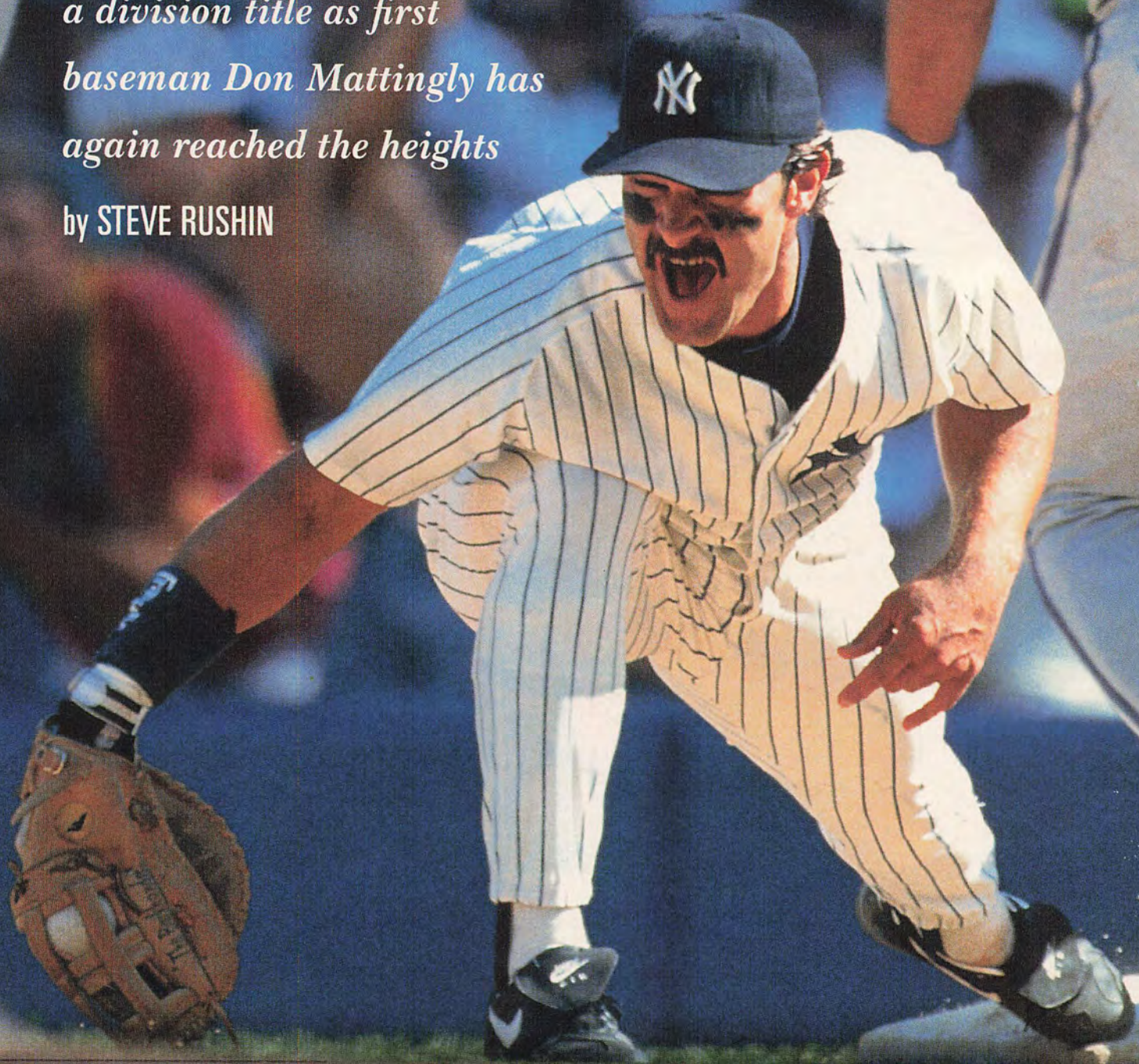


Just being the best is enough.

First-Rate

*The Yankees are vying for
a division title as first
baseman Don Mattingly has
again reached the heights*

by STEVE RUSHIN





DONNIE BASEBALL IS IN A FLAG RACE. THAT'S ALL THAT REALLY matters. A Flag Race is more commonly called a pennant race, but the New York Yankees' success has provided fresh fodder for that spare, headline-friendly tongue known as Tabloidese, in which a full day's events might be summed up by *Yanks Down Halos*, *Spike Inks Pact*. In Tabloidese, the Yanks' entire management hierarchy is reduced to the monosyllabic totem pole of Boss, Stick & Buck.

"I don't even know what Toronto did today," Yankee centerfielder Bernie Williams said last week of New York's primary rival in the Flag Race. "Were they Blanked?" On the contrary. *Jays Dumped Lowly Tribe, Stayed Atop Flag Race*.

But world champion Toronto is of no concern here. What matters is that Donnie Baseball, who has never played in the World Series or even the playoffs—who truly *has* been Blanked—is in a Flag Race. As of Sunday, after the Yankees had won two of three games from the Kansas City Royals, his team was one game back of the Blue Jays in the American League East. Donnie Baseball is just his nickname, of course. His full name is Donald Arthur Baseball, a.k.a. Don Mattingly.

He is having his best season in years, batting .309 with 15 home runs and 70 RBIs at week's end. (In his last 56 games, Mattingly hit .355 with 12 homers and 56 RBIs, raising his average from

.253 on June 19.) In his brilliant 11-year career as the New York first baseman, he had never been in first place this late in a season. The Yankees have not finished higher than fourth since 1986. Nor have they won their division since '80. It has been five years since Donnie has provided so much as a flutter in a Flag Race. Who knows how many chances remain for the 32-year-old Donnie Baseball?

"Around here," Mattingly said last week in the consecrated Yankee clubhouse, "that seems like a big giant weight on my shoulders. I don't feel that way. If I don't play in [the postseason], I won't jump off any buildings. But, like any player, I *want* to play in those kinds of games. I *expect* to. You play in All-Star Games. You win awards. It would be nice to say you've done it all. . . ."

**Sports
Illustrated**

AUGUST 30, 1993



Kamieniecki stared down the Royals to win his 12th straight decision at Yankee Stadium.

So Donnie Baseball is in a Flag Race, and being in a Flag Race in New York is better than anything you can imagine. "It's better than *not* being in a pennant race in New York, I'm sure," offers former Boston Red Sox third baseman Wade Boggs, who was hitting .361 as a leadoff hitter—.312 overall—for the Yankees this year. "Look at the Mets."

Through Sunday the New York Mets were 35½ dog years out of first place in the National League East, and yet the high-profile Stupid Met Tricks of Bobby Bonilla ("I'll hurt you"), Bret Saberhagen (I'll squirt you) and Vince Coleman (Honey, I blew up the kid) have allowed the Yankees to pursue a pennant in relative peace.

"I think the media thinks that we're boring," posits designated hitter Danny Tartabull, who led the Yankees with 24 home runs and 77 RBIs at week's end. "And that's because we don't fight, bitch or moan. We're just a bunch of old boys who play baseball."

In another time the Yankee cleanup hitter collected Rolls-Royces and was nicknamed Mr. October. Current cleanup hitter Tartabull collects wine in a vast cellar but somehow has not been nicknamed the New York Port Authority. In another time the Yankee manager was a circus geek, biting off the heads of live journalists. Current manager Buck Showalter is the anti-Billy. "I don't want to tick you off," he told a 6' 7", 265-pound reporter after the Yankees beat the Royals 3-2 last Saturday. "You're like an eclipse. Uh, is there anything you need from me?"

These guys are the Bronx Sombers. "We have a lot of *quiet* leaders here," agrees Mike Gallego, New York's superb shortstop. "Donnie's not vocal. He's been labeled the captain, and that's what he is, but he doesn't walk around with stripes on his shoulders."

Instead, Mattingly walks around with lampblack stripes beneath his eyes and a dark stripe of hair beneath his nose. It almost looks as if the black NY that Donnie Baseball wears on his heart has been broken up and reconfigured on his mug.

In the past three seasons Mattingly,

CHUCK SOLOMON



whose career batting average was .311 through last year, hasn't hit higher than .288. In that time he has had an allegedly bad attitude, a certifiably bad back and one very bad hair day: On Aug. 15, 1991, Yankee general manager Gene (Stick) Michael ordered Donnie Baseball to get his ears lowered. It was an indignity that Mattingly can smile about today. "My hair?" he says with mock concern, patting his head and checking a mirror. "What's the matter with my hair?"

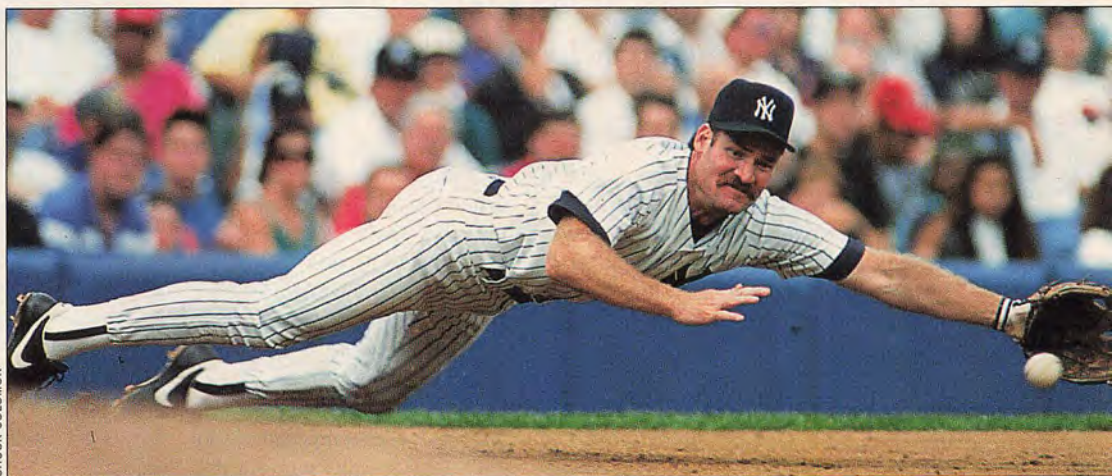
It is a sign of the captain's stature among his teammates that the clubhouse stereo is in his locker. So is the clubhouse Mr. Coffee machine. Hell, Mr. Coffee himself, Joe DiMaggio, is probably stashed somewhere in Mattingly's locker as well, so diligent is Donnie Baseball about the study of his craft. He prepares for every game as if it were a bar exam. "It's great to come to Yankee Stadium and see Mattingly and Boggs getting ready," says the whisper-soft-spoken Williams, 24, who had hit safely in 20 straight games through Sunday. "Just to see the excitement they bring to the clubhouse."

Last winter Michael signed three free agents: *Stick Inked Pacts* with Boggs, left-handed pitcher Jimmy Key (15-4 with a league-low 2.83 ERA) and shortstop Spike Owen (.236). He also made trades for lefthanded pitcher Jim Abbott (9-10, 4.03 ERA) and rightfielder Paul O'Neill (.311, 16 HR, 63 RBIs). Toronto may have the most talent in baseball, but, says Yankee pitcher Scott Kamieniecki, "we feel we have a better team."

Though that team might not thrill everyone, the Yankees, like Canada and baseball, are boring only to boring peo-

ple. Their season has been anything but. On June 11, for instance, hundreds of sea gulls descended Hitchcockianly upon the Yankees during a game at Milwaukee. "The birds are in play," Showalter informed his team after consulting with the umpires. "Just play it off the bird."

On Aug. 14 rookie pitcher Domingo Jean, who hails from the Dominican Republic, got stuck in traffic coming in from New Jersey on the George Washington Bridge. Fearing that he would be late for his second major league start, Jean bolted from his cab, jogged across the bridge,



CHUCK SOLOMON



New York has gone to great lengths, though sometimes in vain: Boggs didn't get this ground-er, and Mike Stanley didn't score on a Gallego hit.

trolled the Washington Heights neighborhood on the other side and finally persuaded a sympathetic Venezuelan named Chino to drive him to Yankee Stadium. *Jean Hurler, Yanks Downed O's.*

One day later the Yankees and the Baltimore Orioles were tied at zero in the eighth inning when Mattingly hit a drive to deep rightfield. Bleacherite Tim McKenzie, 16, of Middletown, Conn., leaned over the railing and robbed Oriole outfielder Mark McLemore of the ball, giving the Yankees a 1-0 win. Just play it off the Bird, indeed.

"This is fun," Don Arthur Mattingly says. "It's fun being competitive. It's fun winning. It's fun doing what we're doing right now."

Right now, the conductor of the northbound D train is calling, "Next stop, Uh-Hunnert-and-Sixty-Foist Street! Yankee Stadium! Let's go, Yanks! *Numba One!*"

And there, inside, is Donnie Baseball. In a Flag Race. ■

Climax and Purgation

Four U.S. sprinters and a track tyrant turned the World Championships into literature | by KENNY MOORE

THE WORLD TRACK AND FIELD Championships in Stuttgart, Germany, produced five world records and built through eight days of raw, revealing racing into a track meet whose sweep defied compass. There was shock, as when a green U.S. men's 4×100-meter relay team, meaning to show off a little, tied a great world record with a 37.40—in the semis. There was heart, as shown by an ailing Jackie Joyner-Kersey, driving herself through the 800, the final event of her two-day test, to win the heptathlon. There was mystery, in the form of three slight Chinese women winning the 1,500, the 3,000 and the 10,000 with such uncanny ease that the suspicious crowds stopped cheering and, instead, whistled in disbelief.

In the overwhelming blur of issue and performance, one sought an event to stand somehow for all the rest, an event with such character and complication, such climax and purgation, that it turned into literature. And so, one found the men's 4×400-meter relay.

The Characters:

● *Primo Nebiolo, Italy, Gravel-Voiced Gargoyle.* Nebiolo, the president of the International Amateur Athletic Federation, is so much the image of the comic dictator, always defiant or unctuous, that athletes have trouble taking him seriously. But these World Championships, begun in 1983, were a Nebiolo creation, and their success gave him enough leverage to force his way onto the International

Olympic Committee. They have turned out to be so compelling that they have reshaped the sport. There is now no down year following the Olympics. So Nebiolo, except for one persistent thorn, basked in the glory of all he surveyed.

● *Butch Reynolds, U.S., Thorn.* Once a sweet-tempered Ohio State quarter-miler who set the 400-meter world record of 43.29 in 1988, Reynolds was transformed into a zealot by the IAAF announcement in 1990 that he had failed a drug test. He took his case—the heart of which was that his urine samples were mishandled by the testing laboratory and that he passed another supersensitive test immediately after the one he was accused of flunking—to the sport's governing body in the U.S. It backed him, but the IAAF suspended him for two years anyway. He sued. He won.

A U.S. court awarded Reynolds \$27.3 million in damages. Nebiolo said the IAAF would “never, never” pay. Stuttgart was Reynolds's return to center stage, and he longed for everything to end. “Hell yes, I'll talk settlement,” he said. “I want it all to be over as much as he does. But there's been no sign.”

● *Quincy Watts, U.S., Snakebit Curiosity.* The Barcelona 400-meter champion in a majestic 43.50, Watts has been dogged all season by extra pounds, stolen passports, a bathtub fall and, in the first strides of

the Stuttgart individual 400, a shoe sole that came unglued. He skated in a dumbfounded fourth. “He's gone through every post-Olympic distraction there is,” said his coach, John Smith. “Now he needs the relay to salvage his season.”

● *Michael Johnson, U.S., Unplumbed Talent.* The finest combination 200–400 runner ever, Johnson is an undemonstrative man who exudes matter-of-fact confidence. He was a favorite to win the Olympic 200 but was weakened by food poisoning and didn't make the final. Later at the





MIKE POWELL/ALLSPORT

Games he ran the slowest leg on the 4×400 team that set the world record of 2:55.74. "I know the others had to carry some of my load," said Johnson. "I do not like that to happen. Ever." He was intent on setting things right, and he showed it in winning the 400 in 43.65. "These are his Olympics," said U.S. leadoff runner Andrew Valmon.

The Climax:

• The race was run through the sound made by 52,000 bellowing Swabian

Reynolds relieved Watts and, running with vengeance, gave the U.S. a monster lead.

autoworkers (Mercedes and Porsche both have factories in Stuttgart). Valmon refused to let the din affect his pace judgment and turned in a solid 44.47. Four nations were still close.

Watts, sprinting tall and lightly, ripped it open in 43.55. "It was actually fun," he said. He gave Reynolds a 20-meter lead.

Reynolds, "running with vengeance," in Valmon's words, blasted his first 200 so

hard he seemed sure to burn out. But he drove on implacably to clock 43.3, the best relay leg of his life. When Johnson grabbed the baton and laid it along his right forearm, the team was almost a full second under record pace.

Johnson's stride is always upright and twinkle-toed, and he appeared to rocket through the backstretch at full bore. However, with 200 meters to go, he started running so fast that he seemed driven by electricity, not mortal biochemistry. He crossed the line with no gesture of triumph, for he was spent.

Well spent. He had become the first man to break 43 seconds in the 400 (42.97) and had brought the U.S. team to a world record of 2:54.29, an unholy 1.45 seconds better than the old mark. All four men had run perfectly.

After a jubilant victory lap Johnson tried to be cool, saying this record shouldn't be regarded as eternal. He'll probably be saying that in 20 years.

The Purgation:

• At the victory ceremony IAAF vice-president Lamine Diack hung the gold medals around the runners' necks, while Nebiolo stood aside. When he reached Reynolds, Diack seemed to freeze. Reynolds bounded from the stand, wanting that medal. Suddenly Nebiolo stepped forward, guided Reynolds back onto the platform and presented the medal. He then grabbed Reynolds like Michael Corleone telling Fredo he knows he was the traitor, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"You are very strong, very strong," Nebiolo said, holding the speechless Reynolds's hands. "I hope we can make some cooperation."

Reynolds, touched, later said, "It was vindication. It really means a lot." He was alternately thoughtful and giddy afterward, as were his three teammates.

"We stayed together, the four of us, having fun, until three in the morning," Watts said the following day. "It was like we didn't want to separate to go to bed and wake up being competitors again. We teased Butch about those kisses. All this time we thought it was hate, but it's been love/hate, man. 'You so strong, Butch.'"

There we are. Track turned literature. Will the Gargoyle and the Thorn work things out or wake up still competitors, surrounded by lawyers? It seems the last, perfect ambiguity. An ending that leaves room for a sequel. ■

Winning by Losing

It's clear after revelations that the Ottawa Senators considered tanking a game to clinch the No. 1 draft pick that the NHL needs a lottery | by ALEXANDER WOLFF

THE 1992-93 OTTAWA SENATORS were plenty bad during their maiden season in the NHL. With only 10 wins in 84 games, they were almost unprecedentedly bad. But worse yet, their management considered taking

extra measures to be certain that the Senators were bad enough to secure the No. 1 pick in the June entry draft—the pick with which they ultimately chose highly regarded center Alexandre Daigle, whose francophone pedigree and photogenic looks promise to help sell the team to fans across the Ottawa River in the province of Quebec.

When allegations that the Senators may have lost games on purpose surfaced last week in the Canadian capital, the news left coach Rick Bowness angry, his players shocked and embittered and the Senators' founding owner, Ottawa developer Bruce Firestone, painstakingly trying to clarify what he acknowledged to be "intemperate remarks" made after consuming "eight, maybe nine beers." And it provided a rare glimpse into the psychology of a professional team caught in the all-too-familiar predicament in which its obligation to do its best clashes with the temptation to do less than its best to acquire a potential star.

At issue was a story last week in *The Ottawa Citizen* written by columnist Roy MacGregor. The article contended that after the Senators' final game of the season—a 4-2 loss to the Boston Bruins on April 14 that allowed Ottawa to finish with one victory fewer than the San Jose

Sharks and thus clinch the right to draft first—Firestone had cryptically mentioned to MacGregor a secret plan to assure that the Senators would pick No. 1. MacGregor further contended that on June 26, in an off-the-record bull session with four other reporters in a Quebec City

with the team next season." None of the other reporters in attendance that night have publicly challenged the gist of MacGregor's account.

Firestone had sold his interest in the Senators two days before the story broke, but he contended that the timing was co-

incidental; the sale, he said, was prompted by his desire to spend more time with his family. But he acknowledges that he wrestled with the ethics of Ottawa's losing its way to prosperity. He said that four players had individually approached him of their own volition to ask if management felt that getting the first pick was in the team's best interest over the long run. Firestone said he had replied, "Sure"—and left it at that.

He also said that the team's hierarchy considered fielding a weaker team for the Senators' final two games if Ottawa's opponents, the Quebec Nordiques and the Bruins, who had already clinched playoff positions, did the same. But Firestone insisted that any plan to pull the goalie

had been designed to help the Senators win, not lose—an absurd strategy under these circumstances—and that in any case the plan had been abandoned when management realized the move could be construed as an attempt to lose. Further, Firestone said that while he had made mention in MacGregor's presence of four players who would return the following season, he had not done so in the context of a quid pro quo for throwing a game. "Any allegation that four players were promised preferential treatment to play less than their best is false," said Fire-



Firestone said he made "intemperate remarks" after eight or nine beers.

nightclub following the draft, he had asked Firestone to elaborate on his remark of 10 weeks earlier. According to MacGregor, Firestone said that the Senators were prepared to pull their goalie to make sure Boston won; that it had been difficult "keeping the restraints" on Bowness over the final weeks of the season; and that Firestone himself had had a plan to guarantee four players roster spots for next season if those players helped assure a loss to the Bruins. "It is no coincidence," MacGregor said Firestone told him, "that those four players will be back

S. LEVY/BRUCE BENNETT STUDIOS

stone. "Having said that, I regret that the juxtaposition of certain remarks could lead some there to conclude otherwise."

Asked if such a plan were even considered, Firestone said this: "We're all human beings. To say that the importance of drafting first—the question—had not entered my mind is untrue. But you think about these things, and you reject improper behavior. What was important is that like all people of integrity, we decided not to do it."

Perhaps no team so inept at scoring goals has ever been as goal-oriented as the expansion Senators. Before the season Firestone announced that Ottawa wanted to earn at least 22 points—to avoid a place in the record books with the '74-75 Washington Capitals, who hold the league mark for fewest points in a season, with 21. The *Citizen* monitored the Senators' progress with a regular box headed CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. On Feb. 28, the night his team beat Quebec to move past the Capitals, Firestone declared, "There will be only two teams who'll achieve all their goals at the end of this season: the Ottawa Senators and the winner of the Stanley Cup."

With the Senators' stated goal met, however, an unstated goal came to dominate public debate in Ottawa, a city locals call "the biggest village in the world." The *Citizen* replaced CAPITAL PUNISHMENT with THE RACE FOR DAIGLE, in which the Senators' record was compared with that of the similarly feckless Sharks. The paper canvassed nearly 1,000 fans, the majority of whom believed that, yes, Daigle was worth trying to finish last for, and ran a column in which the case for taking a dive was made unflinchingly by none other than MacGregor.

The issue so consumed the city that the Senators' management cobbled together a proposal in February that Ottawa and

San Jose agree "to turn the turtle derby into a horse race," in Firestone's words, meaning that whichever of the two clubs finished the season with more points would be rewarded with the No. 1 pick. But the Sharks turned down the offer. "We knew as the season went on," says Senator defenseman Brad Shaw, "that if management had its druthers, we'd lose the rest of our games. But we had a lot of pride, and it was a kind of incentive. All year long we'd say, 'Let's make the scouts work!'"

No one, MacGregor included, believes

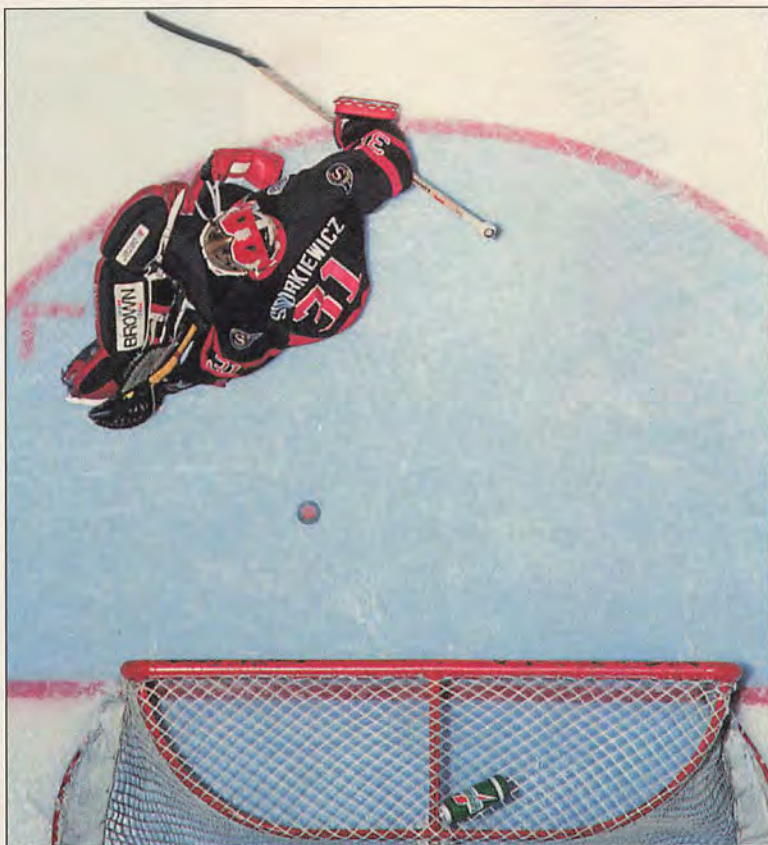
York Islanders for their first road win—and lone victory in the last six weeks of the season.

The suspicions that coursed through the league last week are woefully familiar. Eric Lindros's autobiography, *Fire on Ice*, includes an account that says then Quebec coach Dave Chambers—whose team chose Lindros with the first pick in the 1991 draft—had been told late in that season to go with the players he had and not to worry about wins and losses. In 1984 the Pittsburgh Penguins outdueled the New Jersey Devils for the rights to the Daigle of his day, a Quebecois prodigy named Mario Lemieux, and the Penguins' late-season efforts gave off a similarly fishy smell.

Nothing was done to rectify even the appearance of impropriety in either of these cases under former president John Ziegler's philosophy of neglect. Even before the NBA's decision in 1985 to adopt a draft lottery, after questions arose about the late-season efforts of the Houston Rockets in their quest for Ralph Sampson, pro basketball at least forced the two worst finishers to flip a coin to see who picked first. In other words, you could only tank your way into a 50-50 chance at the No. 1 choice. The NHL, by contrast, has never instituted any safeguard—no lottery, no

coin flip, no nothing. Firestone himself says he would have welcomed a draft lottery. And on Sunday, NHL commissioner Gary Bettman, who was the NBA's general counsel when that league introduced its lottery system, acknowledged with epic understatement that "the issues concerning a lottery have been brought to the forefront."

That's why the NHL sorely needs to remedy a bad situation. Lotteries don't usually have more than one jackpot winner, but in this case everyone in the sport would come out on top. ■



The Senators had many goals for the season—as did their foes against Peter Sidorkiewicz.

that any player gave less than his best effort. "On a team that bad, your job is on the line every day," says former Ottawa center Jamie Baker, who signed last week as a free agent with San Jose. "No one says, 'Let's go get Daigle for three years from now.'" Indeed, after a practice in late March former Ottawa captain Laurie Boschman, whose contract was not renewed after the season, called the team together at center ice and, declaring that the front office had "given up on us," urged his teammates to fight on. Two weeks later the Senators beat the New

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SONY

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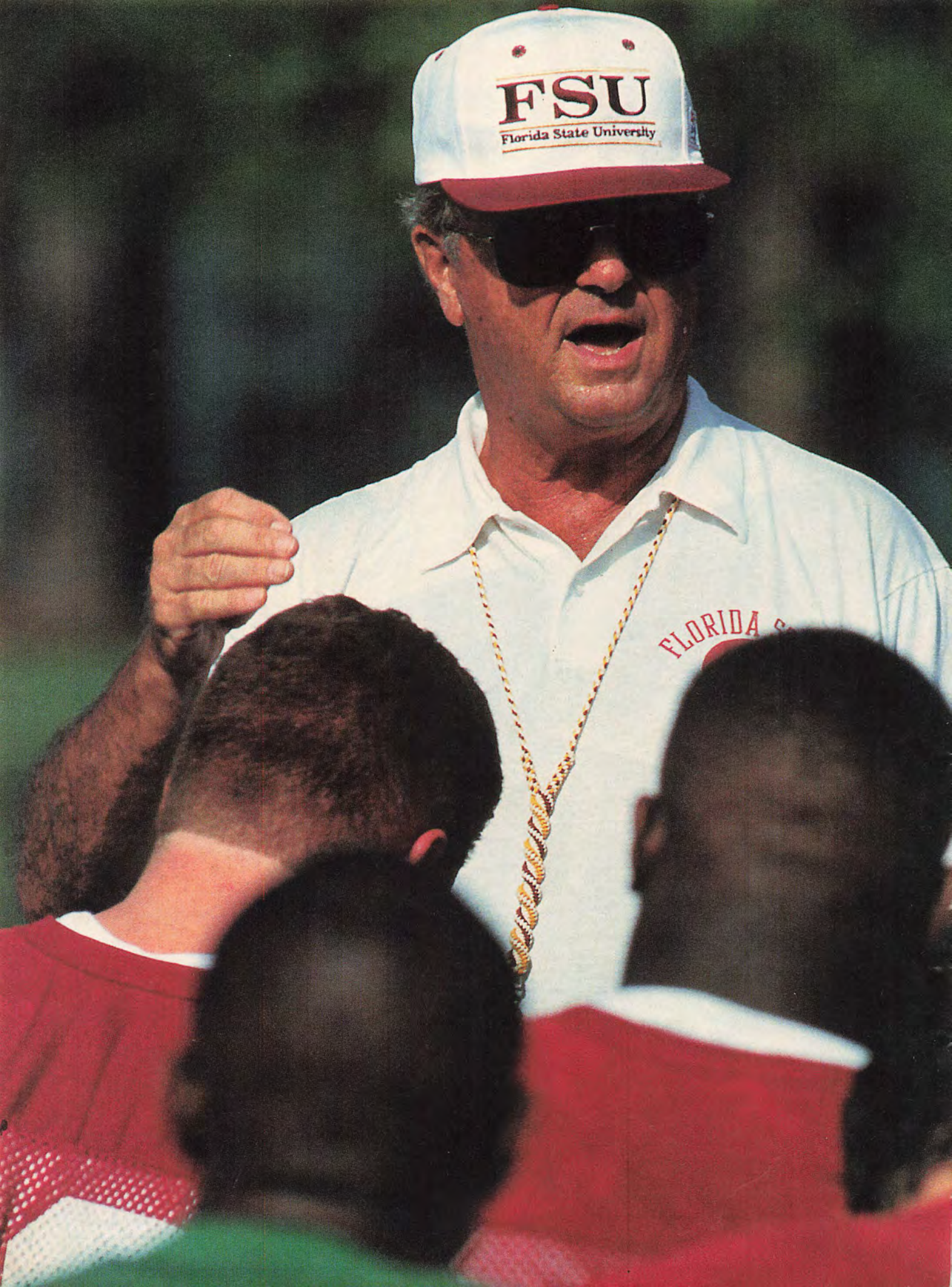
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His Time Has Come

Florida State coach Bobby Bowden, one of the game's most famous bridesmaids, has groomed a team that should finally win the national title

by Austin Murphy



The message on Bobby Bowden's desk begged for an explanation. "Call Ann-Margret," it said.

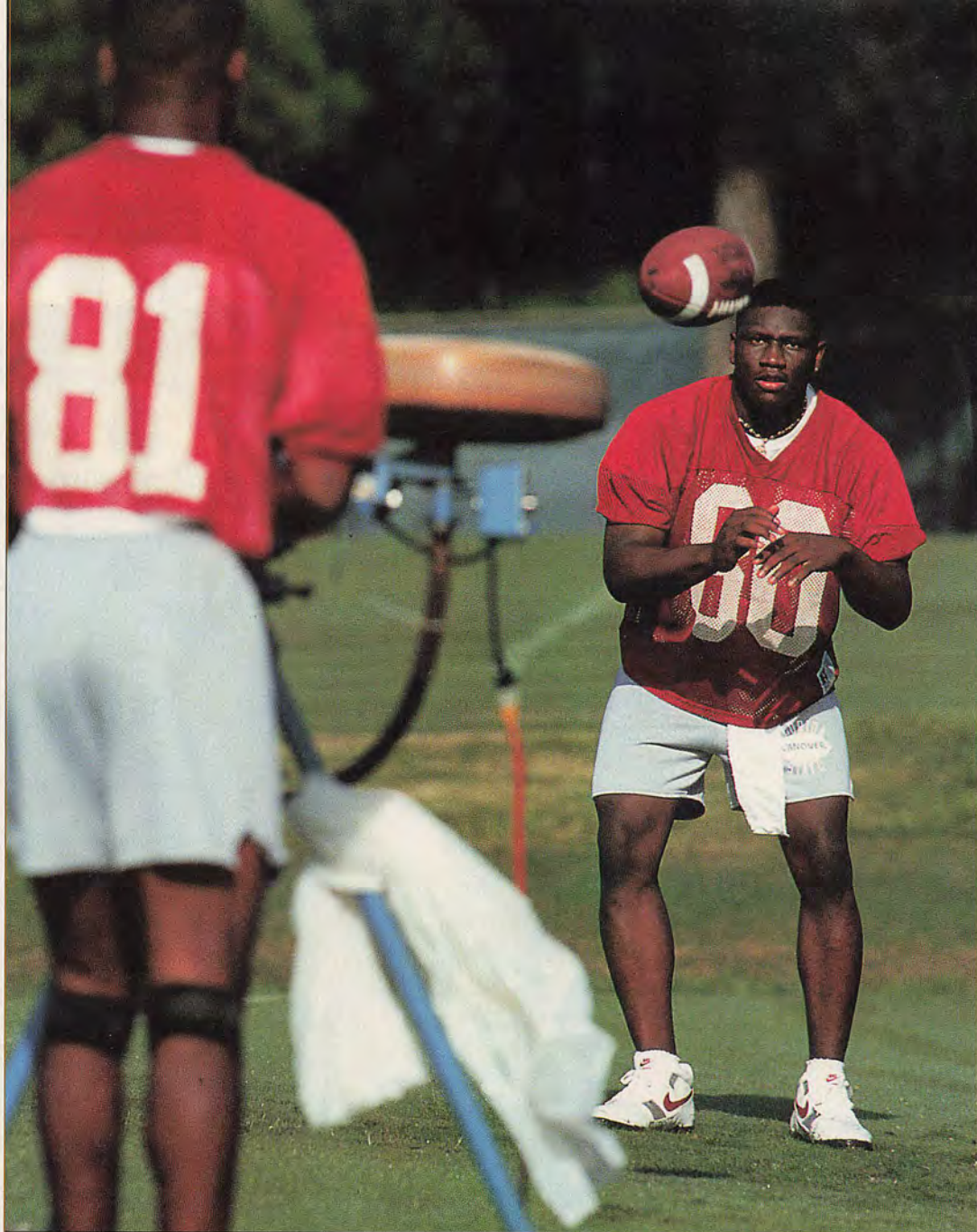
"She's just a good friend," said Bowden. He was surprised that a reporter found it noteworthy that a married, 63-year-old Southern Baptist football coach is chummy with the siren once serenaded by Elvis in *Viva Las Vegas*.

This unlikely pair for a game of phone tag were introduced by their mutual friend, Burt Reynolds, who lettered at halfback for Florida State in 1954. When Ann-Margret injured her leg last year, Bowden sent her an inscribed copy of the book *St. Bobby and the Barbarians*. "I told her, 'Ya gotta be tough,' that sort of stuff," he says. "She ate that up."

No one can say exactly when Bowden transcended his status as a mere regional celebrity. But a change was noticed about two years ago by Charlie Barnes, executive director of Seminole Boosters Inc., whose members accompany the coach each spring on the six-week Bobby Bowden Tour. This pilgrimage to speak before scattered groups of the Florida State faithful once covered only the South, but now it makes stops in Washington, D.C., Dallas and Los Angeles. "It used to be just me and Coach driving around in a van," says Barnes. "Now he's mobbed wherever we go. It's 'Bobby, could you sign this?' 'Bobby, we love you!' 'Bobby, take my child and raise him as your own.'"

Although he's one of the best-known bridesmaids in sports—Bowden's Seminoles wound up ranked No. 2 in both 1987 and '92—and a favorite interview subject for TV sportscasters, Bowden owes much of his high profile to Reynolds, who has donated money to the school for, among other things, the athletic dormitories that bear his name and the shiny garnet pants that the players broke out for last season's Tulane game. (The new trou are believed to have given the Seminoles the mental lift they needed to squeak past the Green Wave 70-7.) Burt's munificence did not stop there: In the off-season he invited Bowden to appear, as himself making a recruiting visit, on *Evening Shade*, the situation comedy in which Reynolds stars.

The taping was last February, and Bowden didn't get around



to reading the script until the night before his flight to Los Angeles. *There's no way I can remember all this*, he thought. *I guess they'll have cue cards.*

An absence of cue cards was but one of the surprises in store for him. "I didn't realize how *big* the whole thing was," says Bowden. "This is the old Republic Studio, where John Wayne and Charlie Chaplin used to make movies, and I'm *intimidated*. We get to the *Evening Shade* set, and cameras are everywhere. Fifty, 60 stagehands. But the worst of it was, they got gosh-darned *bleachers*! People sit and watch!" He grimaces at the memory.

A script coach sat Bowden down. "He's telling me how to say my lines," recalls Bowden. "I told him, 'I can't remember all that,' and he said, 'Just read your lines, get a feel for 'em, then just put 'em in your own words.' So I tried to do that."

Bowden had three scenes. The time came for him to make his first entrance. "I'm standing behind a wall, the cameras are rolling, and I'm fixing to open this door and walk in," he says. "I can hear 'em doing their lines, there's the sound of a knock on the door, and I hear 'em say, 'Oh, I bet that's Coach Bowden.'"



Vanover (80) has the hot hands, coaches Andrews (left) and Amato have the hard hitters, and Busby has the H₂O.

Coach Bowden froze. "I had not been that scared since I was 14, when I had to give piano recitals," he says. "My mind was a blank. I didn't have a clue what to say. I was just standing there thinking, *Bowden, how did you get yourself into this?*"

He may repeat the question on Oct. 9—if the Florida State-Miami game comes down to a final kick.

From the moribund loser he took over in 1976, Bowden has built one of the nation's top two or three programs. He has done it with sound defenses, terrific kick-return teams, wide-open offenses and the odd "rooskie," which is Bowdenese for trick play. Last season, for the sixth straight year, the Seminoles won 10 or more games and finished among the top four teams in the country. Bowden's 227 victories make him the second-winningest active coach in Division I-A, behind Penn State's Joe Paterno. Even more remarkable, his teams are undefeated in 11 consecutive bowl games, including a 27-14 humbling of Nebraska last New Year's Day in the Orange Bowl. But all of these feats can be eclipsed by two words: *wide right*.

As Florida State's Dan Mowrey prepared to attempt a 38-yard field goal that would have tied Miami last October, Hurricane cornerback Ryan McNeil led his teammates in a chant. "Gerry Thomas! Gerry Thomas!" they shouted, invoking the name of the player whom Mowrey would soon join in the annals of Seminole kicking ignominy. Thomas's missed field goal against Miami had cost Florida State a shot at the 1991 national championship. After Mowrey, like Thomas before him, had pushed his kick wide to the right, McNeil explained the chant. "We were reminiscing with Dan," he said.

It was one of the last original nuggets extracted from an overworked vein. However, until Florida State can beat Miami—or lose to the Hurricanes without missing a decisive kick in you-know-which direction—"wide right" jokes will be retold ad nauseam. Pictures of distorted goalposts, the right upright always bent outward, will be faxed to the Seminole football office. Stu-

dent entrepreneurs in Coral Gables will make T-shirts bearing the legend WIDE RIGHT, THE GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING.

These witticisms keep the focus on Florida State's failures even as its program enjoys a golden age. Throw out the wide rights, and the Seminoles are in the hunt for their third national championship in a row. Since 1987 they are 64-9. Five of those losses were to the Hurricanes, most of whom waste no graciousness on their upstate brethren. "To me," said Miami defensive tackle Mark Caesar after last year's game, "Florida State is the best three-quarter team in the country."

"We been good, they been better," says Bowden. Then he adds, "These things have a way of evening themselves out."

If that evening out doesn't occur this season, it may never. Only two starters, both linemen, are gone from a Florida State offense that averaged 61 points in its last three regular-season games. (A third starter, tailback Tiger McMillon, hurt his knee in practice Aug. 11 and is expected to be out much of the season.) And after finishing the '92 season playing the best football in the country, the Seminoles reeled in a recruiting class judged by a consensus of experts to be the nation's best.

With this latest bumper crop, Florida State has attracted a Top 3 class for a third straight year. This year's harvest began with a commitment from Thad Busby of Pace, Fla., widely considered the No. 2 high school quarterback in the country (behind Notre Dame-bound Ron Powlus). That, according to Florida State recruiting coordinator Ronnie Cottrell, "kinda started an avalanche." Next aboard was Byron Capers of Marietta, Ga., one of the country's top defensive backs. He was followed by nine high school All-Americans, including Rhodney Williams of Palatka, Fla., *SuperPrep* magazine's No. 2 tight end; Andre Cooper of Jacksonville, the magazine's third-ranked wide receiver; Clarence (Pooh Bear) Williams of Crescent City, Fla., *SuperPrep*'s top fullback; and Darryl Bush, the magazine's No. 2 line-backer. "All day I was thinking, There's no way we can get all these guys," recalls Cottrell. "They've got to scatter."

Florida State

They didn't, to the consternation of Florida coach Steve Spurrier, who griped, "I don't know what they're telling those kids up in Tallahassee. I can't believe those kids signed when you look at the list of All-Americans [the Seminoles] already have!" The Seminoles also raided South Carolina, picking off four of that state's leading players and sending a message to their ACC rivals at Clemson: *Not only will we kick your butts on the field, but we'll out-recruit you too.*

Why the rush for players to sign with a school renowned for its also-ran status? The feeling among this batch of prospects seems to be that the Seminoles' luck has to turn soon. Says Cottrell, "A lot of the guys told me they'd rather help us win our first championship than help Miami win its fifth."

Of all the blue-chippers to commit to the Seminoles, one will be subject to particularly intense scrutiny: placekicker-punter Scott Bentley (page 34), whose right instep, the Seminoles hope, will exorcise the demons that have denied Florida State a national title. Everyone in Tallahassee knows that Bentley routinely booted field goals of more than 50 yards in high school, but no Seminole is getting overly excited. Says fullback William Floyd, "He'll earn my respect when he kicks a 35-yarder against Miami."

Another reason Florida State has become a magnet for All-Americans is its arduous schedule. Says junior Clifton Abraham, "The games we play, everybody in the world watches." Abraham, who along with junior Corey Sawyer is the latest in Florida State's line of velociraptor cornerbacks, attended Carter High in Dallas, a renowned football factory. His teammates signed on with Houston, Texas Tech and Texas A&M. Why didn't Abraham stay in state? "Two reasons," he says. "The tradition of cornerbacks [at FSU]"—including NFL stars Deion Sanders and Terrell Buckley—"and the magnitude of the games."

Bowden has made Florida State's reputation in part by beating name opponents on the road. He revels in being the short guy in the bar who taps the big guy's chest and says, "Anytime,



Ward (left) will run the offense, while Brooks will jump-start the defense.

anywhere." More often than not, a team that goes into its own alley with the Seminoles gets its head handed to it. In 12 trips to Ohio State, Notre Dame, Nebraska, Clemson, Michigan and Syracuse under Bowden, Florida State is 9-3.

The short guy has won so many scraps, you might think he had little left to prove. But Florida State's scheduling pugnacity persists. Besides Miami and a strong slate of ACC opponents, the Seminoles will play Florida and Notre Dame—on the road. Why? "Ego, I guess," says Bowden.

"Our fans expect and enjoy tough games," says assistant athletic director Andy Urbanic. True, but with the national championship within Florida State's grasp, fans would certainly understand another Tulane or two. Instead, the Seminoles shortened their summer and made their lives more difficult by agreeing to play Kansas in the Aug. 28 Kickoff Classic at the Meadowlands, in East Rutherford, N.J., a game in which Florida State might seem to have nothing to gain and everything to lose.

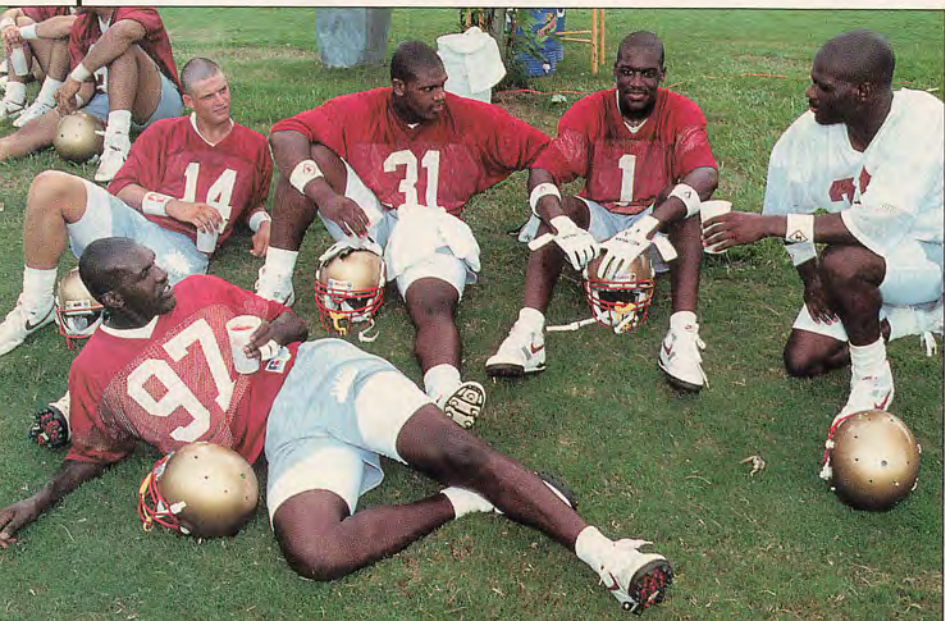
Bowden disagrees. "Our kids have never been to New York, never played in the Kickoff Classic," he says. Also, the Heisman

Trophy campaigns of Charlie Ward, Florida State's dazzling quarterback, and Tamarick Vanover, its outlandishly talented wide receiver and return specialist, stand to get jump-starts from the New York media. Then there is the not insubstantial matter of the \$900,000 that the Seminoles stand to earn for the athletic department. Mainly, though, Bowden feels that if his team can't beat Kansas, it doesn't deserve to be No. 1.

"Besides," he says, "I just don't think there's a shortcut to the national championship. Whether it's 12 or 13 games, home or away, you're gonna have to have some luck to win it."

While waiting for his own share of luck, Bowden has survived, and thrived, by adapting. Before the start of last season he let his assistants talk him into adding the one-back and shotgun attacks to the Seminoles' trusty pro-set offense. In a further sign of his flexibility,

Fab frosh: R. Williams (97), Busby, C. Williams (31), Cooper (1), Capers.



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Florida State

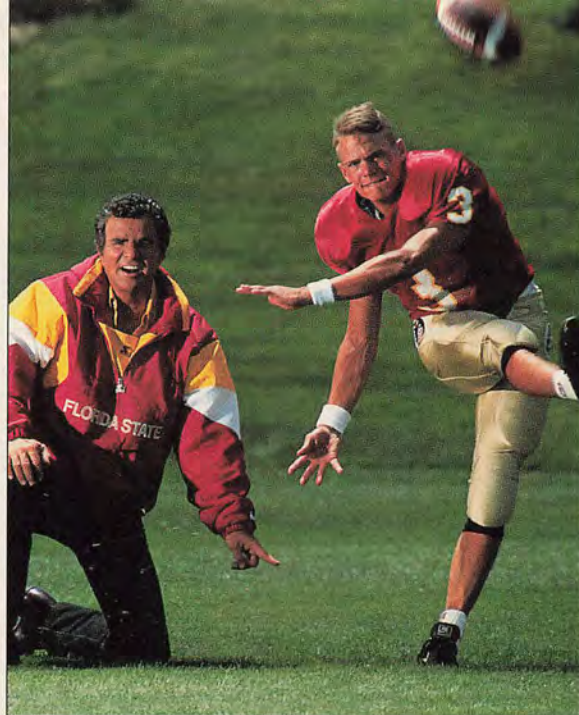
Bowden—who had long before delegated defensive decisions to Mickey Andrews, his defensive coordinator—handed the play-calling duties over to offensive coordinator Brad Scott and quarterback coach Mark Richt.

But Bowden retains ultimate control on both sides of the ball. Against North Carolina in Florida State's sixth game last year, Bowden benched Ward in the second quarter after Ward completed only two of eight passes and had thrown his 12th and 13th interceptions of the season. There was speculation that Ward would be demoted in favor of freshman Danny Kanell the following week against Georgia Tech. Bowden stayed with Ward, who stole the game from the Yellow Jackets.

Earlier in the season Ward had struggled operating the one-back, but he flourished in the no-huddle shotgun. When the Seminoles came out in the shotgun, opposing defensive ends played so wide in deference to Ward's scrambling ability that huge passing lanes opened. And the quicker tempo of play without a huddle suited the basketball player in Ward, who is Florida State's starting point guard after the football season.

Working out of the shotgun in the second game of the year, at Clemson, Ward led the Seminoles to two late touchdowns in a come-from-behind 24-20 victory. His only success moving the ball against Miami, three games later, came when he operated out of the shotgun. Says Bowden, "We got to thinking, Every time we go to that darn shotgun, we don't have to punt."

With 14:27 left in the Georgia Tech game, the Seminoles



BILL FRANKS

trailed 21-7. "I was working on my alibi," Bowden would say later. Once Ward dropped back into the fast break, as the shotgun had been dubbed by team radio analyst Vic Prinzi, the Yellow Jackets were toast. The Seminoles scored 22 points in 12 minutes and won 29-24.

By this time, callers to Tallahassee's sports-radio shows were asking the question that Kathy Richt had posed to her husband after the Miami loss: "Why don't you start the game in the shotgun?" Against Maryland three weeks later the Seminoles did just that. Florida State scored on each of its six first-half possessions. Eleven school offensive records fell, and the Seminoles never punted during the

69-21 win. Next on the chopping block was Tulane. Result: that 70-7 rout, the worst defeat in Green Wave history.

Surely Florida State would get a reality check the following week, when it was to host Florida. The Seminoles coasted to 38 first-half points and a 45-24 victory. Finally, in the Orange Bowl, torrential rains limited Florida State to three touchdowns in its whipping of Nebraska.

Should the Seminoles sustain the momentum of the final third of last season and live up to their preseason No. 1 ranking, let it be recorded that this team came of age on Oct. 17, 1992—the day of its outrageous comeback at Georgia Tech. After the Seminoles' loss to Miami, in which their offense failed to score a touchdown, resentment by defensive players had riven the team. Says Abraham, "People on defense were wondering, What happened to that 31 points a game?" When they fell behind by two touchdowns late in the Georgia Tech game, the Seminoles arrived at their "moment of truth," according to wide receiver Matt Frier. "We were either gonna stab each other in the back or bond."

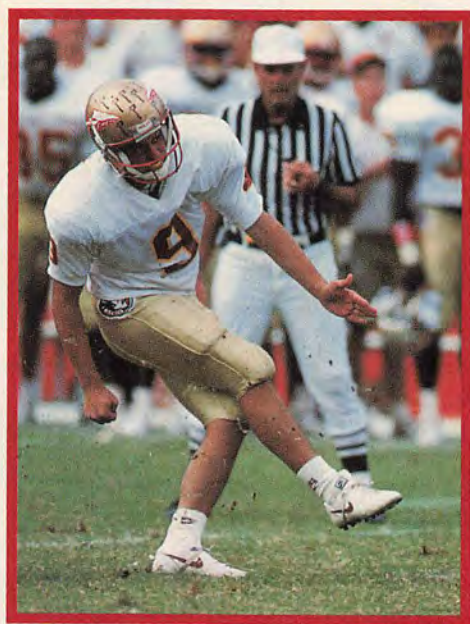
Robert Bly might have scripted the final quarter. On the sideline defensive players crashed the meetings of their offensive counterparts. "Just do this for us!" they shouted. During a timeout in Florida State's winning drive, defensive tackle Dan Footman and linebacker Reggie Freeman stepped onto the field to exhort the offensive huddle. "There were 60 guys hugging, cheering each other on," says Frier. "It was a first for us."

Another augury: In the first quarter of that game, All-America linebacker Marvin Jones left the field with a sprained ankle. His replacement, Derrick Brooks, made 20 tackles. Brooks is a 6' 1", 225-pound Academic All-America with 4.45 speed in the 40. "Watch him this season," says outside-linebacker coach Jim Gladden. "He is going to be out of this world."

Bentley (above) may make Reynolds forget misses by Thomas (15) and Mowrey.



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Of the six defensive starters the Seminoles lost from last year's squad, four were among the first 53 players chosen in the NFL draft. The most damaging exodus was from the line, which lost three of four first-stringers. Then during practice earlier this month Florida State lost senior cornerback Corey Fuller and junior free safety Steve Gilmer to freak knee injuries. The most valuable returnee to the defense may be Andrews, the coordinator, whose off-season flirtation with Houston, which considered him for head coach, threw a good scare into Bowden. Andrews' defense is an attacking, man-to-man scheme heavily reliant on situation substitutions. It is not uncommon for 36 defenders to play at least five downs per game—numbers unheard of at other schools. The offensive-minded Bowden readily admits the system is Greek to him. "Mickey is my Stonewall Jackson," says Bowden, a military-history buff. "He handles that whole show."

One of Bowden's strengths is his ability to see his own weaknesses and delegate accordingly. He has surrounded himself with a superb staff whose average length of tenure is a remarkable 10.8 years. By no means, however, is Bowden a hands-off coach. He frequently sprints up to Richt on the sideline with "suggestions," as he calls them, and is often overheard asking

Even when he's up in the air, Bowden is down-to-earth.

Andrews, "Are you *sure* you've got the right people on the field?" On the eve of each game, around midnight, Bowden—clad in nothing but his boxers—assembles his staff in his hotel room, pulls up a wastebasket for use as a spittoon and begins his weekly "What if?" meeting.

What if Ward breaks his arm on the first play? What if we score a touchdown and want to go for two—what's the play? What if they tackle us for a safety—do we kick off or punt? Only after each scenario has been satisfactorily addressed are the coaches allowed sleep.

Another key to Bowden's success is his skill as a recruiter. Spurrier and Dennis Erickson, the coach at Miami, may have a slight edge over Bowden as field strategists. Where Bowden is without peer is in the dens and living rooms of the scholastic studfish who often end up on his roster. He has a folksiness and lack of artifice that go over extremely well with parents. "When he looks parents in the eye and tells them, 'I'll take care of your son,' they believe him," says Cottrell.

"Lou Holtz has his magic tricks, and they're pretty neat," says Orlando *Sentinel* recruiting analyst Bill Buchalter. "But I doubt there is a better coach in the country *in the home* than Bobby."

"He wasn't just persuasive," says Bob Bentley, a Notre Dame alumnus who was initially opposed to having his son Scott attend Florida State. "He was mesmerizing. He didn't talk about how our son could help Florida State, but about how Florida State could help our son."

Bowden's reputation as a fair man and as a man of his word precedes him throughout Florida, where the Seminoles get about 85% of their recruits. In addition, it does not hurt that Bowden's strong religious faith is common knowledge in the state. Bowden, who begins staff meetings, practices and games with a prayer, has been a lay speaker in churches throughout the South. He still remembers the Sunday when he was 14 and heard Robert Robinson, a member of the 1948 U.S. Olympic basketball team, speak at the Ruhama Baptist Church in the East Lake section of Birmingham, where Bowden grew up.

"Back then I always sat in the back row and cut up during church," says Bowden. "But this guy was so impressive, I just said, 'Boy, I wish I could do that.' Now when I speak, I try to have the same positive influence on kids that he had on me."

Yet another selling point for Florida State is that Bowden welcomes two-sport athletes. Ward plays basketball, and last spring six Seminole football players ran track. Eight of this year's freshmen intend to compete in a sport other than football. Even Bentley, the most heralded recruit, plans to play baseball.

Meanwhile Bowden, like his players, has forced himself to adopt an I'll-believe-it-when-I-see-it attitude toward his new kicker's storied field goals. "Fifty-eight-yarders are nice," he says, echoing fullback Floyd and taking nothing for granted, "but what I'm looking for is 38 and straight."

In the *Evening Shade* studio the terrifying moment passed. Bowden found his voice, opened the door, walked onto the set and into Reynolds' embrace. His lines having escaped him, Bowden winged it. He was terrific.

After each of his scenes the people in the stands applauded. "Cheered like it was a bowl game," says Bowden with a chuckle. "Afterward the guy who wrote the script came up to me and said, 'You know, that's the best script I never wrote.'"

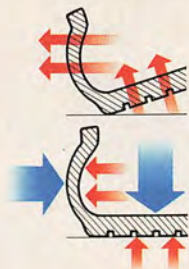
Now maybe Bowden can rework that Miami script. ■



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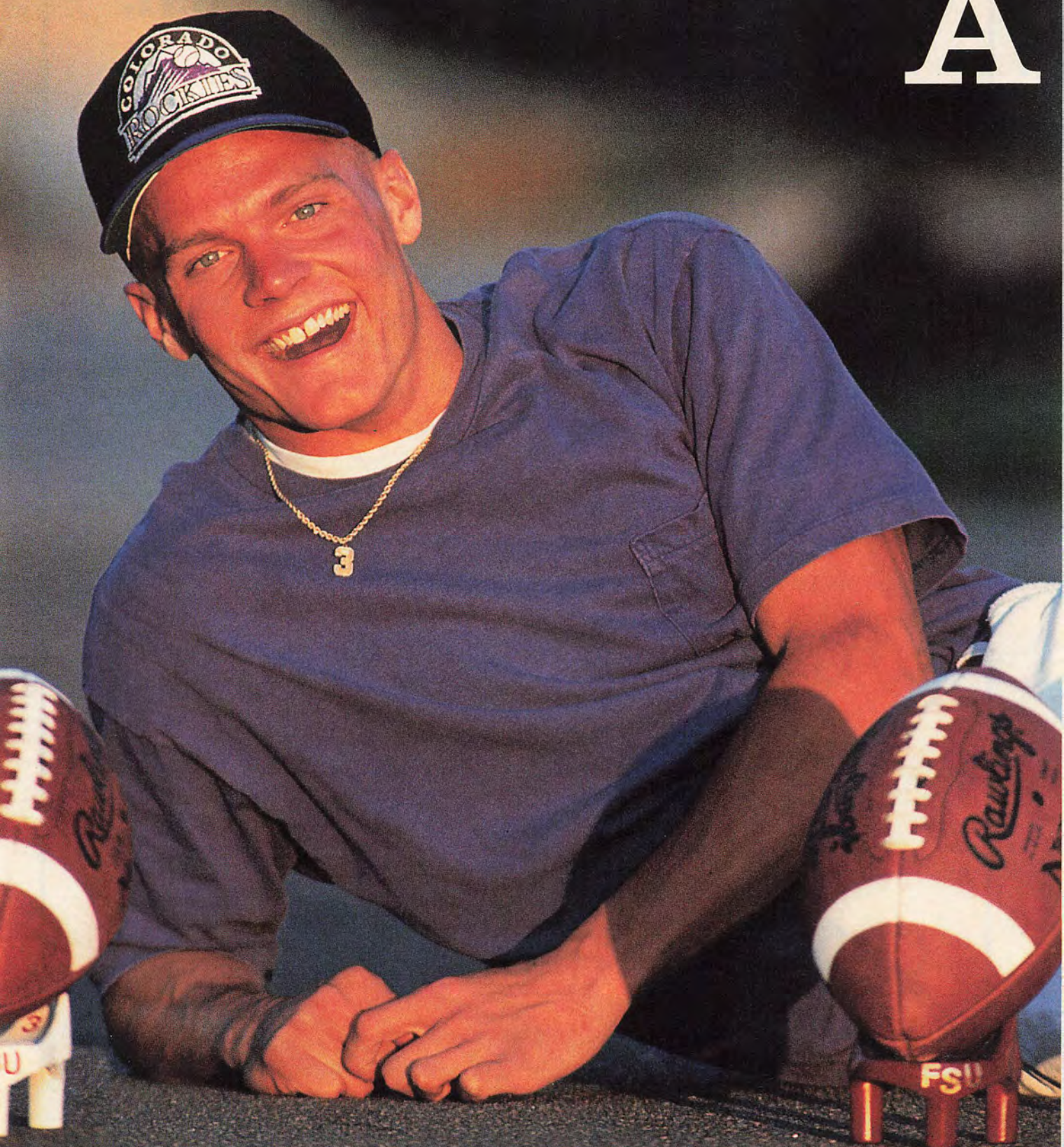
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Three

Freshman kicker Scott Bentley
can't wait for a Florida State game
to come down to one field goal

by Austin Murphy



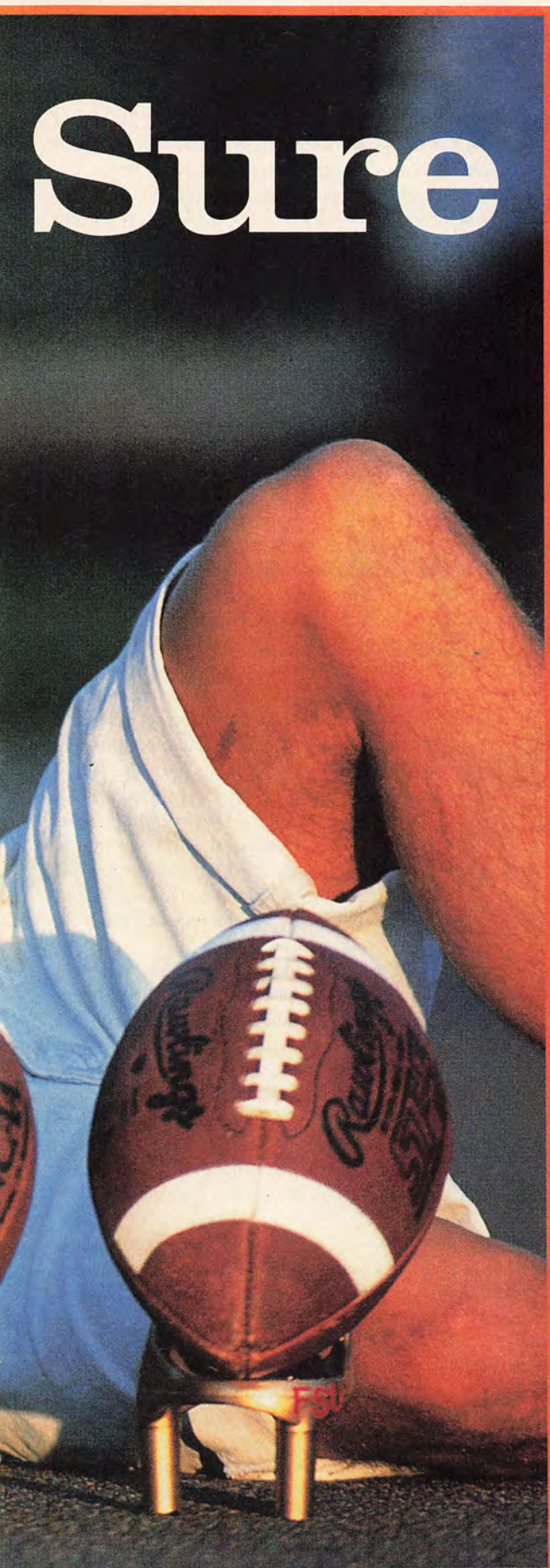
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ntroductions had been made, pleasantries exchanged. Now Chuck Amato wanted to get inside Scott Bentley's head. Bentley, the best schoolboy kicker in the country, was on his official visit to Florida State last January when Amato, the assistant head coach, tossed him this hypothetical: "It's August 28, we're in Giants Stadium for the Kickoff Classic against Kansas. Right before kickoff, we call a timeout, and the other 10 guys on the kickoff team are pulled off the field. Think you can kick it out of the end zone?"

The idea, Amato explained later, was to see how the kid handled pressure. But Bentley, then 18, was becoming impervious to pressure. After he had said thanks but no thanks to Nebraska, Cornhusker coach Tom Osborne flew out to Colorado to meet him anyway. Come here, Miami had told Bentley, and you can kick and play receiver. In all, more than 90 schools had offered him scholarships. By January he had narrowed his choices down to Florida State and Notre Dame. The Seminoles had greeted him as if he were a soccer-style kicking messiah, the missing link to the national championship that has so long eluded them. Fighting Irish head coach Lou Holtz, meanwhile, had promised Bentley the starting kicker's and punter's jobs for four years. Bentley's father, Bob—Notre Dame, class of '67—had told him to listen to Holtz.

Well, did he think he could kick it out of the end zone?

Bentley's placekicking skills fit the Seminoles' needs to a tee.



BILL FRANKS



Scott boomed corner kicks as a six-year-old the way he blasts his kickoffs today.

Bentley's response to Amato has become part of his growing legend: "Probably. But if I don't, I'll make the tackle."

Meet football's equivalent of cartoonist Roz Chast's Poodle with a Mohawk: Kicker with an Attitude. At Colorado's North-South All-State Game in June, Bentley, a 6' 1", 175-pound *Parade* All-America who played defensive back and quarterback in high school, was forbidden to do anything but kick and punt. So he sprinted upfield after each of the punts. "I couldn't help it," said Bentley. "I just wanted to hit somebody."

Ray Pelfrey, who runs kicking camps all over the country (page 38), has called Bentley "possibly the best kicker in the history of high school football." Pelfrey feels that Bentley's gift resides in his fast-twitch muscle fibers. "The kid runs the 40 in 4.4," Pelfrey says. "You combine that leg speed with his technical soundness, and good things are gonna happen."

They already have. In four years of high school—one at Regis High in Boulder and three at Overland High in Aurora—Bentley nailed 35 field goals. His longest, a 58-yarder, was one of seven he kicked from 50 or more yards out. (He consistently makes 65-yarders in practice and has connected from 70.) At Overland he converted 115 of 117 extra-point attempts and put 34 kickoffs between the uprights. His 41.8-yard net punting average last season would have ranked him first in Division I-A.

Don't call him a kicking specialist, though. Last season Bentley punted, kicked, kicked off, returned punts and started at

quarterback in a veer-option offense that required him to absorb, on average, 20 hard shots per game. In the spring he started at shortstop on the Overland baseball team; next spring he will play centerfield for Florida State. For the scores of college football recruiters who courted Bentley, Overland coach Tony Manfredi had this advice: "Don't treat him like a kicker. Treat him like a football player, or you'll lose him."

Seminole coach Bobby Bowden grasped that. Holtz did not. "You'll only have to practice for a half hour," Holtz told Bentley. "Then you can go and play golf."

"I don't want to play golf," says Bentley. "I want to run 40's with [Seminole wide receiver] Tamarick Vanover."

When Bentley called a press conference in late January to announce that he was Tallahassee-bound, a desperate Tony Yelovich phoned Bentley's school to try to stop it. "The kid's confused," said Yelovich, a Notre Dame assistant who had spent three years cultivating Bentley.

The kid was, in fact, thinking more clearly than he had in years. Ever since Scott was a fourth-grader booting 35-yard field goals, his father, who had lettered in baseball and basketball at Notre Dame, had been steering him toward South Bend. Finally, two days before the press conference, Bob had told Scott to follow his heart. "If my dad hadn't gone to Notre Dame," says Scott, "I would have committed two weeks earlier."

Who can blame Bob for trying? As a six-year-old soccer player in a youth league in Tulsa, Scott sent so many balls rocketing into

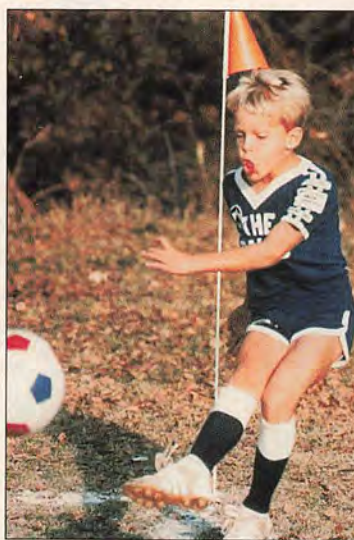
the faces of other boys that their parents suspected him of doing it on purpose. When Scott was 12 and his brother, Chris, was 14, the Bentleys moved to Denver, where Scott tried out for a local youth soccer team. He got into his first game with three minutes left in the first half, scored three goals and kicked another ball so hard that it knocked the goalie unconscious.

As a ninth-grader at Regis, Scott beat out a senior for placekicker on the football team. But the team went 0-10, and the next year Scott transferred to Overland, a perennial powerhouse. In the second game of his sophomore season he kicked field goals of 50 and 52 yards. But he did more than just kick; Scott also platooned at cornerback as a sophomore, played free safety as a junior and quarterbacked the team as a senior.

Bentley began to be courted by college coaches in his sophomore year. Yelovich was among the earliest to work on him. "When I was a sophomore, I told him, 'I'm your kicker,'" says Bentley. By the time he was a senior, Bentley had backed away from that promise. He told Yelovich that "it looks good" and that he was "leaning toward" Notre Dame—which, until he visited South Bend and Tallahassee, he was.

The Notre Dame visit, in early December, got off on the wrong foot. Craig Hentrich, who had kicked for the Irish the previous four seasons, told Bentley of the easy time in store for him. "He told me he and the other kickers would sometimes bring a barbecue down to the lower field and make food," says Bentley.

He and Hentrich went to a bar. Though Bentley does not drink, he doesn't judge those who do, and he expects that courtesy to be returned. It wasn't. Though Bentley admired the beer-



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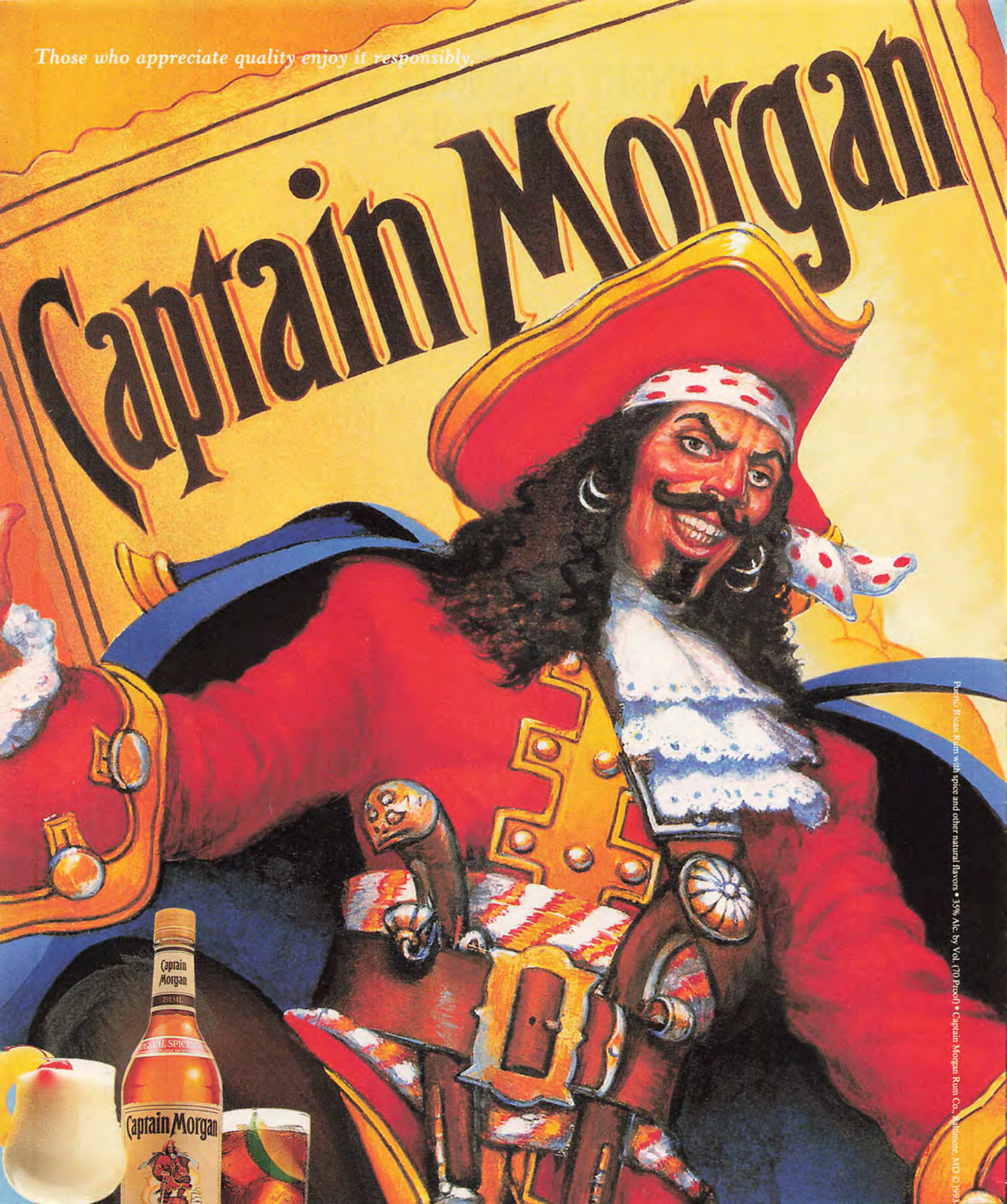
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downing capacity of some Irish linemen—"These guys would just drink *right out of the pitcher*," he says—some of those players ridiculed him for his refusal to imbibe. Bentley asked himself, Do I need this for four years?

After a training-table breakfast that included the renowned ND-monogrammed waffles, Bentley got a tour of the campus during a driving rainstorm. He opted not to go out Saturday night and was awakened at 2:30 a.m. by the retching of another recruit, who was in the bathroom retasting the evening's lager.

Late that afternoon Bentley had met with Holtz, who was distracted by the Army-Navy game on the TV in his office. Holtz told Bentley not to worry about his punting average; a "pooch punter" would take short punts. ("Can you believe that?" says Bob Bentley. "He's telling a placekicker with 50-plus-yard range that he'd rather pooch-punt than kick field goals!")

When Scott didn't commit on the spot, Holtz pressed him. "What do you want out of college, son?" Holtz asked. Bentley said he wanted a healthy social environment, strong academics and the starting kicker's job. "Then we're all set with you, right?" said Holtz. "We've got everything you're looking for." Bentley knew a hard sell when he heard one—his old man once owned 40% of a car dealership. Scott dug his heels in, telling Holtz, "I've still got four visits to make."

Now Bob Bentley was nervous. When Scott first evinced interest in Florida State, Bob had asked, "Why go to the Bermuda Triangle of kickers?" When Bowden visited the Bentleys before Scott's trip to Tallahassee, Bob was downright hostile. "You're taking a Notre Dame degree away from my kid," he said.

Scott's Florida State visit began more auspiciously than the Notre Dame trip. He had dinner the first night with Jamey Shouppe, the Seminole baseball recruiting coordinator. Afterward Shouppe took him to Dick Howser Stadium. The lights had been turned on. "The field just sparkled," says Bentley, a Coloradoan who had not seen his own lawn since October. "I almost committed on the spot." Later Bentley and freshman backup quarterback Danny Kanell—who was one of his Florida State escorts and is now his roommate and holder—went to a bar. "The pressure to drink wasn't there," says Bentley. "And I wasn't treated like a kicker, I was treated like just another player."

For Bentley's benefit Seminole offensive coordinator Brad Scott had charted the number of field goals a Seminole kicker was likely to attempt per season. "We went back four or five seasons, and it came out close to 30 a season," recalls Scott. "We suggested [Bentley] compare that to what he was likely to get at another school"—namely, Notre Dame, where Holtz prefers short punts to field goals. "If you're going to be an All-American," Scott told Bentley, "you need to get your at bats."

It was also Scott's idea to prepare Bentley's locker. In the Notre Dame locker room, Bentley had noted with dismay that the stalls of the kickers were separated from those of the other players. At Florida State they are not. Bentley's locker was next to Deion Sanders's old stall, which is now a glass-encased shrine.

By the end of his visit Bentley was ready to sign. But he was afraid it would crush his father. "Normally Scott is the loosest, most relaxed person," says his mother, Kathy. "But he was so anxious that he started getting up early"—unheard-of for Scott, who hits the snooze button a minimum of twice per morning.



Bob had wanted to drive Scott to South Bend, not Tallahassee.

Finally, as signing day approached, Scott leveled with his father. "I'm scared that if I don't pick Notre Dame, I'll be letting you down," he said. At last Bob released his dream. "It was as if a weight had been lifted," says Kathy. "Scott started hitting the snooze button again."

The day of Bentley's press conference, Holtz got on the horn with Brian Ford, a punter-placekicker from Cathedral High in Indianapolis, and talked Ford into breaking a verbal commitment to Vanderbilt. The Commodore coaches were furious.

Then Holtz phoned the Bentleys. Scott was asleep, and Holtz left his number. "What do you think he wants?" Scott asked his father when he awoke. "He probably wants to congratulate you and wish you luck," Bob guessed. "He's class."

The classy coach chewed the boy's head off. Bentley says Holtz accused him of lying. "Did you tell Coach Yelovich you were coming here?" Holtz reportedly demanded. Says Bentley, "I said that there had been times Coach Yelovich put so much pressure on me that I told him what he wanted to hear."

Holtz's pontificating about the sanctity of a recruit's promise to a coach would have been more convincing had he not just finished persuading Ford to screw Vanderbilt. And Holtz wasn't finished with Bentley. "Son, you didn't just make a four-year mistake," he reportedly said, "you made a 40-year mistake. You let me down, and you let your father down."

The call might have been Holtz's last stab at changing Bentley's mind. Or it might have been purely spiteful—Holtz has never pretended to be a gracious loser. The coach isn't saying: He refused to discuss Bentley with SI.

There is also the possibility that Holtz was doing a bit of pre-season coaching. The Nov. 13 game between Notre Dame and Florida State could easily come down to a field goal. Perhaps Holtz wanted to give Bentley something to think about. "If that's what he was trying to do, it was a mistake," says Bentley. "Anybody who knows me knows that kind of stuff just pumps me up."

Holtz never did figure Bentley out. A game-winning field goal may be what it takes for Holtz to see the light.



Boot Camp

a

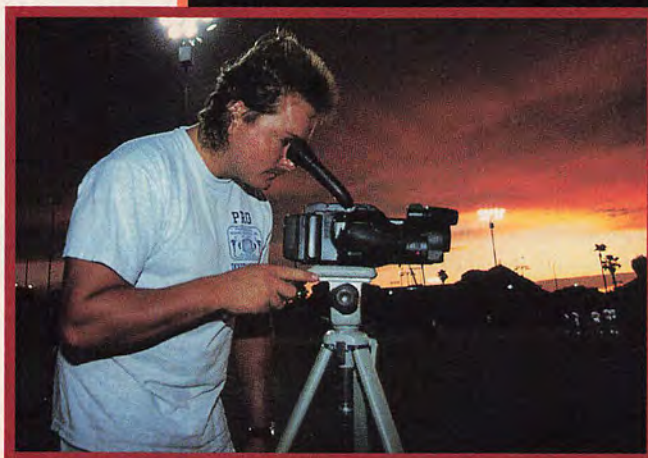
n hour or so into kicking school, I realized some apologies might be in order.

Having failed, in numerous attempts, to kick a football farther than that Scotsman threw the caber at the beginning of the old *ABC's Wide World of Sports*, I began to regret the harshness with which I had treated certain kickers in the past. Gerry Thomas and Dan Mowrey of Florida State, Craig Fayak of Penn State and anyone else I've dumped on for missing key field goals, know this: I have an increased appreciation of the difficulty of your craft.

With their ridiculous unibar face masks and their certified-public-accountant physiques, kickers have long been tantalizing marks for scribes like me. While their teammates sweat and bleed and club one another, the kickers toss sprigs of grass into the air to gauge the wind. Their job: to boot the ball through two poles. How tough can that be?

Deceptively, maddeningly, humiliatingly tough. This is what I learned at a Professional Kicking Services camp run by Ray and Rob Pelfrey. In three days my longest kick was a 35-yarder that barely slithered over the crossbar.

"At the end of these three days," Ray told my 45 fellow campers and me at our orientation meeting, "you will be as tired as you've ever been." I smirked inwardly. I'd done plen-



For years the author slammed kickers who botched the big one. Now, after going to kicking school, he's ready to take his foot out of his mouth

by Austin Murphy

Rob Pelfrey's film of Murphy's kick was a horror movie.



Kicking School

ty of running and biking. I wasn't too worried about a kicking school.

By the final day I was hobbling around like Quasimodo and begging for aspirin. I had kicked about 1,000 balls, straining every muscle in my right leg as I shanked, hooked and otherwise muffed scores of kicks while trying to master the Pelfreys' American Wedge, a hybrid of the straight-on (George Blanda) and soccer-style (Garo Yepremian) kicking techniques.

The camp I attended, at Arizona State in July, was one of 23 that the Pelfreys conduct every summer on college campuses across the country. Ray, a curmudgeonly bulldog of 65 who played halfback and wide receiver in the NFL for three seasons, has been running the camps for 18 years. Rob, his 28-year-old son, has helped out for the last five years and is now president of the company. Their camps, which cost \$290 per student, are the best of their kind. Just don't plan on going out dancing the night you get home.

Sunday Evening

Looks like my fellow campers are mostly high school players. There are a handful of collegians and, at the other extreme, the Derdengers, Bryan and Tim, 13-year-old twins who are identical down to their matching orthodontia and wire-rim glasses. Bryan handles the placekicking and punting for their Pop Warner team in Scottsdale, Ariz.; Tim kicks off. Their behavior is angelic—right up until their parents get in the car and drive away.

On the field, under the lights, we take turns punting, then kicking, in front of a video camera. Having captured our wretch-

Placekicking was a stretch for Murphy (top, in pink) even after he got some pointers from Ray Pelfrey (below, left).



ed form on tape, the Pelfreys can later point out to us, frame by painful frame, the error of our ways.

I punt O.K., as I should. I punted, after all, at a major university. The kicking goes less smoothly. On my first kick I gouge out a toupee-sized divot that outdistances the ball. Jason Traut, a 17-year-old camper from Fullerton, Calif., materializes in line next to me, and I figure he's trying to get his picture in the magazine, but he sets me straight. "If I kick right after you," he says, "it'll make me look that much better."

At tonight's video session Ray deftly softens his constructive criticism of each camper by finding something—*anything*—nice to say about his kicking. "Son, look at your track to the ball; at that rate you'll run over your holder and kill him," Ray tells one camper. "But it'll take no more than 30 minutes to get you cleaned up. You watch, your kicking is going to explode."

My kick stumps him. The football rises feebly, then drops like a shot quail. "Well, boys, you see," Ray finally says, "this person is, uh, *new* to kicking."

Monday Morning

Rob Pelfrey pounds on our doors at seven sharp. I am not completely rested, due to a wee-hours racket created by one Matt



I said 'I do' right away to my Sidekick. The dealer had to wait a little longer," says Connie

Sheffield, who was in for a surprise when she bought her peppy little Suzuki 2-door Sidekick JX. It seems that besides standards like the rear-wheel anti-lock brakes and power steering, the dealer had added a special option at no extra charge—himself. "That was okay with me," Connie says, "because I think you've got to look for the same qualities in what you drive as who you marry: Dependable. Smart about finances. Ready to take you places you've never been. But most importantly, able to weather the storms with you." No doubt Connie's referring to the fact that her 4-wheel drive Sidekick is perfect for her Southern city's long, rainy, muddy hurricane season. And thanks to the fact you can take its top off, a Suzuki Sidekick is perfect for summer sun, as well. So go ahead and take a test drive. No doubt you will live happily ever after, too.



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Bates, a 17-year-old camper from Mohave Valley, Ariz. Finding himself locked out of the dorm, Bates had climbed up to the third-floor ledge and pounded on his window, providing most of the camp with a 2 a.m. wake-up call.

"I hope you won't think it presumptuous of me," I tell Rob, "to recommend that Matt be sent home without a refund."

But Bates talks his way out of the jam. The Pelfreys rarely send campers home early. "Kids who come to a kicking camp are usually pretty serious about kicking," says Rob. Year in, year out, the only trouble spot for the Pelfreys is the camp at Southern Methodist, which coincides with a ballerina camp and a girls' high school drill-team camp. Four years ago Rob burst into the room of a kicker just as the fellow was about to lower himself out of a sixth-floor window with sheets he had tied together. His des-



Holding for Alcorn gave Murphy a close look at leg lock.

tinuation: the room of a drill-team camper two floors below. Two years ago Rob roused a pair of ballerinas from a kicker's closet. Pack up, he told the kicker, you're going home. Once the blubbery boy was packed, Rob told him to unpack and go to bed.

This morning's session is devoted to "corrective techniques and drills" for kicking. Ray moves my plant foot up, makes my stance a shade wider. We work on my "plant and turn," my "inside quad pull" and my "leg lock"—the closing action of the leg, timed to occur at impact with the football. In five minutes Ray doubles my average distance . . . to 20 yards. He showers me with other technical pointers but extracts a vow that I will not pass them on to readers. The danger of industrial espionage cannot be underestimated.

I thought he was kidding, too. But competition among kicking camps is cutthroat. The Pelfreys say they've been victimized by unscrupulous rival instructors. Last year a boy showed up at a Pelfrey camp with a video put together for him by the instructor at another camp. The video included footage pirated from a Pel-

frey video. Ray refuses to make a video on the American Wedge technique, even though "hardly a day goes by," he says, that someone does not request it. Ray isn't about to hand his livelihood over to the copycats.

When Ray splits us up for the "post accuracy drill," I go with the eighth-, ninth- and 10th-graders, in comparison with whom I suffer least. We form a line. The idea is to hit the upright 30 yards away. After botching a few kicks, I'm marshaling my wits for another try when Ray speaks.

"Flare your right foot out at a wider angle," he says. "Leave your hips and shoulders slightly open to the ball."

"Scoot out six inches," adds counselor Wayne Duplantis.

"Think about hitting the ball closer to the center," says Cole Ford, another counselor.

I say, "Thanks, guys." I think, Five or seven more helpful hints and I should have *just enough* to think about during this kick. Then, a miracle: My kick nails the upright with a deeply fulfilling *plink*, drawing astonished glances from my fellow campers. I consider low-keying the feat, as if to say, What's so surprising about that? Then I think, To hell with that. I clasp my hands together over my head. Later I will be glad I milked it. It will prove to have been my finest moment at kicking school.

I'm hot, I want to kick. To my annoyance, however, I find myself getting approximately a third as many repetitions as the Derdengers. This, I realize, is because they are so adept at a skill I once mastered but have since allowed to erode: cutting in line.

The twins are big Southern Cal fans, so they're thrilled to meet counselor Ford, USC's kicker. The Derdengers inform him that their sister, Kris, will attend USC this fall on a golf scholarship.

"Really?" says Ford. "What does she, uh. . ."

"Look like?" finishes Bryan.

"She's 5' 7" and blonde," says Tim. "Go for it."

Monday Afternoon

We are not alone. Quartered in a nearby dorm is a group of slight, bespectacled students, many of them Asian-American. I ask one of them, a girl of about 14, what group they are with. "CAP," she says. "It's an acronym for the Center for Academic Precocity. What group are *you* with?"

"Kicking school," I say. "We have no acronym."

After lunch today a couple of CAP dudes have the temerity to come over and use *our* pool table. Think they would try something like that at nosetackle camp? Of course not. But we're kickers, so they think they can push us around.

When Bates—the fellow we met out on the ledge—asks them if he can play the winner, they refuse. A debate breaks out, which Bates loses, leaving him with no recourse but to wreck their game, scattering some balls and stuffing others into the pockets. The intruders return to their dorm. The incident has a galvanizing effect, bringing us closer together as kickers.

We are a wild and crazy bunch . . . for kickers. At the afternoon session, for instance, some lunatic sneaks up behind counselor Daron Alcorn, who is teeing up a 45-yarder, and "depantse" him, yanking his shorts to his ankles. Alcorn set several kicking records at the University of Akron and was selected 224th—and last—by the Tampa Bay Buccaneers in the 1993 NFL draft. He calmly steps out of his shorts and proceeds with his kick. Nails it, too. Afterward he speaks of the "incredibly liberating" feeling of kicking with no pants.

It is 105° on the field. We drink a lot of water, swallowing




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Turning pages in a magazine does not qualify as a sport.

some, spouting the rest at one another. At one point Rob hits Alcorn with a stream. Alcorn retaliates, but Rob ducks, causing Alcorn to expectorate cold water onto the back of the neck of Ray, who bellows, "I wish I could find a grown-up goddam staff!"

But Ray can't stay angry at Alcorn. The Pelfreys have been working with him since he was an awkward ninth-grader. Now he has evolved into the John Daly of placekicking. I sit with Ray while his pet booms mammoth rainbows, eliciting *OOOOooooh's* from the campers. Ray, the professional picker of nits, can only marvel, "That boy has no idea how well he's kicking." (Alas, a month later he won't kick well enough to make the Bucs' roster.)

Another stud kicker, whom I had mistaken for a counselor, is Brandon Najarian, a high school senior out of Lake Havasu City, Ariz. This morning a coach from Arizona Western, a junior college in Yuma, drove up to watch Najarian and offered him a scholarship on the spot, increasing to 175 the number of kickers the Pelfreys have helped obtain partial or full rides in the last four years. (Najarian turned down Arizona Western and will enroll at TCU.) The Pelfreys have also worked with 21 current NFL kickers and punters.

Monday Evening

I have noticed a subtle shift in attitude toward the twins. In the beginning they were the camp mascots. Everyone liked them. Familiarity, however, has bred a desire in some of the campers to beat them severely about the head and shoulders. This is evident when the Derdengers rout two older campers in a game of eight ball, then rub it in.

"Shut up, punk," a camper named Dustin tells one of the twins. "I've been playing pool since before you were born."

Derdenger backlash is also evident in a comment made by Shawn Sharp, a high school junior from Las Vegas with an encyclopedic knowledge of the MTV cartoon *Beavis and Butt-Head*. Says Sharp, "I kicked better than those guys when I was their age."

I don't believe him. What the twins lack in distance, they make up for in accuracy. They are terrific students, interrupting lectures with intelligent questions. On the field they instantly incorporate coaching tips. Their notes are as voluminous as those of a professional reporter—with the added advantage of being legible.

A punting-intensive night ensues. Despite not having played college football, Rob has made himself an oracle of punting knowledge. He lectures passionately on "the ball-foot marriage," the clear superiority of the underhand release, the desirability of "dual hip-lift." He takes special pleasure in roasting some old punting chestnuts. There is no such thing as "the drop," he says. "What you want is ball float-away." Momentum is overrated. Follow through? Who cares about it? "Nothing you do after impact has any influence on the ball," he declares.

He makes sense. As he puts us through drills, I can't help thinking that if I had met him earlier, I might not have spent so much of my life as a practice punter.

Did I say I punted for a major university? I meant a major I-AA university. Once. In an emergency. For the junior varsity. The fact is, punting has mocked me since I was Derdenger-sized.

As the second-string punter in ninth grade, I had only one kick

all season, and it was blocked—a debacle captured on Ektachrome by my grandmother Lennie and frequently reenacted for the amusement of relatives and friends. Fast-forward to my freshman year at Colgate. To add to my limited worth as a drop-prone wide receiver, I volunteered to punt. Though I had never actually punted in a high school game, it had been my privilege, as a three-year backup, to boot 2,000-or-so *practice* punts. In the first week of fall camp at Colgate, I shanked a ball during punt-team drills, triggering near apoplexy in coach Red Kelin. "Murphy, you just wasted 22 guys' time!" screamed Kelin, who then quickly corrected himself: "Twenty-one—you don't count."

It is a testament to Rob's teaching skill that by the time he has taken us through his drills, I'm *dying* to punt. Applying what I've learned, I'm getting some nice spirals, getting a few balls to turn



Ever complementary, Bryan Derdenger supplied the ball, Tim the foot.

over. At one point, noticing that Rob is watching, I try to punt a bomb. The ball glances off my shin and goes 45 degrees to the left, over a 10-foot fence and into the cab of a pickup.

Tuesday Morning

People are on edge today. The distance-kicking competition looms. My right leg feels as if it has been through a grain thresh-er. Ignore the pain, I tell myself. Acquit yourself nobly.

The competition starts at 30 yards. This is within my range—I popped from 35 yesterday. Now, with everyone watching, I forget everything I've learned. I lunge at the ball. At its zenith my kick reaches a height of five feet, spinning on a vertical axis like a plunging dirigible. It is the homeliest, ignoblest kick of the week.

Before bidding us goodbye, Ray hawks the kicking shoes and videos with which he supplements his income. Then he asks us to evaluate the camp in writing.

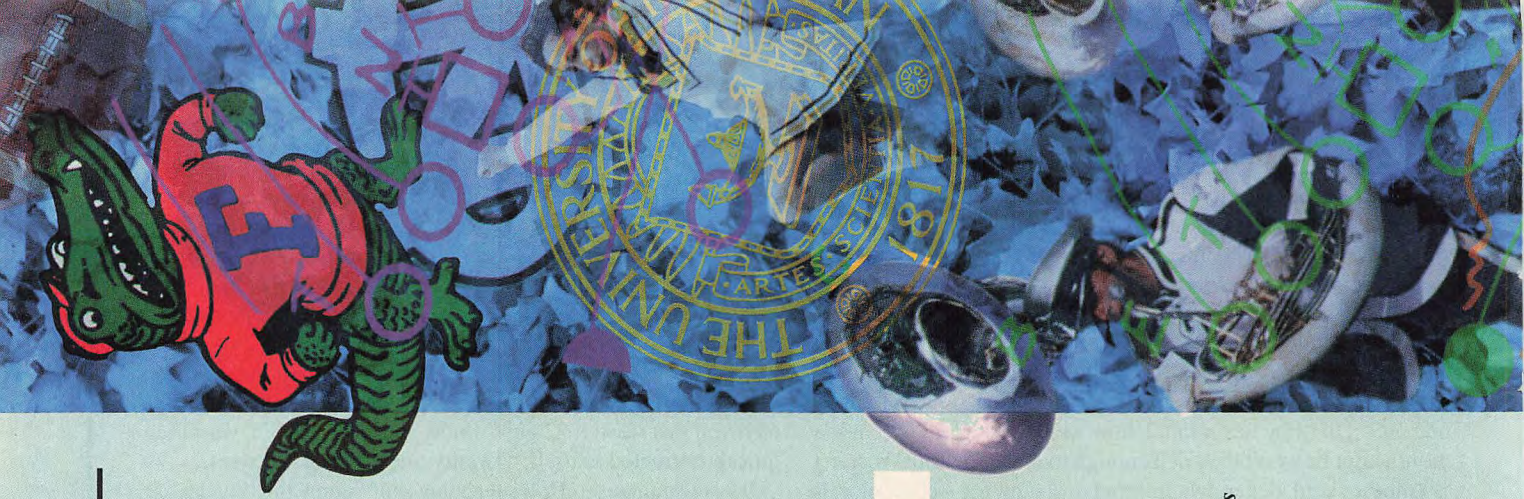
My evaluation is a question and a compliment: "Where were you guys when I needed you?" ■



All 106

Everybody knows that freshman kicker Scott Bentley makes Florida State unbeatable, but how will the other 105 Division I-A schools fare? Here's how

Rank	School	1992 Regular Season	1993 Projected Record	Comments
1	FLORIDA STATE	10-1	12-0	Three Heisman candidates and now a kicker to boot
2	MICHIGAN	8-0-3	10-1	Elvis has left the building, but Tyrone Wheatley & Co. have not
3	FLORIDA	8-3	10-1	Tennessee and Florida State visit Gainesville, where coach is 18-0
4	ALABAMA	11-0	10-1	The defense lost five starters but is still tops in the nation
5	COLORADO	9-1-1	10-1	In '91 the Buffaloes ran. In '92 they passed. In '93 they'll do both
6	MIAMI	11-0	9-2	Likened to Vinny Testaverde, Frank Costa is more verde than tested
7	SYRACUSE	9-2	10-1	Only QB Marvin Graves, Bo and Ty have been MVP in three bowl games
8	TENNESSEE	8-3	10-1	If the Volunteers had a defensive backfield, they would be No. 1
9	WASHINGTON	9-2	10-1	How will the Huskies react to sanctions? By winning, that's how
10	FRESNO STATE	8-4	10-1	The Bulldogs will lead the nation in scoring for the third year in a row
11	NOTRE DAME	9-1-1	8-3	Holtz is right when he says he can't beat Michigan or Florida State
12	ARIZONA	6-4-1	9-2	The best D outside Alabama, and Washington isn't on the schedule
13A	NEBRASKA	9-2	10-1	The Huskers will look great. Then they'll go to a bowl and . . . kaboom!



13B	TEXAS A&M	12-0	10-1	<i>The Aggies will look great. Then they'll go to a bowl and . . . kaboom!</i>
15	STANFORD	9-3	7-4	<i>Will need all of Bill Walsh's genius against Colorado and Notre Dame</i>
16	PENN STATE	7-4	9-2	<i>The Lions are better than nine of the Big Ten. Too bad there are 11</i>
17	BOSTON COLLEGE	8-2-1	8-3	<i>The Eagles play five teams that won a total of 11 games last year</i>
18	OKLAHOMA	5-4-2	9-2	<i>It's the 50th anniversary of "Oklahoma!" This year Oklahoma O.K.</i>
19	GEORGIA	9-2	9-2	<i>Could've won national title, but two young Dawgs left for the NFL</i>
20	SOUTHERN CAL	6-4-1	9-3	<i>Student body right? Student body wrong. Trojans still a few horses short</i>
21	BRIGHTMAN YOUNG	8-4	9-2	<i>Every year the Cougars are hated. This year they're good, too</i>
22	WISCONSIN	5-6	8-3	<i>Ninety-nine percent of rushing and 100% of passing yards are back</i>
23	WEST VIRGINIA	5-4-2	8-3	<i>Notre Dame transfer QB Jake Kelchner doesn't miss South Bend</i>
24	NORTH CAROLINA	8-3	8-4	<i>Has ends (Corey Holliday and Greg DeLong) but no Means (Natrone)</i>
25	N.C. STATE	9-2-1	8-3	<i>New coach Mike O'Cain will pick up where Dick Sheridan left off</i>
26	IOWA	5-7	9-2	<i>The last year Iowa didn't go to a bowl, it went to Pasadena the next year</i>
27	ARIZONA STATE	6-5	7-4	<i>Back from injuries. Off the police blotter. Into the Top 30</i>
28	GEORGIA TECH	5-6	7-4	<i>Donnie Davis was equal of Heath Shuler and Eric Zeier in high school</i>
29	MISSISSIPPI	8-3	8-3	<i>The Rebels have the best set of linebackers in the U.S.</i>
30	OHIO STATE	8-2-1	6-5	<i>These days two yards and a cloud of dust would look pretty good</i>
31	UCLA	6-5	6-5	<i>Since '88 the Bruins are 23-21-1. How has Terry Donahue kept his job?</i>
32	SAN DIEGO STATE	5-5-1	9-3	<i>Nation's most disappointing team in '92. Could be the same in '93</i>
33	TEXAS	6-5	5-6	<i>The Longhorns are a year away. Again</i>
34	LOUISVILLE	5-6	7-4	<i>Jeff Brohm is the best Cardinal quarterback since Johnny U</i>
35	CLEMSON	5-6	8-3	<i>Was last year's record a fluke or the beginning of the end?</i>
36	BAYLOR	6-5	7-4	<i>For the first time in 22 years Papa Bear is not named Grant Teaff</i>
37	SOUTH CAROLINA	5-6	7-4	<i>Can Steve Taneyhill (page 62) lead Coach Sparky out of Woods again?</i>
38	MICHIGAN STATE	5-6	6-5	<i>Best recruits since coach George Perles's megalomania began in '89</i>
39	KANSAS	7-4	7-5	<i>Lost entire backfield and the best defensive tackles in school history</i>
40	MEMPHIS STATE	6-5	6-5	<i>No more revoltin' developments, but not much better, either</i>
41	OKLAHOMA STATE	4-6-1	7-4	<i>Much improved last season. The improvement will continue</i>
42	SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI	7-4	7-4	<i>Won four of last five and lost to 'Bama by only seven</i>
43	OREGON	6-5	6-5	<i>Not quite a poll team but, thanks to free-spending fans, a bowl team</i>
44	MISSISSIPPI STATE	7-4	7-4	<i>If the Bulldogs are healthy, middle of the SEC West; if not, bottom</i>
45	RICE	6-5	7-4	<i>Bert Emanuel is the fastest quarterback outside the state of Florida</i>
46	AUBURN	5-5-1	4-7	<i>Back to the winning ways of the '80s, right? Wrong</i>





Rank	School	1992 Regular Season	1993 Projected Record	Comments
47	ARKANSAS	3-7-1	5-6	Coach Danny Ford: "Our team won't be average." Right, it'll be below
48	NEVADA	7-4	8-3	After second year in Big West, Wolf Pack will have two titles
49	HAWAII	10-2	9-3	The pot at the end of the Rainbows' season will not be a bowl
50	LOUISIANA STATE	2-9	3-8	Tiger fans will be eyeing coach Curley Hallman's scalp
51	KANSAS STATE	5-6	4-7	Nine starters back on offense. So what? Offense was 104th in I-AA
52	WASHINGTON STATE	8-3	3-8	Coach Mike Price has a new contract. Good thing he got it when he did
53	CALIFORNIA	4-7	4-8	Brought in good defensive coordinator. Made him offensive coordinator
54	VIRGINIA	7-4	6-5	The swoon starts in October, just like last year
55	RUTGERS	7-4	6-5	This is the year the Scarlet Knights break through. Yeah, right
56	UTAH	6-5	8-4	The Ute movement continues. It'll be back-to-back bowls
57	TEXAS TECH	5-6	7-4	Great O with WR Lloyd Hill and RB Bam Morris. But where's the D?
58	MISSOURI	3-8	2-9	Even star QB Jeff Handy won't keep fans from ragging on the Tigers
59	MARYLAND	3-8	3-8	Recruiter Kyle Lingerfelt's computer flashed "recruit speed." He did
60	MINNESOTA	2-9	4-7	And at quarterback, coach Jim Wacker's nephew Tim Schade
61	ILLINOIS	6-4-1	5-6	The Illini's best QB is new offensive coordinator Greg Landry, age 46
62	AIR FORCE	7-4	6-6	The Falcons will finally use their aeronautic skills and throw the ball
63	IOWA STATE	4-7	3-8	Face no I-AA teams. Smart. The Cyclones were 0-1 against them in '92
64	INDIANA	5-6	4-7	The Hoosier offense just isn't the same without Vaughn Dunbar
65	UTAH STATE	5-6	6-5	One of three teams from the Beehive State to vie for a conference title
66	SAN JOSE STATE	7-4	7-4	New coach, 66-year-old John Ralston, inherits top QB Jeff Garcia
67	WYOMING	5-7	4-7	WR Ryan Yarborough can't get much better. But the Cowboys sure can
68	COLORADO STATE	5-7	4-7	Why are the Rams playing six games in a row against bowl teams?
69	HOUSTON	4-7	4-7	Ousted coach John Jenkins had no defense. Neither does former team
70	CENTRAL MICHIGAN	5-6	9-2	The Chips are anything but down in the MAC
71	EAST CAROLINA	5-6	4-7	Like his dad, TE Carlester Crumpler Jr. will be a Pirate All-America
72	NORTHWESTERN	3-8	3-8	Just enjoy WR Lee Gissendanner and QB Len Williams
73	WAKE FOREST	7-4	1-10	New coach (Jim Caldwell). New team (only 10 starters back)
74	TULSA	4-7	2-9	Coach Dave Rader rejected offers from two other schools. Why?

75	AKRON	7-3-1	7-4	<i>The Zips will challenge the Chips for the MAC title</i>
76	CINCINNATI	3-8	4-7	<i>The Bearcats' streak of losing seasons will reach 11</i>
77	NEW MEXICO STATE	6-5	5-6	<i>In '92 we thought the Aggies were the worst. Now they're 29 spots away</i>
78	PURDUE	4-7	1-10	<i>Little talent, less speed, no hope in the Big Ten</i>
79	TOLEDO	8-3	8-3	<i>Visitors to Glass Bowl shouldn't throw; Rockets have a tough pass D</i>
80	KENTUCKY	4-7	4-7	<i>Come on, Wildcats. Coach Bill Curry deserves a winning season</i>
81	BOWLING GREEN	9-2	8-3	<i>The Falcons have nation's longest conference winning streak (16)</i>
82	VANDERBILT	4-7	3-8	<i>As usual, the first string is good enough for the SEC, the second isn't</i>
83	VIRGINIA TECH	2-8-1	3-8	<i>These are dark days in Blacksburg</i>
84	MIAMI (OHIO)	6-4-1	7-4	<i>The Redskins have a terrific runner in sophomore Deland McCullough</i>
85	NEW MEXICO	3-8	3-8	<i>For the first time in 17 years the coaching staff remained intact</i>
86	ARMY	5-6	6-5	<i>Every Cadet who carried or threw the ball in '92 is back</i>
87	NORTHERN ILLINOIS	5-6	4-7	<i>The Big West is very big indeed to include this team from De Kalb</i>
88	OREGON STATE	1-9-1	1-10	<i>The Beavers' last winning season was the glorious 6-5 campaign of '70</i>
89	TEMPLE	1-10	2-9	<i>The Owls lost 10 straight games to I-A foes in '92 by a score of 383-97</i>
90	WESTERN MICHIGAN	7-3-1	4-7	<i>With only seven starters back, the Broncos are busted</i>
91	TCU	2-8-1	3-8	<i>Leap Frogs: In '92 they pounced on Texas but croaked against SMU</i>
92	DUKE	2-9	2-9	<i>Hey, Steve Spurrier's back! Oh, it's senior wideout Steve Spurrier Jr.</i>
93	UNLV	6-5	3-8	<i>The AD tried to ax the coach. You thought the hoops team was a mess</i>
94	LOUISIANA TECH	5-6	2-9	<i>Northern Illinois will end Bulldogs' 17-game home win streak Oct. 30</i>
95	PACIFIC	3-8	3-8	<i>This year there's no Troy Kopp, Ryan Benjamin or Aaron Turner</i>
96	NAVY	1-10	3-8	<i>Looks like smooth sailing compared with last year's capsizing</i>
97	TULANE	2-9	2-10	<i>The Green Wave hasn't had a winning record in 11 years. It'll be 12</i>
98	BALL STATE	5-6	4-7	<i>Twin DBs Raphael and Raphael Ball: Like they'd go to Bowling Green?</i>
99	UTEP	1-10	1-11	<i>The Miners brought in 15 jucos as a quick fix. Quick, yes; fix, no</i>
100	EASTERN MICHIGAN	1-10	1-10	<i>The youngest I-A coach, Ron Cooper, 32, will be sorely tested</i>
101	PITTSBURGH	3-9	2-9	<i>Johnny Majors took job to prove the Vols wrong. Vindication must wait</i>
102	OHIO	1-10	1-10	<i>The leading rusher, passer and receiver are back. They won't be enough</i>
103	SMU	5-6	1-10	<i>With 30 seniors gone, hey, maybe that death penalty wasn't so bad</i>
104	KENT STATE	2-9	1-10	<i>It could be worse. The Sept. 18 game against Hawaii could be at home</i>
105	SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA	2-9	2-9	<i>After two two-win seasons, the only Cajuns ragin' are the fans</i>
106	ARKANSAS STATE	2-9	1-10	<i>New coach John Bobo's boo-boo? Taking over team that's lost 24 of 27</i>

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIE DICKSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AL TELEMANS (2), JOHN BEIER, CHRIS COWATTA, J.E. SCHILLING, MIKE SCULLY AND DAVID WALBERG





The Top

Or, to be more accurate, the Next 19. There's no question the Seminoles are No. 1, but here are questions—and answers—about those chasing them

by William F. Reed

2. Michigan

QUESTION: Although junior quarterback Todd Collins filled in admirably in two starts last year when Elvis Grbac, now of the San Francisco 49ers, was injured, how will he do now that he's No. 1 and playing behind a line that lost four all-conference performers?

ANSWER: Fine, as long as he can hand off. As usual the Wolverines have built a fine offensive line out of the previous year's understudies, and they are so deep at tailback—Tyrone Wheatley, Ricky Powers, Jesse (House Cat) Johnson and Ed Davis—that Illinois coach Lou Tepper says any one of the four would start at any other Big Ten school. Also returning are five excellent receivers, led by Derrick Alexander (the Great).

Q: After seven linebackers missed part of spring practice with injuries, Michigan coach Gary Moeller said, "The linebacker positions are messed up." Are they?

A: With juniors Matt Dyson, who had seven sacks in '92, and Steve Morrison, who led the Wolverines with 124 tackles last year, every team would love to be this messed up. Also, the offense has so much talent that the wealth has spread to the defense. Because of the queue in front of him at tailback, fresh-

Rhett and the Gators could make a run at Florida State's lofty perch.



AL TELEMANS





man Charles Winters, who coaches felt could someday be an all-conference running back, switched to free safety. He'll join cornerback Ty Law and strong safety Shonte Peoples, two of the best defensive backs in the country.

3. Florida

Q: Can junior quarterback Terry Dean fill the cleats of three-time All-SEC selection Shane Matthews?

A: Under the tutelage of coach and quarterback-maker Steve Spurrier, he probably can. In fact, the offense may be even better this year. With the entire line back and the explosive ability of tailback Errict Rhett, who needs 1,055 yards to pass Emmitt Smith as the school's alltime leading rusher, Spurrier will be able to emphasize his running game a little more. And when Dean does pass, it'll be to a receiving corps led by Willie Jackson, who had an SEC-high 62 receptions in '92.

Q: Is there any reason to think the Gators can beat the three teams—Tennessee, Mississippi State and Florida State—that defeated them during the regular season last year?

A: Yes. This season the Vols, Bulldogs and Seminoles all come to Gainesville, where Florida is 18-0 under Spurrier.

4. Alabama

Q: Although junior quarterback Jay Barker is 17-0 as a starter and led the Crimson Tide to its sixth national championship last season, many 'Bama fans doubt his competence. When the team he quarter-

Come New Year's Day, Washington's Kaufman (8) will be sidelined, Arizona's Sanders (18, far right) will be in Pasadena, and Notre Dame's McBride (80) will be eyeing the NFL.

backed lost the spring game to one led by sophomore Brian Burgdorf, those doubts were renewed. Should Barker be the Tide's No. 1 quarterback?

A: Until he loses, he should. Last year Alabama averaged only 27.7 points and 362.8 yards a game. In fact, this season it may be the offense that sweeps the Tide back to New Orleans on New Year's Day. The line returns virtually intact, and Chris Anderson, the team's leading rusher as a freshman three years ago, should be more than adequate at tailback. Flanker David Palmer will again be a threat to break away anytime he has the ball.

Q: Even with six starters returning on defense, can any defense survive the loss of first-round draft picks John Copeland, Eric Curry and George Teague?

A: Copeland, Curry and Teague are irreplaceable. Period. However, senior cornerback Antonio Langham and senior linebacker Lemanski Hall form the heart of a defense that may be almost as overwhelming as last year's. Besides, it's not as if 'Bama has to improve very much to win. As in '92, the Tide's schedule has *national champion* written all over it. In addition to not having to face Georgia or Florida (at least not until the SEC title game in Birmingham), Alabama plays only three teams that made it to bowls last season.

5. Colorado

Q: Coach Bill McCartney, who last season junked his I-bone offense in favor of a passing attack, was only half pleased with the result. And with good reason. The passing part was fine, but the Buffaloes averaged only 2.7 yards per carry on the ground. Can Colorado rediscover a balanced offense?

A: Yes. The Buffaloes have 10 starters back on offense, including Kordell Stewart, who passed for a school-record 2,109 yards last season despite missing two games because of injuries. And the running game is bound to improve; it's almost all the team worked on this spring.

Q: How will Colorado replace five All-Big Eight performers on defense?

A: In part with another good quarterback. The Buffaloes' best defensive player, outside linebacker Ron Woolfork, was a quarterback when he came to Boulder in 1989. Last season he had 13½ sacks, tops in the Big Eight. He alone can't replace five star players, but he sure can read offenses and get inside the mind of the opposing QB.

6. Miami

Q: The Hurricanes, a team that was embarrassed 34-13 by Alabama in the Sugar Bowl, lost nine starters on offense and six on defense. Just how deep is Miami's talent pool?

A: Bottomless. The Hurricanes will be loaded with gifted players who are willing to brag about how good they are. Says safety Terris Harris, this year's team spokesman, "I want to help this team go 12-0 and get another ring. Hopefully we can get back to the Sugar Bowl and play Alabama again and just bruise them. I'm talking no remorse."

Q: Who will replace the Ruthless Posse, that group of four talented—and talkative—receivers?

A: The Afros, which is an acronym for America's Finest Receiv-



ers on Saturday. Their names are Jonathan Harris, Chris Jones and A.C. Tellison.

Q: Is coach Dennis Erickson adding a two-back set because he lacks confidence in junior quarterback Frank Costa, who's taking over for '92 Heisman winner Gino Torretta?

A: Maybe. But maybe he's doing it to take advantage of a surfeit of running backs and four offensive linemen who weigh at least 295 pounds. Don't worry too much about Costa: Miami's four national titles have come in odd-numbered years and with first-year starters at quarterback.

7. Syracuse

Q: The Orangemen must replace three offensive linemen from a team that averaged 433.5 yards per game. How good will the offense be this year?

A: Very. With senior quarterback Marvin Graves, who's already the school's alltime passing leader, Syracuse will have one of the most high-powered attacks in the nation, new linemen or not. Graves's main targets will be flanker Shelby Hill, who might be a



better deep threat than Qadry Ismail, and tailback Terry Richardson, who'll wear the famed number 44 that once belonged to Jim Brown, Floyd Little and Ernie Davis.

Q: Syracuse hasn't won the national title since 1959, and to win another will likely require a victory over Miami in the Orange Bowl on Oct. 23. Can the Orangemen do something no team has done since Sept. 7, 1985: Win in Miami?

A: Yes, they can. But they won't.

8. Tennessee

Q: How will the Vols respond to new coach Phillip Fulmer, who was 3-0 last season when he filled in for coach Johnny Majors while Majors recovered from heart surgery?

A: By most accounts the team is already more relaxed than at any time last year. One reason the Vols are happy is because Fulmer has opened up the offense to take advantage of the considerable talents of junior quarterback Heath Shuler (page 66) and three proven tailbacks—Charlie Garner, Aaron Hayden and James (Little Man) Stewart.

Q: Spring practice began with only four scholarship players in the secondary—and all were freshmen. Can they handle the potent offenses of SEC rivals Florida and Georgia?

A: In a word, no. If the defensive backfield doesn't come together soon, the Volunteers will be dead in the pass-happy SEC East. However, coordinator Larry Marmie hopes to shore up the secondary by using junior Ronald Davis, the team's fastest wide receiver, to play some cornerback. A freshman or two from this

year's crop—one of the best in the nation—will also pitch in.
Q: Will the Vols, who have lost seven games in a row to Alabama, beat the Tide in Birmingham on Oct. 16?

A: Alabamans are convinced that Tennessee has forgotten how to beat their team. They might be right.

9. Washington

Q: Even if the Huskies, who on Sunday were hit with severe sanctions by the Pac-10 (page 11), were eligible for the Rose Bowl, would a team that lost its top two quarterbacks, three starting linebackers and three first-string defensive backs—not to mention its coach, Don James—have made it to Pasadena?

A: Yes. At quarterback, sophomore Damon Huard and junior Eric Bjornson are as good as the Mark Brunell-Billy Joe Hobert tandem was last season. And if any team can survive the loss of senior tailback Beno Bryant, who was suspended as part of the Pac-10 sanctions, it's Washington. The Huskies lose nothing in turning to junior Napoleon Kaufman, one of the fastest running backs in the country. They might also have their best group of wide receivers ever and, in Mark Bruener, perhaps the nation's finest tight end. Despite the losses to graduation, the Washing-

Foley's arm and leadership will determine the fate of BC.

ton defense is still blessed by an extraordinarily fast group of linebackers, led by two-year starter Andy Mason, and some excellent athletes in the secondary. Now with no Rose Bowl to point for, the Huskies will be forced to concentrate on a realistic goal—like, say, going 11–0.

Q: How long will it take the team to adjust to new coach Jim Lambright's system?

A: Not long. Lambright bleeds purple and gold. He played defensive end for Washington in the early '60s and was the only assistant coach retained by James when James came to Seattle in 1974. As defensive coordinator for the last 16 years, he developed a swarming scheme that countless other schools have copied. Says linebacker Jamal Fountaine about Lambright, "He's been in the system longer than the system."

10. Fresno State

Q: After leading the nation in scoring for the second consecutive season and shocking Southern Cal 24–7 in the Freedom Bowl, can the Bulldogs sneak up on anybody anymore?

A: No, but just because opponents know quarterback Trent Dilfer, tailback Ron Rivers and receiver Malcolm Seabron are coming doesn't mean they can stop them. The 6' 5", 230-pound Dilfer passed for 3,000 yards and 21 touchdowns last year, Rivers rushed for 1,007 yards, and Seabron caught 42 passes for 994 yards and nine touchdowns.

Q: Will Fresno State's porous defense put too much pressure on its superb offense?

A: Yes, but if the defense, which has no starters from the line returning, can just figure out how to defend the wishbone—the Bulldogs face four wishbone teams—the offense should boost Fresno State to the top of the WAC.

11. Notre Dame

Q: How will the Irish plug the holes created by the departures of quarterback Rick Mirer and running backs Jerome Bettis and Reggie Brooks?

A: The offense will simply need some help from another quarter—the defense. Before the D takes the field, it huddles on the sideline and chants, "9-1-1." With seven starters returning on defense, that sound should come as great comfort to a discom-bobulated offense. Coach Lou Holtz moved several offensive players to new positions in the spring, leaving only center Tim Ruddy starting at the spot he did last season. Undoubtedly Holtz will also be forced to use some of his freshmen, even at quarterback. Top recruit Ron Powlus is sure to be calling signals by midseason.

Q: When will Holtz finally realize that tight ends are eligible receivers too?

A: This year's tight end—and future first-round draft pick—is 6' 5", 251-pound senior Oscar McBride, who caught five passes in '92, four for touchdowns. He follows Derek Brown, who was chosen in the first round by the New York Giants in 1992, and Irv Smith, who was taken in the first round by the New Orleans Saints last spring.

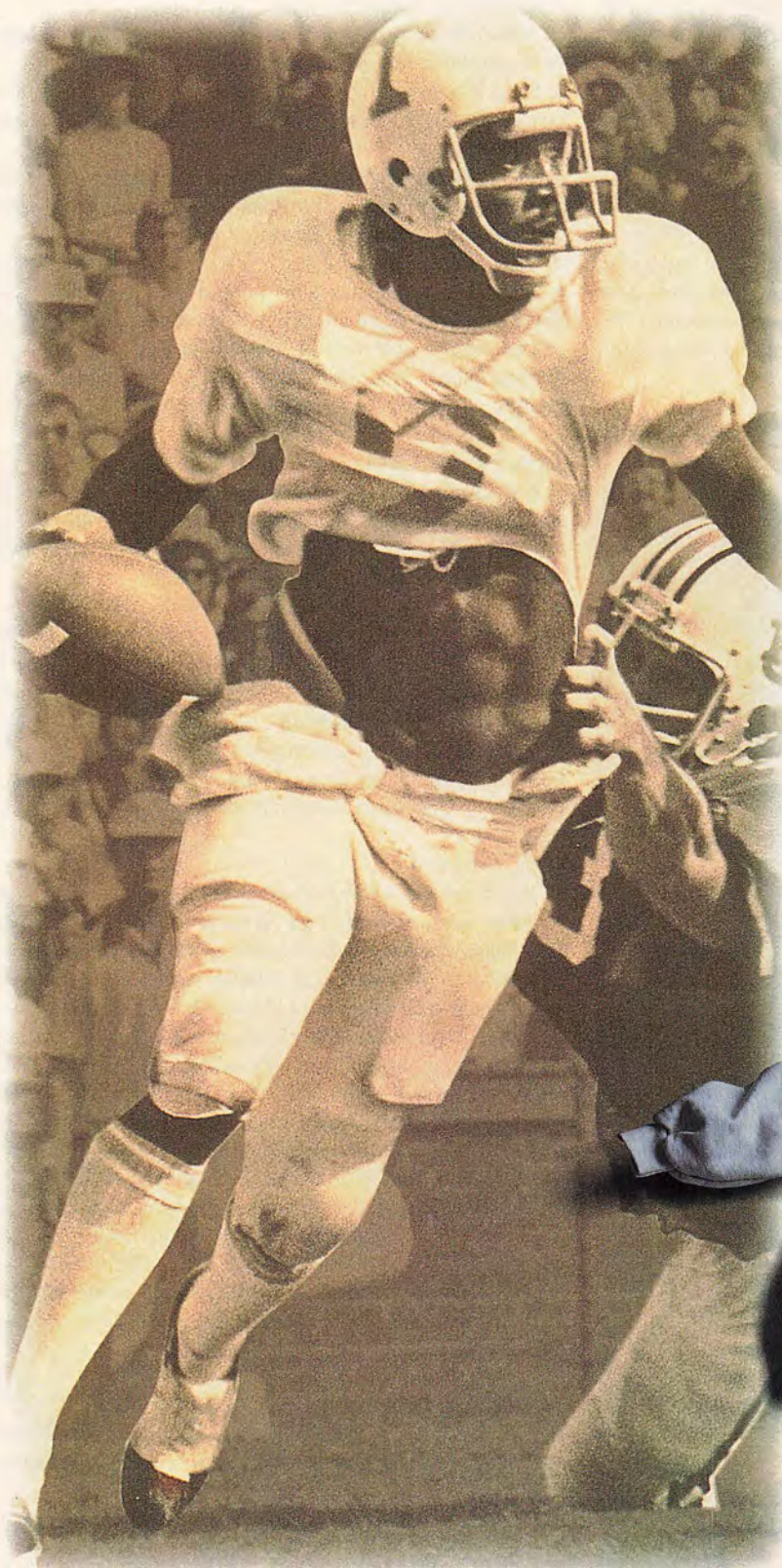
Q: How will a team that lost 12 starters fare against a schedule that includes Florida State, Michigan, Stanford, BYU, Boston College and Southern Cal?

A: Not well. Even the strongest Irish team couldn't expect to defeat all of this year's foes. And this is far from the strongest Irish team.



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12. Arizona

Q: *Is this Danny White as good as that Danny White?*

A: After years of trying to land a passer who would enable him to open up the Wildcats' attack, coach Dick Tomey might have finally found his man in White, a 6' 5" sophomore transfer from Penn State. White is already the second-best quarterback named Danny White in the state's history. The best was the fellow who played at Arizona State in the early '70s before going on to further glory with the Dallas Cowboys.

Q: *After almost upsetting Miami and beating Washington last season, the Wildcats climbed as high as ninth in the polls, only to lose their final three games. Can Arizona, the only Pac-10 team never to appear in the Rose Bowl, finally make it to Pasadena?*

A: Yes. Led by All-America noseguard Rob Waldrop and safeties Brandon Sanders and Tony Bouie, the Wildcats have one of the nation's finest defenses. They have two other things going for them, too: a schedule on which Washington does not appear and on which the toughest nonconference game is against Illinois on the road and, more important, the fact that Washington is ineligible for the Rose Bowl.

This year Oklahoma isn't leaving it all up to Beavers (56).

13A. Nebraska

Q: *Who's going to replace I-back Derek Brown, who ran for 1,015 yards last season, now that he's carrying the ball for the Saints?*

A: Calvin Jones, that's who. Brown's departure just means that there will be more opportunities for Jones, a junior who ran for 1,210 yards last year and might challenge Mike Rozier's single-season school rushing record of 2,148 yards.

Q: *Will sophomore quarterback Tommy Frazier improve upon his 44% completion rate of last season?*

A: Sure, if he just aims lower: Wide receivers Reggie Baul, Corey Dixon, Abdul Muhammad and Riley Washington are each 5' 9" or shorter.

Q: *The Huskers collapsed in the Orange Bowl, losing 27-14 to Florida State. Is there any reason to think Nebraska, which is 0-6 in bowls in the last six years, won't fold again?*

A: Well, the Huskers are starting to catch up to the rest of the country. Literally. They have junked their read-and-react 5-2 defense in favor of an attacking 4-3 because, as senior linebacker Trev Alberts puts it, "you've got to be able to get from point A to point B fast." It's getting to point C (a championship), however, that has been troublesome for Nebraska.

13B. Texas A&M

Q: *Is there any reason to think the Aggies, who have almost everyone back from a team that went 11-0 last fall but who have lost the last two Cotton Bowls by a combined score of 38-5, won't find themselves facing a superior team on Jan. 1 once again?*

A: Not really, especially when you consider that—stop us if this sounds familiar—they are waiting to hear how the NCAA will punish them for various alleged rules infractions. One of the players involved is tailback Greg Hill, who will be virtually unstoppable this year, unless the NCAA does it. So if the Aggies can survive the investigation and a Sept. 11 game against Oklahoma in Norman, the only remaining question will be who'll expose them again in the Cotton Bowl.

15. Stanford

Q: *Will coach Bill Walsh find someone to replace running back Glyn Milburn, who averaged 176.8 all-purpose yards per game in '92? How about someone to take the place of All-America linebacker Ron George? Or safety John Lynch, another All-America?*

A: No one will pick up where Milburn left off, not right away, but freshman Mike Mitchell might soon. Rated one of the best high school backs in the country last year, Mitchell ran for 2,201 yards at Brophy Prep in Phoenix. And keep in mind that the Cardinal offense is still quarterbacked by junior Steve Stenstrom, who is the ideal Walsh disciple. He spreads the ball around, has a nice touch on short passes and can air it out with accuracy. The defense, which led the Pac-10 with 34 takeaways, will miss George and Lynch but has solid performers in cornerback Vaughn Bryant, nosetackle Jason Fisk and end Tyrone Parker. And should the Washington, Colorado or Notre Dame games come down to kicking contests, Stanford is set. Sophomore Eric Abrams connected on 16 of 20 field goals last season.

16. Penn State

Q: *Can coach Joe Paterno restore his troops' self-respect after the Nittany Lions, who got off to a 5-0 start, dropped five of their last seven games?*

A: He can try. After last season he met with all his players. "They



JOHN BIEVER

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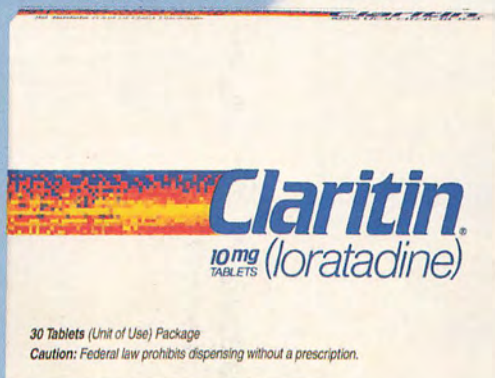


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BRIEF SUMMARY

(For full Prescribing Information, see package insert.)

INDICATIONS AND USAGE

CLARITIN Tablets are indicated for the relief of nasal and non-nasal symptoms of seasonal allergic rhinitis.

CONTRAINDICATIONS

CLARITIN Tablets are contraindicated in patients who are hypersensitive to this medication or to any of its ingredients.

PRECAUTIONS

General: Patients with liver impairment should be given a lower initial dose (10 mg every other day) because they have reduced clearance of CLARITIN Tablets.

Drug Interactions: Drugs known to inhibit hepatic metabolism should be coadministered with caution until definitive interaction studies can be completed. The number of subjects who concomitantly received macrolide antibiotics, ketoconazole, cimetidine, ranitidine, or theophylline along with CLARITIN Tablets in controlled clinical trials is too small to rule out possible drug-drug interactions. There does not appear to be an increase in adverse events in subjects who received oral contraceptives and CLARITIN Tablets compared to placebo.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, and Impairment of Fertility: In an 18-month oncogenicity study in mice and a 2-year study in rats, loratadine was administered in the diet at doses up to 40 mg/kg (mice) and 25 mg/kg (rats). In the carcinogenicity studies, pharmacokinetic assessments were carried out to determine animal exposure to the drug. AUC data demonstrated that the exposure of mice given 40 mg/kg of loratadine was 3.6 (loratadine) and 18 (active metabolite) times higher than a human given 10 mg/day. Exposure of rats given 25 mg/kg of loratadine was 28 (loratadine) and 67 (active metabolite) times higher than a human given 10 mg/day. Male mice given 40 mg/kg had a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) than concurrent controls. In rats, a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) was observed in males given 10 mg/kg and males and females given 25 mg/kg. The clinical significance of these findings during long-term use of CLARITIN Tablets is not known.

In mutagenicity studies, there was no evidence of mutagenic potential in reverse (AMES) or forward point mutation (CHO-HGPRT) assays, or in the assay for DNA damage (Rat Primary Hepatocyte Unscheduled DNA Assay) or in two assays for chromosomal aberrations (Human Peripheral Blood Lymphocyte Clastogenesis Assay and the Mouse Bone Marrow Erythrocyte Micronucleus Assay). In the Mouse Lymphoma Assay, a positive finding occurred in the non-activated but not the activated phase of the study.

Loratadine administration produced hepatic microsomal enzyme induction in the mouse at 40 mg/kg and rat at 25 mg/kg, but not at lower doses.

Decreased fertility in male rats, shown by lower female conception rates, occurred at approximately 64 mg/kg and was reversible with cessation of dosing. Loratadine had no effect on male or female fertility or reproduction in the rat at doses of approximately 24 mg/kg.

Pregnancy Category B: There was no evidence of animal teratogenicity in studies performed in rats and rabbits. There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, CLARITIN Tablets should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

Nursing Mothers: Loratadine and its metabolite, descarboethoxyloratadine, pass easily into breast milk and achieve concentrations that are equivalent to plasma levels with an AUC_{0-12h}/AUC_{0-12h} ratio of 1.17 and 0.85 for the parent and active metabolite, respectively. Following a single oral dose of 40 mg, a small amount of loratadine and metabolite was excreted into the breast milk (approximately 0.03% of 40 mg over 48 hours). A decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue the drug, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother. Caution should be exercised when CLARITIN Tablets are administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use: Safety and effectiveness in children below the age of 12 years have not been established.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

Approximately 90,000 patients received CLARITIN Tablets 10 mg once daily in controlled and uncontrolled studies. Placebo-controlled clinical trials at the recommended dose of 10 mg once a day varied from 2 weeks' to 6 months' duration. The rate of premature withdrawal from these trials was approximately 2% in both the treated and placebo groups.

REPORTED ADVERSE EVENTS WITH AN INCIDENCE OF MORE THAN 2% IN
PLACEBO-CONTROLLED ALLERGIC RHINITIS CLINICAL TRIALS

	PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING			
	LORATADINE 10 mg QD n = 1926	PLACEBO n = 2545	CLEMASTINE 1 mg BID n = 536	TERFENADINE 60 mg BID n = 684
Headache	12	11	8	8
Somnolence	8	6	22	9
Fatigue	4	3	10	2
Dry Mouth	3	2	4	3

Adverse event rates did not appear to differ significantly based on age, sex, or race, although the number of non-white subjects was relatively small.

In addition to those adverse events reported above, the following adverse events have been reported in 2% or fewer patients.

Autonomic Nervous System Altered salivation, increased sweating, altered lacrimation, hypoesthesia, impotence, thirst, flushing.

Body As A Whole Conjunctivitis, blurred vision, earache, eye pain, tinnitus, asthenia, weight gain, back pain, leg cramps, malaise, chest pain, rigors, fever, aggravated allergy, upper respiratory infection, angioneurotic edema.

Cardiovascular System Hypotension, hypertension, palpitations, syncope, tachycardia.

Central and Peripheral Nervous System Hyperkinesia, blepharospasm, paresthesia, dizziness, migraine, tremor, vertigo, dysphonia.

Gastrointestinal System Abdominal distress, nausea, vomiting, flatulence, gastritis, constipation, diarrhea, altered taste, increased appetite, anorexia, dyspepsia, stomatitis, toothache.

Musculoskeletal System Arthralgia, myalgia.

Psychiatric Anxiety, depression, agitation, insomnia, paroniria, amnesia, impaired concentration, confusion, decreased libido, nervousness.

Reproductive System Breast pain, menorrhagia, dysmenorrhea, vaginitis.

Respiratory System Nasal dryness, epistaxis, pharyngitis, dyspnea, nasal congestion, coughing, rhinitis, hemoptysis, sinusitis, sneezing, bronchospasm, bronchitis, laryngitis.

Skin and Appendages Dermatitis, dry hair, dry skin, urticaria, rash, pruritus, photosensitivity reaction, purpura.

Urinary System Urinary discoloration, altered micturition.

In addition, the following spontaneous adverse events have been reported rarely during the marketing of loratadine: peripheral edema; abnormal hepatic function including jaundice, hepatitis, and hepatic necrosis; alopecia; seizures; breast enlargement; erythema multiforme.

OVERDOSEAGE

Somnolence, tachycardia, and headache have been reported with overdoses greater than 10 mg (40 to 180 mg). In the event of overdose, general symptomatic and supportive measures should be instituted promptly and maintained for as long as necessary.

Treatment of overdose would reasonably consist of emesis (ipecac syrup), except in patients with impaired consciousness, followed by the administration of activated charcoal to absorb any remaining drug. If vomiting is unsuccessful, or contraindicated, gastric lavage should be performed with normal saline. Saline cathartics may also be of value for rapid dilution of bowel contents. Loratadine is not eliminated by hemodialysis. It is not known if loratadine is eliminated by peritoneal dialysis.

Oral LD₅₀ values for loratadine were greater than 5000 mg/kg in rats and mice. Doses as high as 10 times the recommended clinical doses showed no effects in rats, mice, and monkeys.

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Rev. 4/93

14386726-JBS

told me I make decisions and don't stick to them," says Paterno. "I do something one way for this guy and another way for someone else. I think we straightened out a lot of our problems."

Q: O.K., but what about the encounter group meetings that take place on the field?

A: Penn State will depend on its defense. Hero back Derek Bochna, who led the team in interceptions last season, is back, as is linebacker Phil Yeboah-Kodie, its leading tackler in '92. At tackle, Lou Benfatti and Tyoka Jackson match up well against anybody in the country. Offensively, Richie Anderson's decision to leave early for the NFL has opened up the tailback spot for sophomores Mike Archie, Ki-Jana Carter and Stephen Pitts, who have each been impressive in practice.

Q: How will the Nittany Lions be welcomed by their new Big Ten brethren?

A: With open arms and clenched fists. Every school will be pointing toward its game against Penn State. It's too much to expect this team to beat a psyched-up Iowa or Ohio State on the road or Michigan at home.

17. Boston College

Q: The Eagles' three losses last year—to Notre Dame, Syracuse and Tennessee—came by a combined score of 119-40. How will coach Tom Coughlin keep this team in big games?

A: He'll rely on quarterback Glenn Foley. A fifth-year senior, Foley is a born leader (his father, Ed, played quarterback for BC from 1963 to '65). Last season Foley passed for 2,231 yards to move into second-place on the Eagles' alltime passing list, behind Doug Flutie. It doesn't hurt that Foley has an outstanding crop of receivers, led by tight end Pete Mitchell. Coughlin won't have to wait long to find out what this year's team is made of. The opener on Sept. 4 is against Miami.

18. Oklahoma

Q: What makes coach Gary Gibbs, who has a 1-10-1 record against Colorado, Nebraska and Texas, think the Sooners can beat those teams this year?

A: These Sooners are better than last year's. Quarterback Cale Gundy will benefit from working with new offensive coordinator Watson Brown, who's known for his ability to teach the passing game. The ground attack, which ranked only 49th in the nation last season, should be aided by freshman tailback James Allen, who was rated by some experts as the nation's top schoolboy running back in '92. The defense will be built around outside linebacker Aubrey Beavers, whose 11½ sacks last season surpassed the school record of 10 set by Tony Casillas in 1984.

Q: What will it take to satisfy the increasingly frustrated Sooner fans?

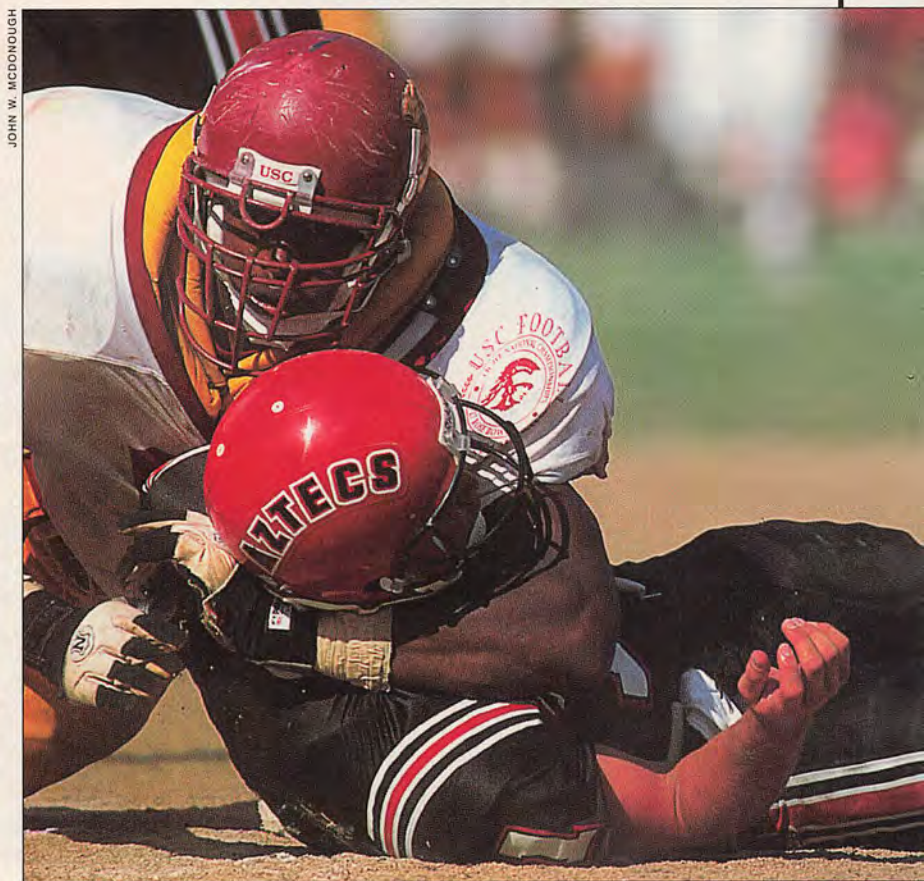
A: They'll be happy if their team goes 3-8—as long as the three wins are against Colorado, Nebraska and Texas.

19. Georgia

Q: The Bulldogs lost three starters off the defensive line and three more from the secondary. They also had to replace two underclassmen: tailback Garrison Hearst, who was selected in the first round of

the NFL draft by Phoenix, and wideout Andre Hastings, who was taken in the third round by the Steelers. Is that all?

A: That's all, but Georgia won't miss Hearst and Hastings as much as you might think. New starting tailback Terrell Davis averaged more yards per carry last season than Hearst (7.3 yards to 6.8), and wideout Hason Graham averaged 19.5 yards on 13 catches. Junior quarterback Eric Zeier already owns most of the school passing records, and he'll be operating behind a line that includes senior tackle Bernard Williams (6' 9", 310 pounds), who might be the No. 1 pick in next year's NFL draft.

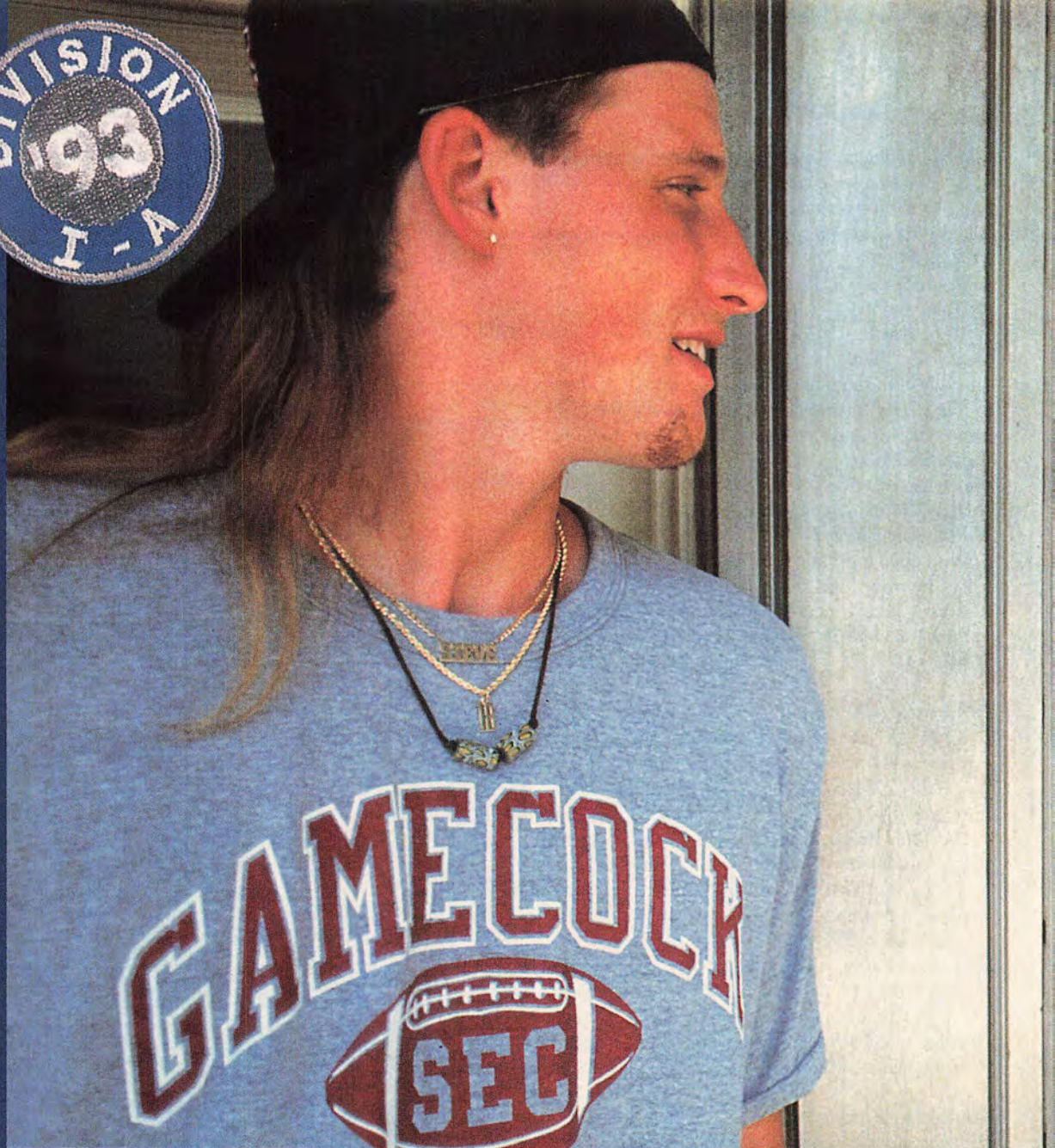


With a new defense designed for McGinest, USC is a lock to improve.

20. Southern Cal

Q: How do you restore respectability to a once proud and confident program that lost its last three games on the way to a 6-5-1 finish?

A: Well, you could call in Penn State's Joe Paterno, or you could hire John Robinson, who led the Trojans to a 67-14-2 record from 1976 to '82. He took over for ousted coach Larry Smith a few days after USC's Freedom Bowl loss to Fresno State and immediately reopened practices to fans. Next thing you knew alums like Marcus Allen, Mark Carrier and Rodney Peete were kibitzing on the sidelines. Robinson also declared that he would reestablish the running game that earned Southern Cal the nickname Tailback U during his prior reign. Next he installed a 4-3 defense to give more freedom to 6' 6", 245-pound senior end Willie McGinest, who last year had 23 tackles for losses, including 16 sacks. Now all Robinson has to do is figure out how to beat Penn State, Arizona, Notre Dame and Washington—on the road.



Steve Taneyhill

The brash quarterback from Pennsylvania has become the mane man in South Carolina.

IT IS NOT POLITICALLY CORRECT TO DISCUSS THE LENGTH OF A man's hair, but Steve Taneyhill's cannot pass without comment. It is a plate-glass window waiting for a brick. About 14 inches long and dirty blond, it hangs from the back of his football helmet like a mud flap. On a rock guitarist or a tennis player it would be unremarkable. At an old Southern school, the University of South Carolina, it has elevated Taneyhill from starting quarterback to cultural icon.

But here's the thing. Take away Taneyhill's hair and he's Cal Ripken Jr.: square-ola. No rebel, Taneyhill is another one of those country-bred sports heroes from Pennsylvania's quarterback nursery. "I only do one thing," he says. "Sports." And in each sport he has tried, the one thing he has done is win. Lately Taneyhill has won for—and won over—South Carolina.

Last season Taneyhill was a prized but controversial freshman recruit with a lush mane, a bold mouth and, to complete the ensemble, a faux diamond stud in his left ear. He told coach Sparky Woods, "Start me and we win." His check proved to be warranted. After the Gamecocks lost their first five games, Woods, desperate and facing a team insurrection, started



Taneyhill. The team won five of its last six games to finish 5-6. Now the Gamecocks are talking about a bowl season in '93.

Walk into any sporting-goods store in Columbia these days and you can find a billed Gamecock cap with a yellow ponytail hanging from the back. But Taneyhill chafes at being so much in fashion. He doesn't like conformity. "If everybody grew out their hair," says Woods, "he'd probably cut his."

Taneyhill also dislikes superficial labels. "I don't see myself the way others do, as wild," he says. "When people get to know me, they don't see the hair." What he really hates is being recognized from the back. The last time somebody approached him from behind and said, "Hey, you're Steve Taneyhill," he shook his head, said, "No, I'm not" and kept walking.

Taneyhill is still amazed by how fast his hair became celebrated in Columbia, especially because it was criticized at first. "Some people just didn't like it," he says. "I guess I showed them it doesn't matter what you look like." But South Carolinians were skeptical of more than just his hair. Taneyhill seemed the stereotype of the Yankee loudmouth. He was a cultural alien, a 6' 5" blue-chipper with blunt speech and a

swagger he had brought from Altoona, an old railroad town in western Pennsylvania, the region that produced Joe Montana, Jim Kelly, Joe Namath and George Blanda.

One of his first nights in Columbia, Taneyhill and a couple of friends went into a local tavern. A couple of other men, beers in hand, started giggling at Taneyhill's hair. "Why don't you get a haircut?" they taunted. Taneyhill got into a less-than-philosophical discussion with them. Soon they were scuffling.

Taneyhill says he didn't throw a punch, but the incident got him called into Woods's office. "If your hair turns into a problem, I'll ask you to cut it," Woods warned Taneyhill. It never came to that; Taneyhill avoided other confrontations, though he continued to be teased and occasionally insulted. Veteran Gamecocks threatened to treat him to a trimming party. The idea still makes him pale. While his hair may not be a window onto his soul, it's still a key to his self-esteem. "I just wouldn't be the same person if I cut my hair," he says.

The last person who tried to force Taneyhill to cut his hair was his father. Art Taneyhill is a girls' basketball coach as well as a neat dresser. He guided two Altoona High teams to national



Taneyhill's heroics against the Vols helped spawn a new style in headgear.

championships, both of them starring his daughter, Debbie, a high school Converse All-America in 1988 who went on to be a standout at George Mason University in Fairfax, Va., where she is now an assistant coach. The Taneyhill family had a reputation for discipline and

quiet good manners—until Steve became a three-sport star whose obstreperousness grew with his talent.

One afternoon Art noticed that his 16-year-old son was letting his hair curl around his ears and neck. He sent Steve to a local barber, Paul Caracciolo. When Steve came back, Art met him in the front hall of their house.

"I thought I told you to get a haircut," Art said.

"I got one," Steve said.

"No, you didn't," Art said. "You're going back there."

"No, I'm not," Steve said, trying to brush past him.

Art caught Steve by his shirt and started to haul him out the door. Steve pulled free and ran out of the house. He was gone for hours. At first Art didn't say anything to his

wife, Susan, who is a school nurse. When Steve still wasn't home at about 10 p.m., Art confessed that they had argued.

After a series of calls, Susan found Steve at a friend's house. Susan went over and got him. Steve went to bed wordlessly. The next day Art paid an angry visit to the barber. "You had him in the chair," Art said. "Why didn't you cut it?" Caracciolo said something that ended the hair problem in the Taneyhill household: "Is a little bit of hair really worth ruining your relationship with your son over?"

From then on Art and Susan let Steve go unpruned. "One thing about great athletes," Art says, "is that they're a little different. You have to let them be themselves."

Steve's flamboyance grew in other ways, too. Every evening the door of the Taneyhill home would burst open and Steve would bound into the kitchen, announcing, "Couldn't be stopped today." Back then, he acknowledges, "I'd tie my shoes, and my mouth would start running."

But Taneyhill was not exactly a braggart. He simply had a sure sense of himself. And he practically never lost at anything. Steve was eight years old when he joined a



hapless Little League team that went 3–27 his first year. He pitched and played shortstop, and the team won back-to-back local championships his last two years. In the fourth grade he joined a flag football team; they won three straight area titles. He led Altoona High's basketball team to its first state championship finals in 27 years. Steve blew kisses to fans and pointed his fingers like six-shooters after sinking jumpers. For that he was ripped in the local papers and targeted for cheap shots by opposing teams.

Art and Susan watched with a mixture of pride and alarm. Finally they suggested that Steve tone down his act. "No," he said. "That's me." Susan winced but let it go. "You just hope people see the truth in this kid," she says.

His ability has never been hard to see. Taneyhill became Altoona's starting quarterback his junior year, and after a 1–3 start he led the team to six straight wins—five of them with last-minute scoring drives—and a 7–3 record. The next year Altoona slipped to 6–4, but Taneyhill passed for a school-record 2,172 yards and became one of the nation's most sought-after schoolboy quarterbacks, pursued by Miami, Florida State, UCLA and Alabama, among others.

But his hair affected even his recruitment, he says. Penn State, just 45 minutes from Altoona, did not show much interest in him. Taneyhill thinks the reasons were his looks and general comportment, which did not seem compatible with coach Joe Paterno's famously understated teams.

Taneyhill chose South Carolina for one reason: a promise that he could compete for playing time as a freshman. Actually he expected more than that. Shortly after he signed his letter of intent, he went to Columbia to attend South Carolina's spring game. He took one look at the veteran quarterbacks on the field and told a reporter from *The State*, South Carolina's biggest newspaper, "I'm going to start here next year." The next morning the paper carried a story about the cocky incoming quarterback. That was Columbia's introduction to Taneyhill.

When he got to campus to begin summer school, Taneyhill was met with coolness and hostile stares from upperclassmen, especially Wright Mitchell, the returning fifth-year senior quarterback. Mitchell said of Taneyhill, "We don't exactly play Nintendo together."

Gradually, however, the Gamecocks warmed to Taneyhill, especially when he took the practice field. He was quickly made the backup to Mitchell. Redshirt freshman quarterback Blake Williamson, with whom Taneyhill roomed, discovered that the new guy wasn't a trash talker behind closed doors; rather, he was hardworking and uncomplicated. Taneyhill's only problem was that he had too much energy to ride the bench. "When he puts on that helmet," Woods says, "he's on stage."

He didn't have much of a role, however, during the first five games of the season. Most of the time Taneyhill watched Mitchell do an ineffective job. And in his first significant appearance, Taneyhill was humiliated. Woods put him into a slaughter at the hands of Arkansas, which was leading the Gamecocks 31–0. Taneyhill went zero for four, with two interceptions, including one returned for a touchdown. He didn't play for the next two games. "I can't be myself as a backup," Taneyhill told Woods. Each week when he called home he was more miserable, and he considered transferring at the end of the season.

Meanwhile, the other players were growing impatient with Woods. Their offense was averaging only 10 points a game. During a loss to Alabama, Woods again turned to Taneyhill. This time he completed 10 of 17 passes for 135 yards. The Gamecocks had found their new starting quarterback.

But the quarterback issue was just one problem on a team shot through with dissension. Nine days after the Alabama game some frustrated upperclassmen called a players-only meeting, and the team voted to ask for Woods's resignation. Woods acted swiftly. The next day he told the Gamecocks that he was the head coach and that anybody who didn't like it could turn in his scholarship. With that, Woods announced the quarterback change and began preparing for a game with 15th-ranked Mississippi State that looked to be another potential slaughter.

It was anything but. Taneyhill electrified all of South Carolina with his performance. On the second play from scrimmage he completed a 35-yard pass, and the Gamecock crowd remained on its feet for the rest of the game, a 21–6 victory. Taneyhill completed seven of 14 passes for 183 yards, including touchdown throws of 10 and 43 yards. He leaped up and down in the huddle and whirled a white towel on the sideline. After the game he ran around shaking hands with members of the crowd. "People around here really needed to win," Woods says now. "Steve somehow rallied the troops and made it fun again."

"I was just the switch," Taneyhill says. But he was the switch to a nuclear explosion. The next week Taneyhill predicted publicly that the Gamecocks would win all of their remaining games. They started with a 21–17 victory over Vanderbilt in which Taneyhill brought the Gamecocks back from a 14-point deficit. The game-breaker was a 55-yard scoring pass. Next South Carolina upset Tennessee 24–23 on two more scoring passes from Taneyhill. After a 14–13 win over Louisiana Tech and a 14–9 loss to heavily favored Florida, the Gamecocks ended the season with a 24–13 upset of Clemson in which Taneyhill was 19 of 29 for 296 yards, including scoring passes of 21 and 30 yards. Over the season he completed 86 of 162 passes for 1,272 yards and seven touchdowns. The Gamecocks averaged 18.8 points a game under his hand.

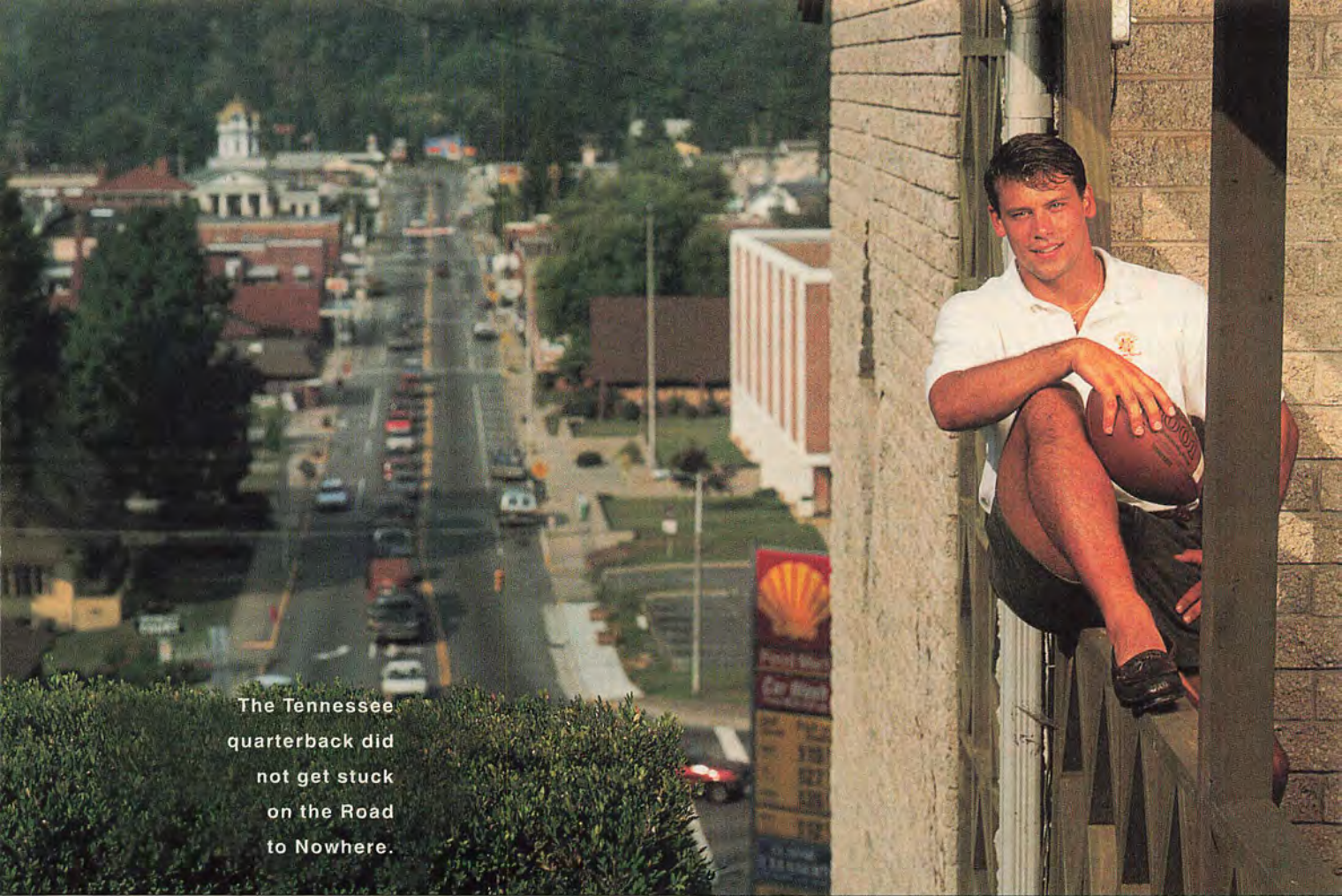
Taneyhill's success came partly from the power of surprise. Improvising in busted plays, he threw ropes over the middle for long gains. He whipped his teammates into a frenzy and wrecked Woods's composure. But gradually Woods took the chains off Taneyhill. "He's a gunslinger," Woods says. "But you trust him. He makes the play."

This season the man of surprises has yet another one for his teammates. He got a new earring. Now he has two. "They haven't seen it yet," Taneyhill sighs. "It'll probably be a big story."

—SALLY JENKINS



BILL FRANKS



The Tennessee
quarterback did
not get stuck
on the Road
to Nowhere.

Heath Shuler

BRYSON CITY, N.C., IS PROBABLY the only town in America with a stretch of pavement known as the Road to Nowhere. It was supposed to be the road to Knoxville, Tenn., cut right through the Smoky Mountains as the federal government's payoff to Bryson City for displacing 600 of its families in the 1940s to build Fontana Dam. The government, however, dropped the highway after paving only 5.6 miles, leaving the road a monument to broken promises and faded dreams. It's ironic, then, that this is where Heath Shuler, after a fabulous senior season as quarterback at Swain County High in 1990, decided to turn down Alabama and North Carolina to attend Tennessee. "I went up there and prayed about it," Shuler says. Then he adds, without a hint of braggadocio, "I guess you can say I sort of paved that road into Tennessee."

Three years later, as the 6' 3", 212-pound Shuler heads into his junior season in Knoxville, he has become a mountain legend. On his first day of practice as a freshman, he threw a ball so hard that it deflated when it hit a receiver's helmet. After spending 1991 as understudy to senior Andy Kelly, Shuler last season rushed for 286 yards and 11 touchdowns and passed for 1,712 yards and 10 more TDs in guiding the Vols to a 9-3 record. This year he is expecting even better things for his team. "We deserve more recognition nationally," Shuler says. "When you say college football, whom do you think about? Notre Dame and Miami. Why not Tennessee?"

Here, of course, Shuler is revealing a weakness in gridiron history. The Vols have a winning tradition that long ago

earned them respect far beyond the South. What is true, though, is that Tennessee has never had a Heisman Trophy winner. Two Volunteers came close: Hank Lauricella, a single wing tailback, finished second to Princeton's Dick Kazmaier in 1951, and Johnny Majors, another single wing tailback, was runner-up to Notre Dame's Paul Hornung in 1956.

Now comes Shuler. Majors, who recruited Shuler and was his head coach until resigning at the end of last season, often said that Shuler's skills were ideal for a single wing tailback. In addition to his outstanding rushing and passing performance last season, Shuler booted a "pooch" punt against Louisiana State that rolled dead at the Tigers' half-yard line.

Shuler seems to be a throwback off the field, too. It's fitting that while in high school he ran a car wash called Mr. Clean. He signs autographs cheerfully and patiently, has made 60 speeches this year on responsibility and leadership (including one to the graduating class at a prison) and takes such good care of his body that he shuns soft drinks because of their caffeine and carbonation. As for vices, he does concede an affection for cheeseburgers with coleslaw on top from Na-bers Drive-In in Bryson City.

The son of a mailman, Shuler keeps close ties to Bryson City (pop. 1,200). During the season he tapes a weekly radio show for the local station there. "I just try to be natural and remember where I came from," he says. "I want to remain a small-town guy even as I expand my world some and move on to see more." Shuler is certainly now on the Road to Somewhere.

—WILLIAM F. REED

LESHON JOHNSON GREW UP WITH PET BULLS AND PIT BULLS. The son of a professional rodeo cowboy, he rode his first bull, Double Bubble, at age seven. "Believe it or not," says the Northern Illinois tailback, "I wasn't thrown." Taming his first pit bull, Did-he-bite-cha?, was something else entirely. "If Did-he-bite-cha? saw another dog, he'd run straight at it and lock on," Johnson says. "When you started to hear bones popping, you knew the other dog's time was getting short."

These days the 6-foot, 201-pound senior bulls over the opponents he's pitted against with a ferocious single-mindedness. "If I see a linebacker just sitting back waiting for me, I start licking my chops," Johnson growls. "He knows that as soon as I get the ball in my hands, I'm coming at him to do some damage. Once you get it in your head that you want to punish people, you can't help yourself."

Last year Johnson was eighth in Division I-A in rushing, with 1,338 yards; San Diego State's Marshall Faulk is the only returning player who had more. Next spring Johnson is likely to become the first running back from Northern Illinois to be drafted by the NFL since Jerry Latin, who was picked in the 11th round by the St. Louis Cardinals in 1975.

The Northern Illinois tailback decided to be a bulldozer rather than a bull rider.

Like his pooches, Johnson knew only one direction while growing up in Haskell, Okla.—straight ahead. As a senior at Haskell High, he reached the end zone 12 times while piling up 1,154 yards on just 104 carries. He was the first player from Haskell to be

named to the all-state team. But Johnson was then a lean 155 pounds, and when no college recruited him, he considered turning pro bull rider. It was his father who talked him out of it. "There ain't no retirement plan," counseled Luther Johnson, a veteran of 23 years on the rodeo circuit. "If you don't have a good night, you don't get paid." LeShon's high school coach urged him to walk on at Northeastern Oklahoma A&M, a junior college football powerhouse. "Bull riding ain't going nowhere," said Dad. "You've only got one chance at football, so snatch it." LeShon snatched it.

Slow out of the chute (he didn't start for the Golden Norsemen until his fourth game), Johnson went on to gain 1,301 yards over two seasons—the third highest total in school history behind former Tampa Bay Buccaneer running back James Wilder and current San Diego Charger running back Marion Butts.

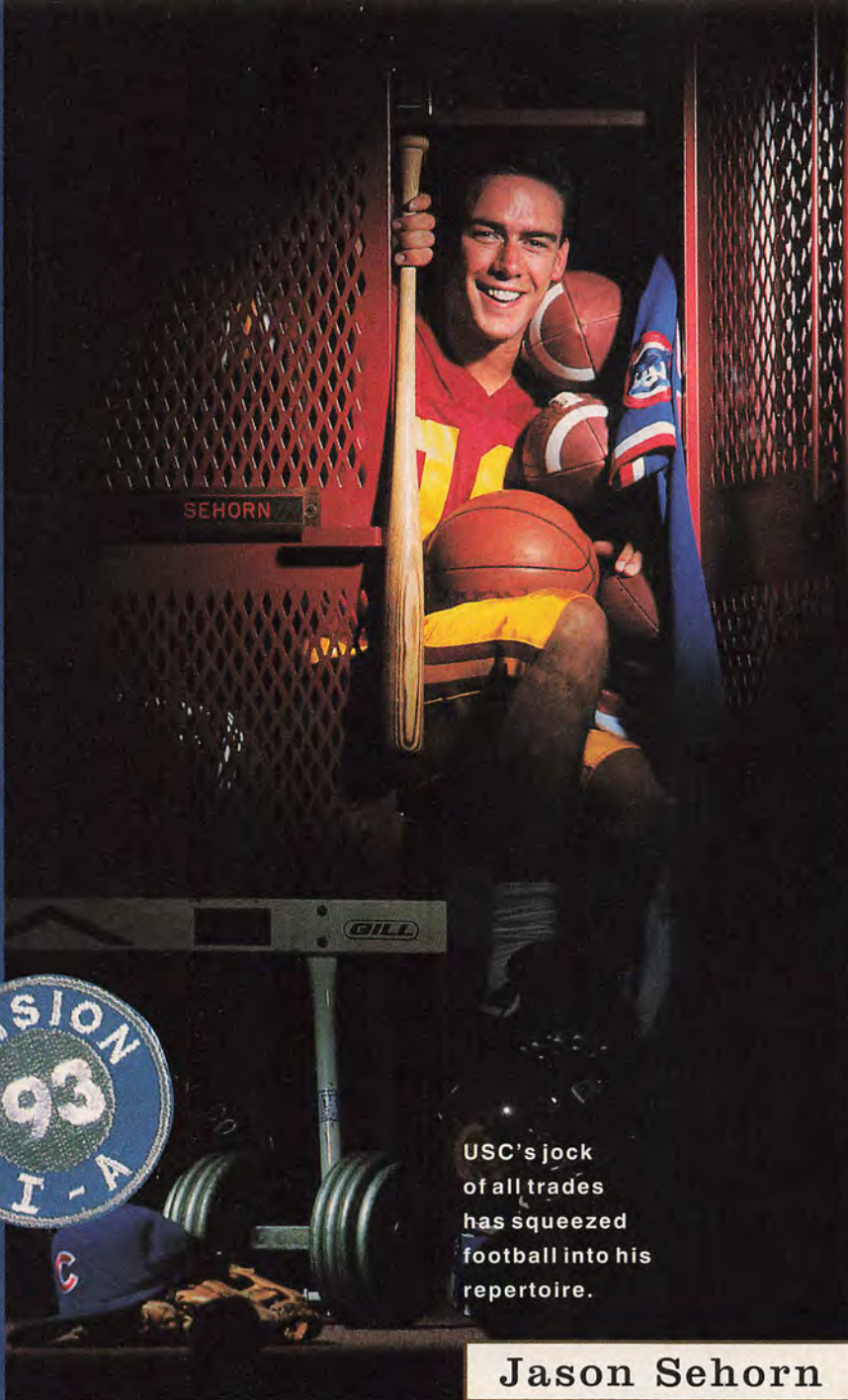
Johnson was all set to transfer to Tennessee from Northeastern Oklahoma, but he came up three credits shy of qualifying for admission. He enrolled at Northern Illinois and had to sit out a year of football, but he has been rampaging like a bee-stung Ferdinand ever since. He gained 296 yards last season *after* the first defender hit him.

So who is more challenging, LeShon, a bucking bull or a charging linebacker? He reckons a linebacker. "Bulls have patterns," he says. "Their front and back ends can't go up at the same time. Bulls are stronger than linebackers, but they're less intelligent. Usually."

—FRANZ LIDZ

LeShon Johnson





**USC's jock
of all trades
has squeezed
football into his
repertoire.**

Jason Sehorn

IT NEVER HURTS TO ASK, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE DEALING with USC senior defensive back Jason Sehorn. Consider what a few modest requests have produced in the past:

Hey, Jason, why don't you play baseball with us this summer? After graduating from Mount Shasta (Calif.) High in 1988, Sehorn agrees to play centerfield on an American Legion team and give up his summer job clearing rocks from a garden. Although he hasn't played baseball since Little League and isn't all that crazy about the sport to begin with, Sehorn bats over .400 and at the end of the summer signs a \$40,000 contract with the Chicago Cubs.

Jason, we know you've only played one year of high school football and that you're kind of busy with the Cubs, but could you possibly squeeze in some football for us? In the fall of 1990, after two seasons in the minors, Sehorn, then a student at Shasta Community College in Redding, Calif., succumbs to football coach Sonny Stupek's pleas to play football for

Shasta. He does this because he prefers running around the gridiron to standing around in the outfield for the Huntington (W.Va.) Cubs, where there aren't even any rocks to pick up. Playing wide receiver, Sehorn becomes a two-time All-America, setting school season records for yards per catch and touchdowns.

Say, Jason, since you aren't doing anything this spring, why don't you come out for track? The Cubs release Sehorn in the spring of 1991 when they discover he has been playing football. A few days later the Shasta track coach lures Sehorn to the jumping pits. After four weeks of practice he sets a new school record in the triple jump with a leap of 48' 1".

Jason, we know you hold the national junior college season record with an average of 267 all-purpose yards per game, but how would you feel about playing defense? Soon after Sehorn arrives at receiver-rich USC in the fall of '92, coach Larry Smith asks him to move to the relatively unpopulated secondary. Four weeks after his first lessons in tackling and backpedaling, Sehorn becomes the starting free safety. At season's end he shares the team lead in interceptions (three) and fumble recoveries (two) and is second in tackles (80).

Oh, Jason, would you mind putting a lid on your slam dunking by, say, July 1? That way, if, god forbid, you get hurt, you might heal before the football season. Never mind Sehorn's speed (4.47 in the 40), size (6' 3" and 220 pounds) and soft hands. His most formidable, and favorite, skill may be his jamming. Still, he agrees to take a hiatus from it beginning on July 1.

Sehorn, after all, is now serious about football. "Defense is the hardest thing in the world," he says. "If you drop the ball

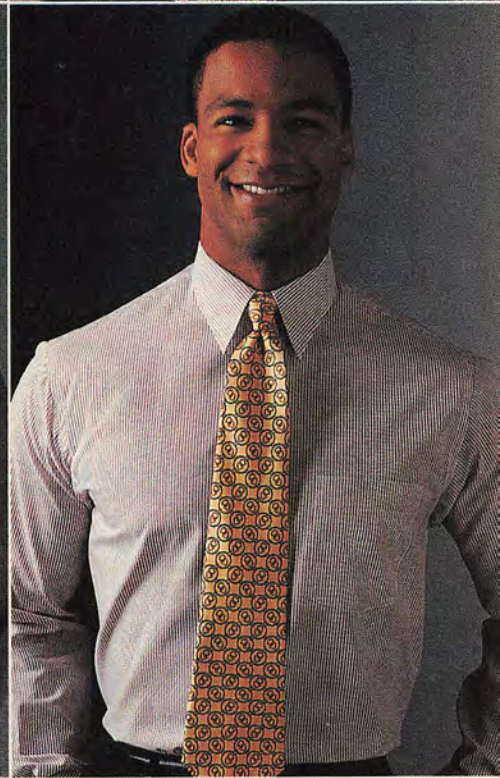
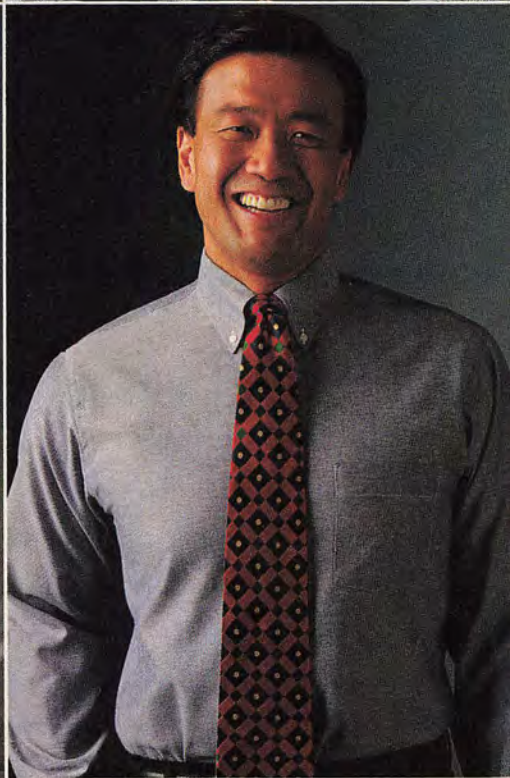
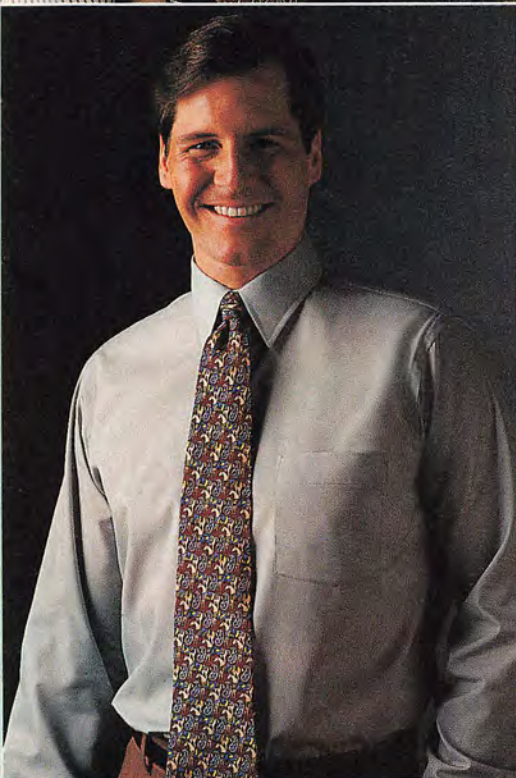
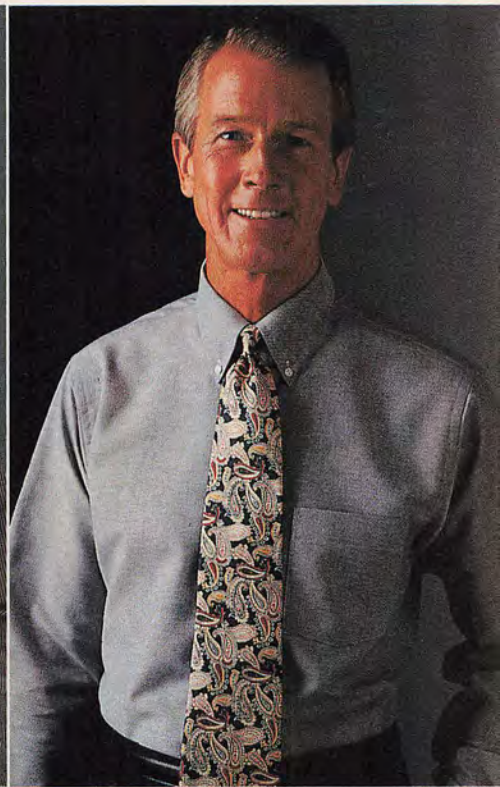
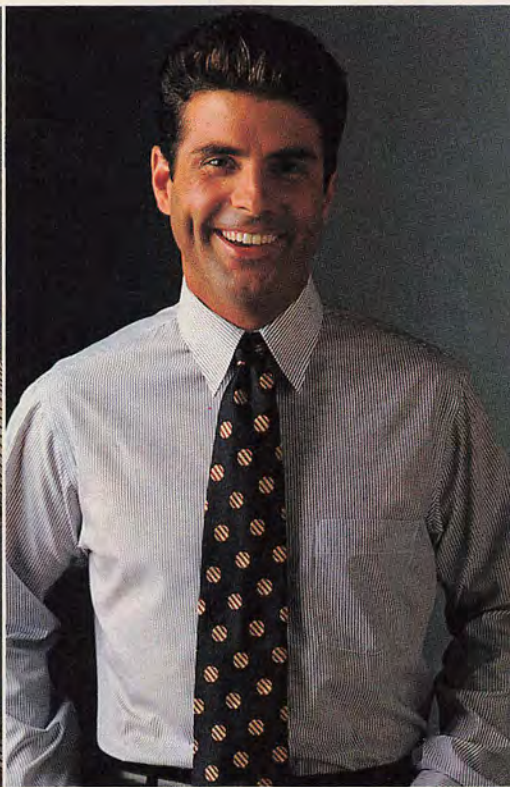
as a receiver, you still have two more plays. When a defensive back makes a mistake, that's seven points on the board. The worst part is I have to run backward as fast as my opponent is running forward—and he knows where he's going."

Sehorn has finally found something in sports he needs to work at. He is on an ambitious weight-training regimen (though not so ambitious that it has kept him from his two favorite pastimes: sitting and buying shoes). But for most of the summer he was spared entreaties from the Trojan football staff wondering how he was progressing. Last spring when the coaches asked the players for summer addresses and phone numbers, Sehorn gave them his address in Los Angeles and the phone number of his mother, Nancie Hughes, in Mount Shasta, 650 miles north of L.A. "I don't like hearing the phone ring," he says.

In other words, please make all future requests in person or in writing.

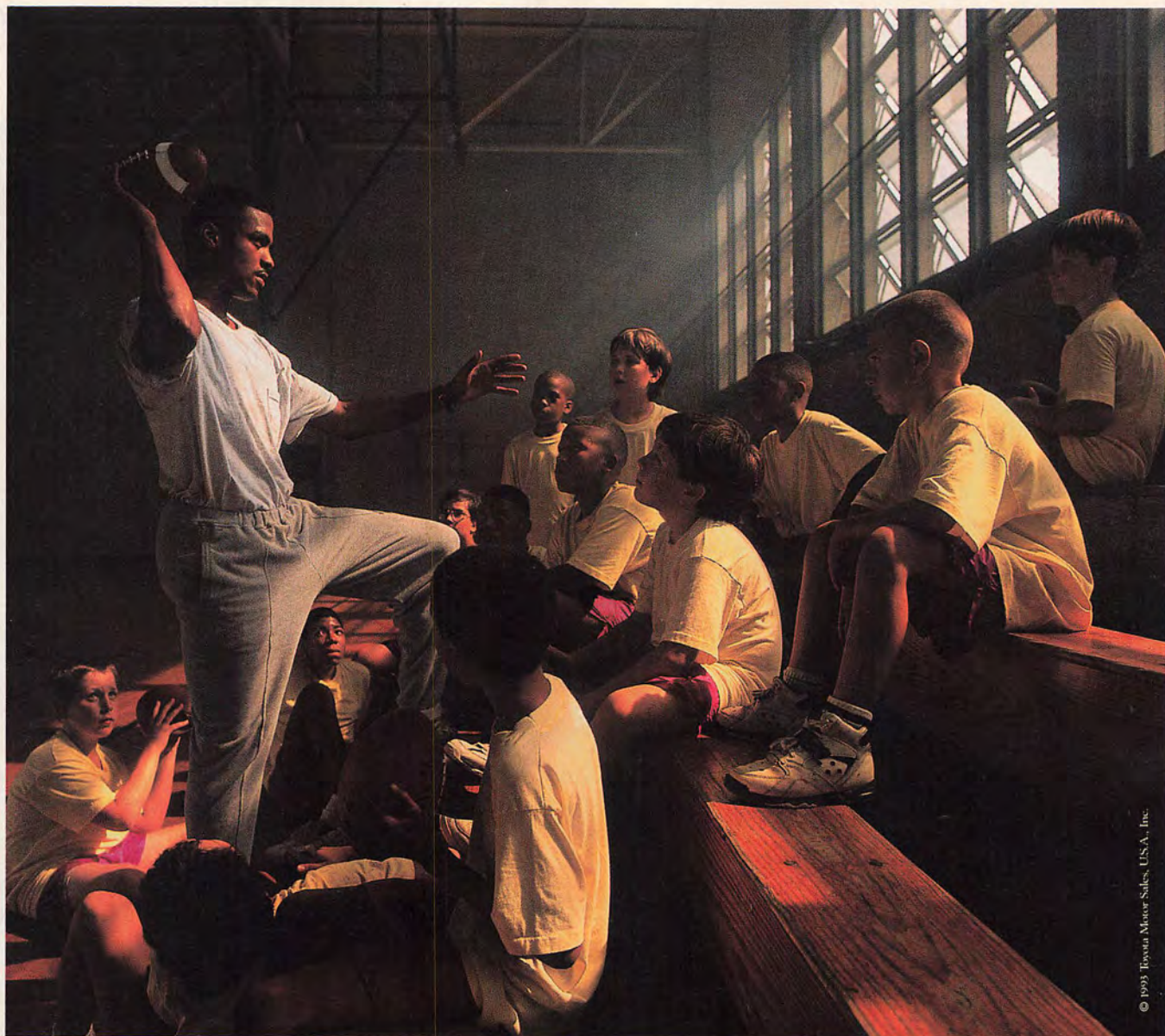
—KELLI ANDERSON

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Toyota Leadership Trophy

"I love what you do for me."

 **TOYOTA**

THOSE EAR-PIERCING SHRILLS YOU HEAR RISING FROM THE plains of central Kansas are probably coming from Percell Gaskins. A sophomore linebacker and high jumper at Kansas State, Gaskins has made a habit of exercising his vocal cords at rather unexpected times: when he arches his back to clear a high-jump bar or when he lines up across from an offensive tackle or even when he walks to the water fountain in the school's weight room. "I've been known to startle a few folks with my screams," says Gaskins. "At the NCAA indoor track championships I did it before my jumps, and people kept asking me if my breakfast cereal was too sweet."

Cereal? No. The source of Gaskins's sugar buzz is the tiny, honey-filled packets handed out at Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurants. During track meets he places several packets in his mouth and chews them into a sticky pulp. Then he swallows it—plastic and all.

"Like with yelling," Gaskins says, "the honey helps me get hyped."

At the NCAA indoor meet one Iowa State high jumper began sampling the honey himself after watching Gaskins leap 7' 5 1/4" to become the 1993 national champion.

Gaskins's high-jumping career began through a combination of happenstance and stubbornness. He was in the eighth grade in Daytona Beach, Fla., when one day after football practice he started leaping over the high-jump bar just for fun. After he broke the bar twice, the track and field coach told him he ought to stick to football. Determined to prove the coach wrong, Gaskins started training in both sports. Many mornings he would rise early, put on a weighted vest he had borrowed from his brother, Reggie, and run wind sprints across the Granada Bridge, which spans the Halifax River. Soon he was sporting calves the size of canned hams. As a sophomore at Seabreeze High, he won the high jump at the U.S. Junior Olympics with a leap of seven feet.

Gaskins was not recruited by a Division I school, so he went to Northwestern Oklahoma State. He won the NAIA high-jump title in 1992, and then transferred to Kansas State, in part because the Wildcats were willing to let him compete in two sports. "Percell is the best athlete I've ever seen," says Kansas State track coach Cliff Rovelto. "The best. Period."

And despite having never played a single down of Division I football, Gaskins quickly made believers of the

Wildcat football coaches, too. "I think he hits better than he high-jumps," says co-defensive coordinator and linebacker coach Jim Leavitt. Adds head coach Bill Snyder, "In golf they refer to the way Percell hits as taking good power strokes."

Gaskins likes that analogy. In fact, he often pictures himself as a two-iron and the opposing running back as a dimpled Titleist. Gaskins, who is 6' 1", 213 pounds, insists he's still looking for that perfect collision, and he may find it on Sept. 4, when Kansas State hosts New Mexico State in its opener. In the meantime, Gaskins can most likely be found in the weight room or near the high-jump pit or atop the spray-painted Wildcat on the center of Wagner Field, lying there just counting clouds. "That's where I go to clear my head," he says. "And if that doesn't work, I let out a big scream."

—MICHAEL JAFFE

The leapin' linebacker has things looking up at K-State.

Percell Gaskins



DAVID E. KLUTHO

College Football People





Charles Johnson

After a troubled youth, life is sweet for Colorado's star split end.

CHARLES (CJ) JOHNSON WAS A 16-YEAR-old sophomore at Cajon High School in San Bernardino, Calif., when he took inventory of his life and decided he had everything to die for.

His mother, Martha Lofton, was a cocaine user who disappeared for days at a time and hardly acknowledged her son's existence. Once his mother borrowed \$20 from CJ, promising to pay him back quickly, but instead invested the money in drugs. CJ's three older brothers were already gone, leaving CJ virtually alone with his younger sister, Christine. When CJ got into a fight at school defending Christine, the principal asked him, "How do I get hold of your mother?" Said CJ: "Can't."

Johnson's dad, Charles Stewart, left when CJ was two. The boy had seen him only once since then, at a family funeral when CJ was 14. CJ adopted the surname of Christine's father because he was the adult male CJ knew best.

The boy's living arrangements had been as unstable as his family life. During one four-year period he and Christine, with or without their mother, lived in 15 different places in San Bernardino County, including welfare hotels and the homes of relatives and friends.

At the end of his sophomore year at Cajon, CJ found himself living in his ninth place in just over two years, the home of a woman who had once been taken in by his grandmother. CJ called the woman Auntie but never knew her full name. Seven other relatives, including Christine and Lofton, were crowded into Auntie's small house. CJ had a windowless room that had been built to enclose a water heater and provide storage space. The room had a twin bed, a 13-inch black-and-white television, and a bare light bulb hanging from the ceiling. "It was a dump,"

Johnson says. "Two people couldn't fit into the room at the same time."

For CJ, the struggle to survive finally became too hard to bear. In his tiny room, he took a piece of three-holed notebook paper, folded it in half and wrote, "Bye Mom and Christine. I love you." Then he lay down on his side and opened a light purple bag that belonged to his mother. Inside were pills—codeine, sleeping pills, headache remedies, a cornucopia of prescription drugs and an assortment of other drugs of unknown

composition and purpose. CJ grouped the pills by color, then started taking them one at a time. "I tried to take the ones I thought would be most powerful," he says. "I don't know how many I took. I lost count at 42."

Christine found CJ taking the pills and begged him to stop. He yelled at her to go away, and she did. Eventually CJ passed out. When he came to, he was being tended to by Christine. He was violently ill. Instinct told Christine, who was then only 14, that CJ should eat something, so she made rice and gravy. Just then their mother appeared. She paid no attention to CJ and announced, "I'm going to the blood bank." Twice a week, says Johnson, she sold her blood for \$15 and used part of the money to buy cocaine.

"By the time I was 15," says Johnson, "my mother forgot all about me. Once I asked her, 'What do you want more, me or your drugs?' She didn't answer. But I forgive her. I love her." Asked if she had ever apologized to him, Johnson says, "I don't think she has to. She did the best she could." Johnson says he doesn't know how to get in touch with her these days; he thinks she is in Texas.

She is. Lofton, 43, lives in a rehab center in Houston and is studying to be a Christian missionary. "Yeah, I got into drugs," she says over the telephone, "but then I got out. I feel that as a mother I did pretty good. I'm not ashamed of anything I did. Look, how we had to live hurt him and me both. But I feel Charles came out O.K."

Charles Johnson came out more than O.K. Now 21, he is a University of Colorado split end with a starry future. Last season he caught 57 passes for a Buffalo-record 1,149 yards. Considering his desperate childhood, it is astonishing that he became a superb athlete and graduated from high school.

"Aw, it wasn't so bad," he says. "I could be dead. Growing up the way I did taught me a lot about responsibility. I became street smart. I learned how to survive. There's people out there with worse childhoods than mine." Asked if he was homeless at times, Johnson shrugs and says, "Yeah, I guess I was." One night during his junior year in high school, he found a hospitable tree outside the San Bernardino library and slept there, using his Algebra II book for a pillow. A typical day's diet in those times: no breakfast, no lunch, a dinner of a



KARL GERING/DENVER POST



PAM FRANCIS

Christine helped CJ live to become a galloping Buffalo and an NFL prospect.



Snickers bar, a couple of cookies and a strawberry soda—with ice cream for dessert.

Ice cream. It was a symbol for him of how good things could be. "It's soooooo good," he says, shutting his eyes to savor the memory. He loves cookies-'n'-cream. When asked once for suggestions to help the Colorado football team, Johnson recommended serving ice cream at halftime. At training-table meals Johnson makes milk shakes for himself and for fellow receivers Michael Westbrook and Eric Mitchell.

The only lawbreaking Johnson ever did, he

says, was "stealing to eat." But not often. "I learned to go without eating," he says. "It's mental. Everything in life is mental. You always can convince yourself to do things and not to do things. So all I did was convince myself I wasn't hungry."

Jerry Buckner, the mother of CJ's high school friend Doneka Buckner, invited CJ to live at her house in Rialto for the year and a half before he went to Colorado. On biographical forms Johnson lists Buckner as his mother. "Charles is strong," says Buckner. "He always knew what he didn't want to be."

What he did want to be was a football player. The sport became his mainstay during his dauntingly difficult youth; in fact, the only football practices Johnson ever missed were when he went searching for his AWOL mom. But in the second game of his senior year at Cajon he was hit while running a reverse and ripped the lateral ligament away from the bone in his right knee. That ended his season. Happily for Johnson, his abilities were known to college recruiters; *SuperPrep* magazine rated him the 26th-best player in the nation in the spring of 1990.

His coach at Cajon, Chuck Pettersen, recognized CJ's talent when he was in ninth grade. Says Pettersen, now coach at Pacific High in San Bernardino, "I told him, 'Two years from now, you'll be listening to college recruiters offer you choices you never imagined. Then you

can make it in the pros. Football is what will get you out of this environment.'"

"I listened carefully," says Johnson. "Of course, I didn't believe any of it."

Believe it or not, Johnson was recruited by Nebraska, Washington, Arizona and USC, among other Division I-A powers. He chose Colorado because, he says, "I loved the team unity. I didn't care where I went, what the weather was or what the offense was."

Says Colorado coach Bill McCartney, "You can coach a lifetime and not get someone like Charles. He is an extraordinary youngster and a sweet kid."

With the benefit of regular food and a permanent address in Boulder, Johnson promptly set about accelerating his graduation from college. Earlier this month, after only three years, he earned his undergraduate degree in marketing. This fall he'll take more undergraduate courses to keep his eligibility. Johnson was on the Academic All-Big Eight Honor Roll in 1991. "Education matters more than football," he says. But a year from now he may be catching balls for big bucks. He's a likely first-round NFL pick.

Last season Johnson averaged 20.2 yards per catch, and against Oklahoma he caught a 92-yard pass, the longest in Buff history. He and Westbrook became just the fourth pair of receivers on the same college team ever to get more than 1,000 yards apiece in one season. (Westbrook had 1,060.) Each also caught a school-record 11 passes in a single game, Johnson against Missouri and Westbrook against Baylor.

Eating an ice-cream cone in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, Johnson reflects: "Growing up, I thought what I was going through was ordinary. I thought everybody went to sleep at night listening to gunfire. I guess I made it because I just kept telling myself, I don't have any problems. When I tried to commit suicide, it just didn't seem like I had any future. So I thought, Forget it. That was the first time I ever attempted something, failed and was happy about it. But now. . ."

He smiles and thinks about his good fortune. "What I am," he says, "is an all-right football player who was given a chance by the people here to show my ability. I have no worries. I'm happy every day. I'd rather have happiness than \$1 million." He should soon have both.

—DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

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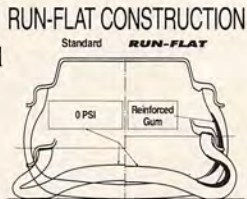


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This system has already been chosen for use on the Callaway Corvette.



Loyal To His Roots

Alcorn State's Steve McNair
spurned bigger schools so he could
stay near home and play
quarterback like his big brother

by Tim Crothers

m

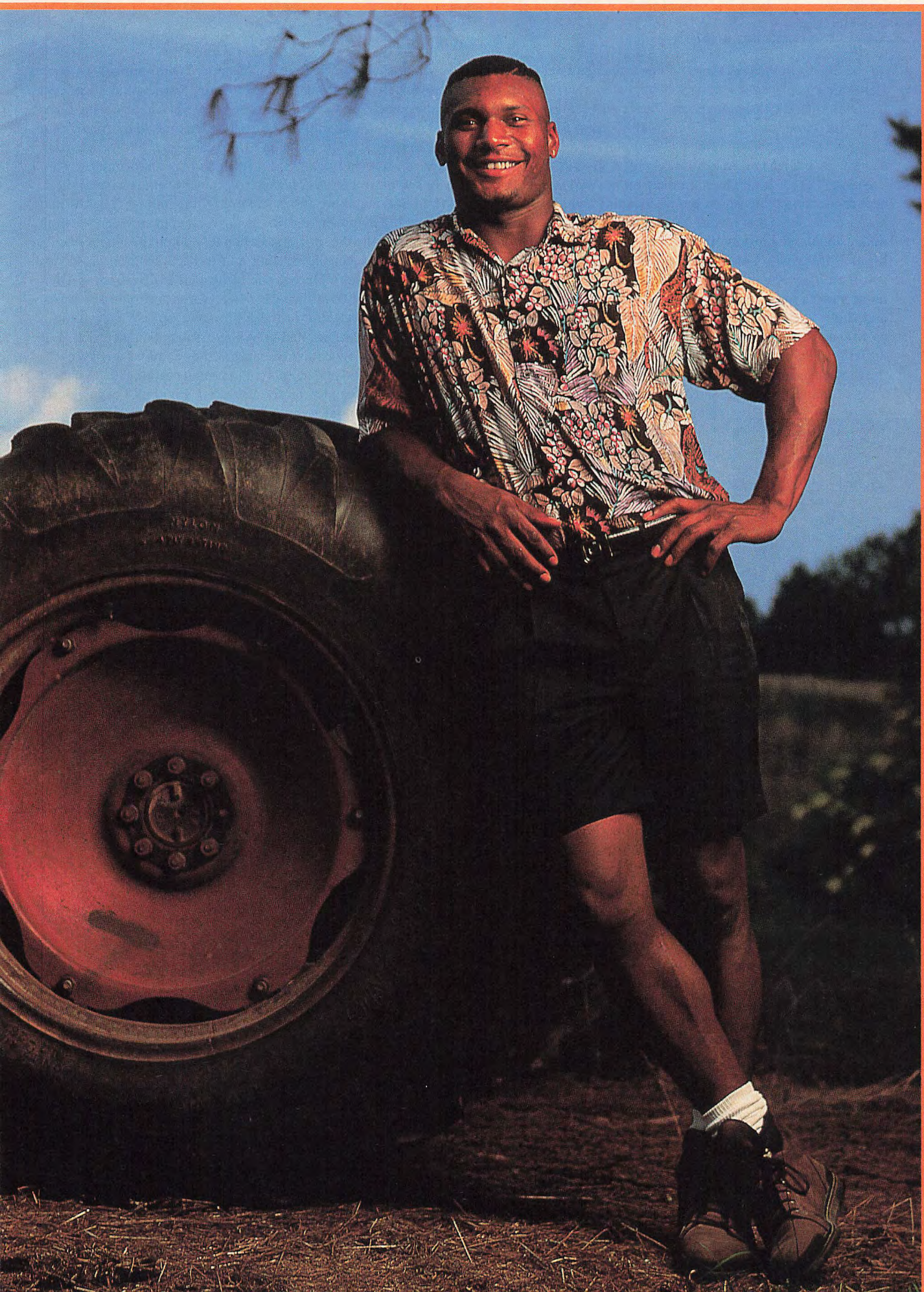
ake a left at the Piggly Wiggly, Monk had said, and go seven miles down Route 2, past Ora Baptist Church on the right, Mount Sinai Jesus Name Apostolic Church on the left, Sunset Baptist Church on the right, Sunset Jesus Name Holiness Church on the left and Cooley Springs Baptist Church on the right, then look for the wagon wheels. Beside the wagon wheels, on the rusty mailbox, there was once a crude sign, Monk explained, ink on cardboard, that signaled one's arrival at the Mount Pleasant Arena. Kids used to show up from towns all over this part of southern Mississippi to play ball with Monk and his brothers—Fred, Tim and Jason—at the imaginary stadium. They would play baseball and basketball in summer and winter, and football all year long.

Across Route 2 from the Mount Pleasant Arena is Clarence Deen Road—so named because Clarence Deen lives at its dead end. The third house on the right, behind the two pickup trucks on blocks with the stray dogs underneath, is where Alcorn State junior Steve (Monk) McNair lives with his family. Just inside the front door is the trophy room. Monk's two Southwestern Athletic Conference MVP awards mingle with dust bunnies



Mount Olive
was fertile
ground for
developing
McNair's skills.

JOHN CHIASSON



on the floor. On the wall there's a newspaper story about Monk from when he played cornerback in high school, making his 30th interception to tie the state record. There are plenty of photos of Fred and Monk on the wall, too, and it's hard to tell the two apart; both are wearing number 9 and playing quarterback for Mount Olive High and Alcorn.

Monk doesn't dwell much on the trophies and mementos except to mention that visitors should look at them in the daytime because the lights don't work in this room anymore. When he's asked about winning another honor, the Heisman Trophy—Monk is this year's Cinderella candidate—he smiles and shrugs and then leads the way into the kids' bedroom. There are still more awards there, between the posters of Elijah Muhammad and Eddie Robinson. All four boys once slept in this glorified crawl space, two on a single bed and the other two in a bunk bed, until the night when the rapidly growing Monk, who was lying in the top bunk, came crashing down upon Tim in the bottom bunk.

As Monk gazes out the screen door that no longer deters the

curious horseflies, he points out a cherry tree in front of the house. He tells the tale of how one day he and his brothers formed a human chain across Clarence Deen Road to keep the postman from meeting his appointed rounds. Their mother, Lucille, came out to scold them, but she couldn't catch Monk. "When he was escaping a whupping, Steve could climb that tree faster than any monkey I've ever seen," says Lucille, "so we just started calling him Monk."

A few hundred feet from the tree lives Monk's cousin Larry, who was the quarterback at Mount Olive in 1978, and at the base of the tree sits the trailer belonging to Monk's uncle Jimmy. Just beyond that trailer is another, which shelters Monk's aunt Gerline and his grandma Hattie, who

has raised 10 kids along Clarence Deen Road. Monk has at least three dozen relatives who live within a square mile of his house, nearly enough to fill a section of bleachers at Mount Olive games. "This is my home," says Monk. "These are my kin. This place is who I am."

There are mama's boys and daddy's boys, but Monk is a brother's boy. Fred, who's four years older than Monk, looked after Monk after their father, Selma, abandoned the family, in 1981. Fred would baby-sit while Lucille worked 14-hour shifts at the local chicken hatchery. "A lot of nights I prayed and cried and wondered how this family would carry on," says Lucille. "Fred had to become the father in this house. When Fred told Monk and the others to jump, they jumped."

It was Fred who showed Monk how to hold a football, fingertips on the laces, and propel it in a tight spiral from one end of the Mount Pleasant Arena to the other. When Fred became the quarterback at Mount Olive, Monk would sit in the bleachers at practice every day, captivated by his brother's voice calling out the cadence. When Fred left for Alcorn, 85 miles west in Lorman, Monk took over as quarterback at Mount Olive and painted spats of Alcorn gold on his cleats to emulate his brother.

Monk even copied Fred's nickname. "One summer we were throwing the ball around, and Monk got this idea that I needed a flashy name," says Fred. "We thought of Fly and Sky, but we settled on Air. Monk told me, 'You'll be Air and I'll be Air II,' and that just stuck." The next fall Monk gave Fred a towel with AIR penned on it, and Fred kept it tucked in his uniform all season. Monk took to sporting his own towel with AIR II written on it. "Fred has taught me absolutely everything I know," says Monk. "I can't thank him enough for giving me a map and then showing me how to take the short road when he's taken the longer one."

Fred didn't win the starting quarterback position at Alcorn until his final year. He was the fifth-rated quarterback in Division I-AA in 1989, throwing for 1,898 yards and 14 touchdowns, but he wasn't selected in the NFL draft. Still, Walter Juliff, a Dallas Cowboy scout, had seen Fred play and signed him. But Fred was raw—he hadn't been tutored by an older quarterback-playing brother—and he was cut in training camp. He has played in the World League and the Canadian Football League since, and he's now hoping to hook on with a CFL team again.

When Monk began breaking Fred's passing records at Mount Olive, Fred started gently steering his brother toward Alcorn. He talked Monk, a shortstop, out of accepting a \$5,000 bonus from the Seattle Mariners. He also persuaded Monk, a point guard, to pass on a few college basketball scholarship offers.

The 6' 1", 215-pound Monk was courted by most of the big schools in the South, but he had difficulty convincing the coaches that he could play quarterback in college. Mike Archer, then the coach at Louisiana State, wooed the wide-eyed Monk might-

Steve looked to Fred for a nickname, a number and a college.



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Rum, of course, to
make our
hurricanes as
colorful as the one
outside.

◆
And after that, I
guess you could
say our afternoons
just flew by.



How to stir up a hurricane: 1/4 oz. Myers's, 4 oz. pineapple juice, 2 oz. orange juice, splash of grenadine. Mix in tall glass over ice. Stir.

ily, but he made no mention of throwing passes, just intercepting them. Miami coach Dennis Erickson talked about playing in the wrong backfield as well. Mississippi State's Jackie Sherrill told him he could be the best defensive back ever to come out of Mississippi. Sherrill spoke of giving Monk a shot at quarterback during two-a-days in the summer, but Monk didn't trust him.

Monk had a dilemma: go to a big school and play defensive back, or go to a small school and play quarterback. There was no shortage of sentiments on the matter in Mount Olive. Powell Drug Store, at the corner of Main and Sixth downtown, is the kind of place where penny candy is still a penny and opinions come even cheaper. Powell's proprietor, Homer H. Powell, is an Ole Miss alum, class of '56, and he looks a great deal like the Rebel mascot, without the facial hair. "I've seen a lot of super quarterbacks, from Charlie Conerly to Archie Manning, and Steve is the best of 'em all," says Powell, a regular at Mount Olive games. "He could've gone anywhere. He could've won the Heisman if he'd gone to a school with some exposure."

As Powell spouts off, Dude Mangrum, whose nephew played with Monk at Mount Olive, wanders over from behind the rack of nail polish. "The key is that McNair wanted to play *quarterback*," Mangrum adds, "and to do that around here, a black kid has to go to a black school."

On the afternoon before signing day, Monk had finally decided on Southern Mississippi. But when slipping into bed that night, he was haunted by a legacy. "I sat up all night, and it was just something in my heart," he says. "I wanted to go where I knew I could play quarterback. It was the family tradition. I wanted to live up to that name: McNair." The next morning, on Valentine's Day, his 18th birthday, he signed with Alcorn State.

It didn't take McNair long to realize his ambition. He took over the quarterback spot in the first quarter of the opening game of his freshman season, as the Braves beat Grambling 27-22. McNair proved to be a potent offensive hybrid, a drop-back passer who could scramble. In two seasons he has rushed for 758 yards and 16 touchdowns and has thrown for 6,436 yards and 53 scores, many on bombs traveling as far as 70 yards.

Three times McNair has led Alcorn to comeback wins in the last two minutes of games. Last year at Grambling, McNair was carried off the field at halftime with a badly sprained ankle. He returned to throw three touchdowns and hobble across the goal line with a minute left to give the Braves a 35-33 win. Says Alcorn coach Cardell Jones, "I just knew at that point that God had chipped him out and said this will be a quarterback."

This summer when the SWAC coaches met in New Orleans, they turned it into a brainstorming session on how to take the air out of McNair.

"How about playing 12 guys on defense?" asked Mississippi Valley State coach Larry Dorsey. Then answering himself, he said, "Nah, that's not enough."

"I don't have a clue how to stop him," said Jackson State coach James Carson. "If you lay back, he'll pick you apart with the pass, but if you bring pressure, he becomes one of the best running backs in the conference. It's like choosing between a firing squad or the chair."

Said Grambling coach Robinson, "I remember when Jerry Rice played in the SWAC, my defense used to complain that he was laughing at them on his way to the end zone. Rice wasn't taunting them, he was just enjoying how good he was. That's the way this kid is."



Steve's brothers—here it's Tim—groomed him for success.

McNair is sometimes compared to Rice and to Walter Payton, both of whom grew up in rural Mississippi, stayed at home for college and put up stratospheric numbers in relative obscurity. Sitting on the slab of plywood that Monk calls his front porch, he genuflects slightly at the mention of his predecessors. "Walter Payton and Jerry Rice grew up in small towns with plenty of competition," McNair says. "They both had the community behind them like I do, and they put down the foundation for me. When I look at what they have done, I say, 'Why not me?'"

No player from a Mississippi school has ever won the Heisman. In 1992 McNair got a grand total of three points, to tie for 38th place. He is not exactly the focus of a public relations blitz at Alcorn: The sports information director was recently fired, and only one Brave game will be televised this season.

Yet a few miles south of the Alcorn campus, on Route 33, at the edge of the town of McNair (pop. 25), there are indications that a grass-roots movement has already begun. Above the word MCNAIR on the green sign, a young hand has scrawled AIR IT; below it, FOR HISEMAN.

Division I-AA

The Top

25



Even Alcorn quarterback Steve McNair won't prevent upstart Western Carolina from keeping the title in the mighty Southern Conference

Rank	School	1992 Regular Season	1993 Projected Record	Comments
1	WESTERN CAROLINA	7-4	10-1	Will beat Marshall in final regular-season game. Or won't
2	MARSHALL	8-3	9-2	Coach's son, Todd Donnan, replaces the I-AA MVP at QB
3	YOUNGSTOWN STATE	8-2-1	11-0	Bridesmaid in '92. Did the Penguins catch the bouquet?
4	MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE	9-2	9-2	QB Kelly Holcomb hearing pitter-patter of frosh Brian Davis
5	ALCORN STATE	7-3	10-1	Steve McNair (page 76). Enough said
6	MCNEESE STATE	8-3	10-1	Won six games in final two minutes. Easier victories in '93
7	GEORGIA SOUTHERN	7-4	9-2	Defensive tackle Alex Mash is a monster
8	IDAHO	9-2	10-1	With QB Doug Nussmeier, will have smooth flying in Big Sky
9	TROY STATE	10-1	10-1	Will give Crimson Tide a run for best record in Alabama
10	DELAWARE	9-2	10-1	Tubby's Hens will get even fatter
11	NORTHERN IOWA	10-1	9-2	Through the Gateway and into the postseason
12	EASTERN KENTUCKY	9-2	10-1	In the big dance the last seven seasons. Make it eight
13	NORTHEAST LOUISIANA	9-2	10-1	Movin' on up, to the big time, in '94. Final fling in I-AA
14	SAMFORD	9-2	8-3	New coach: out of the Birmingham Fire, into the frying pan
15	WILLIAM & MARY	9-2	10-1	Tribe will enjoy its first year in the Yankee Conference
16	THE CITADEL	10-1	7-4	Won't be as lucky with the wishbone this year
17	CENTRAL FLORIDA	6-4	8-3	Averaged 37 points—with 36 turnovers. Pass the Maalox
18	GRAMBLING STATE	9-2	10-1	No other coach is in Mr. Robinson's neighborhood
19	MONTANA	6-5	9-2	These Grizzlies are bigger, faster and fiercer
20	RICHMOND	7-4	9-2	Itsy, bitsy Spiders climb up without a doubt
21	JACKSONVILLE STATE*	8-1-1	7-2	Division II champ is between divisions until '95
22	BOISE STATE	5-6	9-2	Former Portland State coach Pokey Allen's latest promotion
23	LIBERTY	7-4	8-3	Record, shmecord, the Flames have the moral majority
24	LEHIGH	3-8	9-2	QB Scott Semptimphelter keeps on throwing and throwing
25	DARTMOUTH	8-2	8-2	The Big Green will win its fourth Ivy crown in a row

* Ineligible for postseason play until joining I-AA in 1995.

PHOTOCOLLAGE BY ELLIE DICKSON

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Emmitt Smith

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the size to play, he reached inside
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Team Kong

The Pittsburg State Gorillas should swat away all attackers and climb to the top of Division II

by Hank Hersch

t

he gorilla is less an animal than a life-style in Pittsburg, Kans. Around the tidy Pittsburg State University campus, there are gorilla sculptures, and in the bookstore you can pick up a wide array of gorillawear. The football coach's office is a menagerie of stuffed gorillas; in the college president's office, amid artifacts from the Far East, there is a portrait of a great ape in deep thought, with an engraved nameplate that reads THE HEAD GORILLA. Tethered atop the Bank IV building downtown is an inflated effigy of King Kong, 40 feet high and baring its plastic choppers, a silo-high beacon of gorilla pride and available mortgages.

Pittsburgers will tell you that while the nickname Gorillas is used by two U.S. high schools—one in Picher, Okla., and the other in Oregon or Washington, they're never quite sure—Pitt State is the nation's only university to give the name to its men's teams. In 1920 a group of Pitt State students, wanting to inject more pep into the school, banded together as the Gorillas, which was slang then for "roughnecks." Five years later the Gorilla elbowed aside the Manualite (after the university's earlier name, the Kansas Manual School) as the college mascot. "The gorilla is

In small-town Pittsburg, Gorilla football has grown so big that just about everybody has taken to aping the mascot.



DAVID E. KLUTHO



an intelligent animal, a thoughtful animal, but it's also an animal you don't mess with," says Donald Wilson, the university's president. "It's a name that's both unique and meaningful."

That meaning is particularly clear in Division II football, in which Pitt State is the proverbial 500-pound simian that sits anywhere it wants. In the past eight seasons the Gorillas have won 92 games, more than any other team at any level, and last year they came within one deflected pass of seizing their second straight Division II championship, bowing 17-13 in the finals to Jacksonville (Ala.) State. The NFL has drafted five Pitt State players in the past three years, as many as it has taken from Kansas and more than it has taken from Kansas State. And the Gorillas' split-back veer offense has produced the last two winners of the Harlon Hill Trophy, awarded to Division II's top player.

One of this year's Harlon Hill favorites is Pitt State senior quarterback Brian Hutchins, who set a school record for total offense last year and is 19-1 as a starter. He's a product of Pitt State's reverse Darwinism, under which it isn't enough to *play* for the Gorillas; you must *become* one. "When you first come here as a freshman, you aren't sure you're a Gorilla," Hutchins says. "You have to show you're striving to be the best you can be."

As head coach Chuck Broyles puts it, "People relish the fact that they're Gorillas. The older players teach the younger ones what it's like to be a Gorilla."

An unpretentious town along the fruited plain of southeastern Kansas, Pittsburg (pop. 18,500) hardly conjures up images of an African safari. Shingled bungalows with flagpoles outside nestle on either side of Broadway, a four-mile main drag with fast-food joints, video stores, taverns and 21 stoplights. Originally a mining community that attracted immigrants from Eastern Europe, Pittsburg now relies heavily on the university for jobs. The strip pits created by the all-but-vanished coal industry are now fishing holes and hunting grounds and provide most of the entertainment in the area, unless you count the Little Balkans Days festival in September or a visit to Big Brutus, the world's second-largest electric mining shovel.

Or unless, of course, you follow Pitt State football. It's a galvanizing force, as sports often are in small towns. Some 120 ex-Gorillas still live in and near Pittsburg, and over the past three years they've raised more than \$50,000 for the Pitt State athletic program by mounting an annual celebrity golf tournament, which one year lured Pat Boone. At Bob's Grill on Broadway, a shack of a place oozing gorillabilia and redolent of boiling fat, a dozen former lettermen will chow down on any given day. Some of them are from the 1957 and '61 NAIA championship teams coached by local legend Carnie Smith. Bob's proprietor, Steve Ginavan, a wide receiver from 1987 to '89, puts on a special feed for active Gorilla players on Saturday mornings before home games. "Every year it's something new here—winning streaks, the Harlon Hill awards, the championship game on ESPN," says Ginavan. "What can Notre Dame say is new? A new water girl?"

All might not be so cozy at Pitt State were it not for the vision and enthusiasm of the Head Gorilla himself, the 55-year-old Wilson, who says things like "I don't look at us as being in the southeast corner of Kansas. We're in the middle of a four-state region [Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri and Kansas], in the middle of the United States and in the middle of the world." Wilson's energy is local legend: He was once censured by the town recreation department for playing in three softball leagues—instead of the maximum two—in the same season. And Wilson is

an unyielding fan of Pitt State football. During a game last year at Missouri Western, stadium security threatened to remove the Gorilla mascot, who was swinging from a goalpost. Wilson belatedly realized that if the ape went, he went too. The cops were about to oblige when a Missouri Western official intervened.

When Wilson climbed aboard as Pitt State president in 1983, however, he found the football program uncertain about its direction. Two years later he persuaded a young alum named Dennis Franchione to return as head coach. A taskmaster who used the somewhat oxymoronic slogan Kick Ass with Class, Franchione whipped the Gorillas to a 53-6 record in five seasons, won five conference titles and reached the NAIA semifinals three times. Meanwhile Wilson set about raising the school's

The Gorilla staff has built its offense and defense around the sort of players the school attracts. "There are oodles of kids who weigh 275 pounds," says defensive coordinator Tim Beck. "The ones who are short, squat and fatty—those are the ones we get." Indeed, Pitt State's offensive line when it won the title in '91 was huge (282 pounds on average) if not tall (6' 2"), but that suited its drive-blocking schemes.

To secure complementary speed the Gorillas have needed persistence and luck. Ronnie West bounced around two jucos and Army boot camp before wandering into the Pitt State football office in 1989 and asking to walk on. He won the Harlon Hill in '91 and is now a wideout with the Minnesota Vikings. Ronald Moore was widely pursued as a running back during high school in Spencer, Okla., but when he forgot to sign up for his ACT, many schools backed off. He wound up at Pitt State, rushed for 2,585 yards in '92, picked up the Harlon Hill and was a fourth-round choice of the Phoenix Cardinals.

Hutchins took a less arduous route. A graduate of Pittsburg High, he is central casting's idea of the Midwestern small-college quarterback, 6 feet and 183 pounds, with wide eyes and pinchable cheeks. "I'm a hometown boy, and I thought coming here was the best thing for me," Hutchins says. "Football is everything in this town, but the number one thing I like to do is win, and they definitely do that here."

The classy ass-kicking tradition has continued under the 45-year-old Broyles, who is 39-3-1 since taking over the Gorillas after the '89 season. He grew up in nearby Mulberry (pop. 647), played defensive tackle under Carnie Smith and was Franchione's defensive coordinator for two years. In contrast to the fiery Franchione, Broyles would make Andy Griffith seem like a SWAT commando. During warmups before games at the Pit (as 5,600-seat Brandenburg Field/Carnie Smith Stadium is called), while Guns N' Roses' *Welcome to the Jungle* blares on the P.A. system and the transplanted Bank IV gorilla prowls behind one goalpost, Broyles walks around and chats calmly with each player.

"I have no idea how we keep winning," Broyles says. "It's hard to fathom. Most of it is getting good players and getting lucky."

But with all of Pitt State's success has come increased pressure. Not long after the Gorillas took the '91 championship, beating Jacksonville State 23-6, Gorilla Club members asked Broyles about the playoff schedule for '92. Not coincidentally, Broyles collapsed two weeks before the '92 season. One of his arteries proved to be 90% blocked, and he immediately underwent an angioplasty. He came back for the first kickoff—he is, after all, a Gorilla—and later withstood a roller-coaster playoff ride in which Pitt State won twice in the last few minutes before losing in the finals when a Jax State defender deflected a Hutchins pass with his fingertip at the goal line. Had the Gorillas won that game, they would have entered this season on a 26-game winning streak, a roll that might really warp the community's perspective.

"People expect you to win at Pitt State," says athletic director Bill Samuels. "It's becoming a beast, that's what it's becoming."

Welcome to the jungle.



Hutchins has his eye on the Gorillas' second title in three years.

standards in academics as well as athletics, which allowed Pitt State to upgrade from the NAIA to the NCAA's Division II in 1989. Wilson's master plan paid off: After years of decline, enrollment at Pitt State increased steadily—to 6,500 this year—and fund-raising is more successful than ever.

"The program has things built into it that are easy to lose and hard to obtain," says Franchione, now head coach at New Mexico. "It has community support and tradition, and the players always believe they'll find a way to win."

Pitt State has a few other advantages as well. Because it was a teachers' college for 46 years, until 1959, many alums teach and coach in the area, creating a strong referral system. There's also a handy wellspring of junior college talent not only in Kansas but also in Missouri and Oklahoma. And while becoming a lower primate does not have universal appeal, having a perennial shot at a national championship does. "No one else but Miami can guarantee you that," says Gorilla running back Seann Scott, "and [the Hurricanes] weren't exactly recruiting me."



Photography by Scott Osman

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Sports Illustrated

Division II The Top 25



Pittsburg State, the most successful team in college football at any level over the last eight years, should finish on top once again

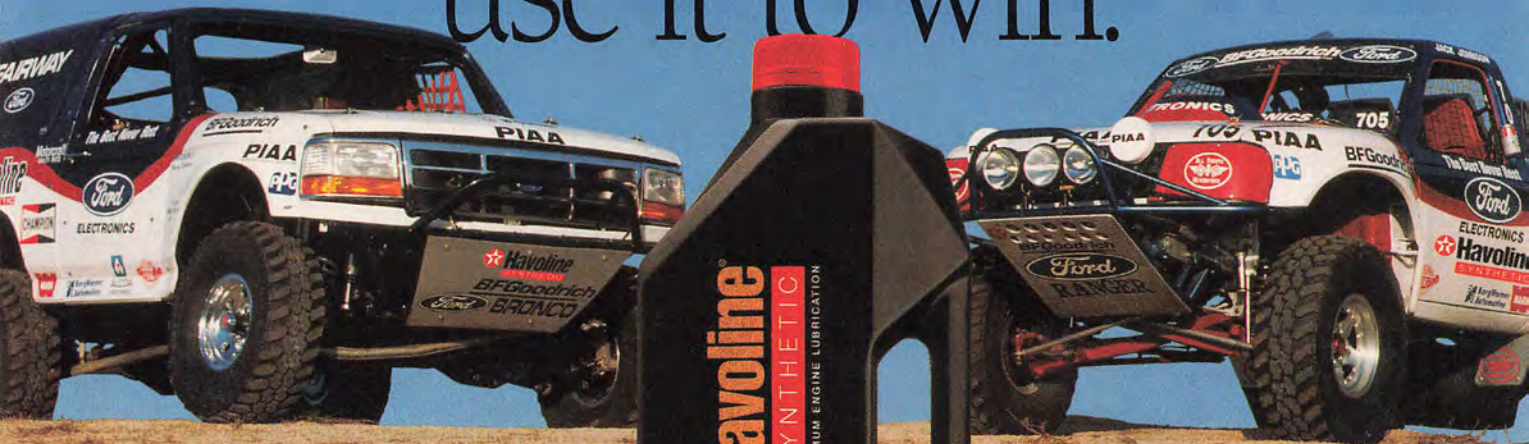
Rank	School	1992 Regular Season	1993 Projected Record	Comments
1	PITTSBURG STATE	11-0	11-0	Game of the year: Sept. 4 rematch at North Dakota State
2	NORTH DAKOTA STATE	9-1	10-1	Bison carrying a chip from 38-37 playoff loss to Pitt State
3	PORTLAND STATE	6-3	10-1	Is QB Bill Matos (16 TDs in four games) another Neil Lomax?
4	JACKSONVILLE STATE*	8-1-1	7-2	Last year's champ is en route to Division I-AA
5	EAST TEXAS STATE	8-3	10-1	Will light up scoreboard—and rival Texas A&M-Kingsville
6	NEW HAVEN	10-0	10-0	The Chargers' O could average more than 50 points a game
7	TEXAS A&M-KINGSVILLE	8-2	8-2	Né Texas A&I; name has changed, but success won't
8	WESTERN STATE	9-1	10-1	Unimposing conference should be a nice playoff warmup
9	VALDOSTA STATE	5-4-1	9-2	QB Chris Hatcher could lead the Blazers on the playoff trail
10	FERRIS STATE	9-2	9-2	Big wheel keeps on turnin'; young Dogs keep on learnin'
11	NORTH ALABAMA	6-3-1	7-3	Opponents have to stop the Rush—senior TB Tyrone Rush
12	EDINBORO	8-1-1	8-2	The Fighting Scots will take the high road to the playoffs
13	UC DAVIS	8-1-1	7-3	Three America West teams are in I-AA; Aggies can beat two
14	HAMPTON	9-1-1	9-1	Excepting Grambling, '93 opponents were 28-59-3 in '92
15	INDIANA (PA.)	7-2-1	8-2	Indians back in playoff hunt after first absence since '87
16	NORTH DAKOTA	6-3-1	8-3	Fighting Sioux are second-best in mighty Peace Garden State
17	GARDNER-WEBB	10-1	9-1	Bulldogs, NAIA runners-up, can run-and-shoot with anyone
18	HILLSDALE	9-2	7-4	RB Scott Schulte (1,582 yards in '92) breaks in a new line
19	EAST STROUDSBURG	8-2	8-2	Just missed postseason last year. Get used to it
20	GRAND VALLEY STATE	8-3	9-2	It'll be Death Valley days if Lakers miss playoffs again
21	AUGUSTANA (S.DAK.)	8-3	8-3	Must beat North Dakota State to make the playoffs
22	NE MISSOURI STATE	9-2	8-3	DT Mike Roos leads a defense that must carry the offense
23	MANKATO STATE	6-5	7-4	Opponents have to stop the Pass—senior QB Jamie Pass
24	EASTERN NEW MEXICO	5-5	6-4	The Greyhounds should be very good. They could be very bad
25	FORT VALLEY STATE	7-4	7-4	Defensive back Joseph Best intercepted 12 passes in '92

* Between divisions and ineligible for postseason play until joining I-AA in 1995.

PHOTOCOLLAGE BY ELLIE DICKSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J.E. SCHILLING, ULY SCOTT AND MIKE SCULLY

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Two of a Kind

Mount Union's Jim Ballard and Baldwin-Wallace's John Koz may be jokers, but they're aces, too—the best quarterbacks in Division III

by Michael Jaffe

S

parkling like twin rhinestones on the buckle of the Rust Belt are the two best quarterbacks in Division III: Mount Union's Jim Ballard and Baldwin-Wallace's John Koz. Their schools are linked by 45 miles of northeast Ohio highways that wind from Mount Union's campus in Alliance to Baldwin-Wallace's in Berea. The two seniors share an uncommon talent for completing passes. Over the past three seasons Ballard and Koz have thrown a total of 1,652 passes but just 56 interceptions. Last year Ballard completed nearly 64% of his passes and Koz hit 62% of his.

It is not only geographic proximity and passing prowess that make these two quarterbacks alike: Both were born and raised in the upper right-hand corner of the Buckeye State (Ballard in Cuyahoga Falls, Koz in Lakewood); both were mischievous youths (Ballard used to streak about his neighborhood dressed only in hightop sneakers during high school; Koz was a practitioner of the dingdong dash, in which he would rig a bucket of water above a neighbor's doorway and ring the bell); both are transfers (Ballard spent his freshman season at Wilmington College, Koz at Marshall); and both have made the schools they transferred to very happy (Mount Union has a 20-2-1 record under Ballard, Baldwin-Wallace is 22-3 under Koz).

Despite all the similarities, most folks in northeastern Ohio are fiercely loyal to only one of the players. It's *either* Ballard *or* Koz. So for those few fans who remain undecided, here are four ways to tell the two apart: fashion (Ballard's bible is *GQ*; Koz prizes sweatpants and baseball caps); physique (Ballard is lean; Koz, uh, is not); passing style (Ballard's tight spirals forced Mount Union flanker Mike Sirianni to wear long-sleeved shirts

around campus to cover the red welts Ballard's passes left on his forearms; Koz's throws are wobbly, Bernie Kosar-like jobs).

But the most obvious difference is how much—or how little—encouragement it takes to get each to talk about his passing skills. With Ballard, a simple hello will suffice. Koz needs the kind of provoking administered by Army drill sergeants.

"I go into every game thinking no one's going to stop our offense," says Ballard. "I don't care if we're playing Miami." During Mount Union's second-round playoff win last season over Illinois Wesleyan in Alliance, Ballard torched the Titans for 454 yards and five touchdowns. During one stretch he tied a Division III record by completing 17 consecutive passes. After taking one especially gruesome hit, he jumped to his feet and began taunting several defenders. Unfortunately he was then unable to summon enough breath to call the ensuing play, and the Purple Raiders were assessed a delay-of-game penalty.

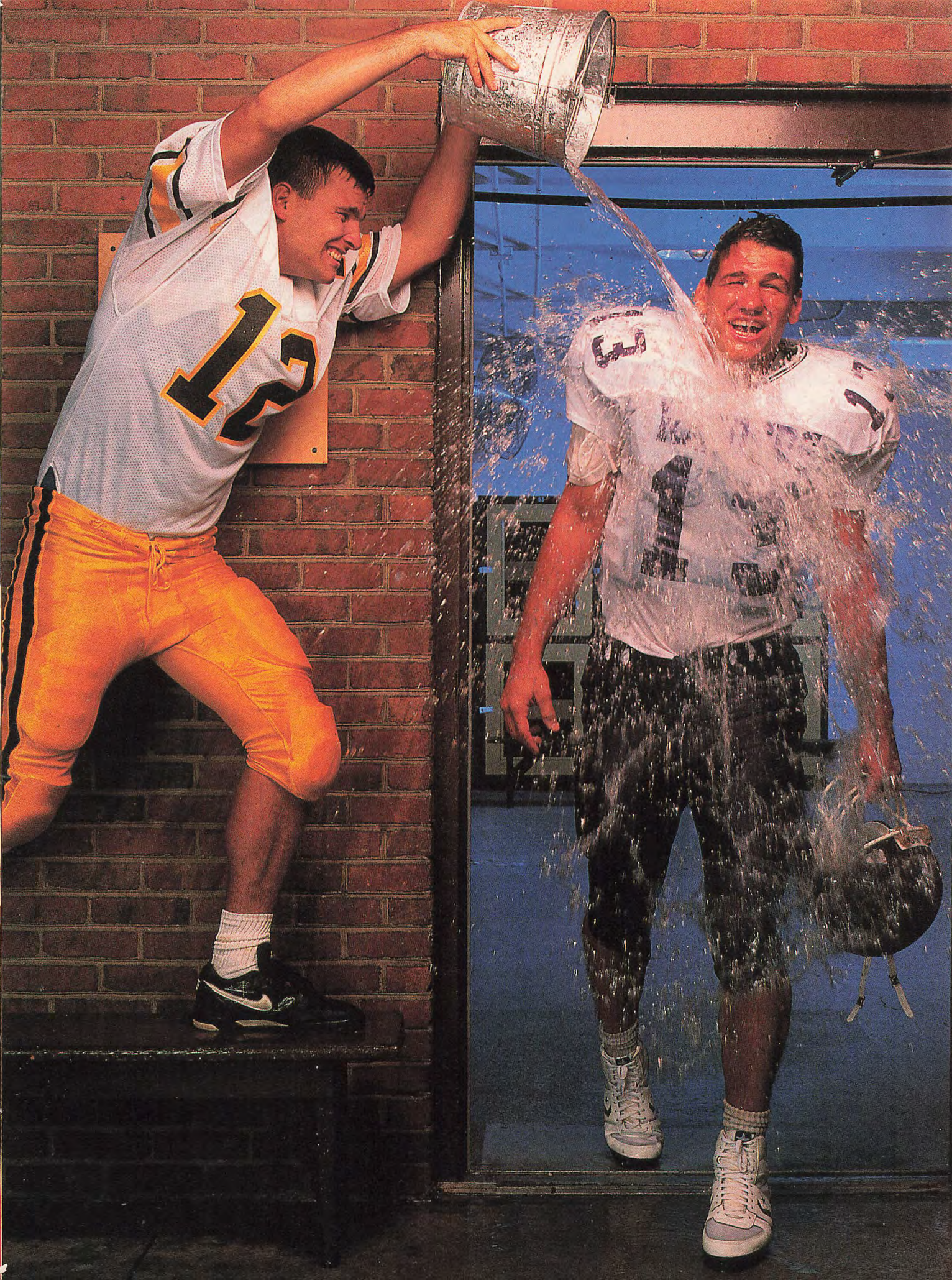
No such outburst is ever heard in the Baldwin-Wallace backfield. Often the laconic Koz (rhymes with *doze*) appears so unemotional that one wonders if he's awake. "He's the quietest quarterback I've ever been around," says Yellow Jacket coach Bob Packard.

Ballard came upon his brash quarterback persona early in life. When he was three, his grandmother bought him a Pittsburgh Steeler uniform, which he wore constantly. Late one night a few years later his mother caught him scribbling football plays on a notepad under the covers. In the eighth grade, Jim, by now a quarterback, led the Cuyahoga Falls Little Black Tigers to the finals of the national Pee-Wee tournament. "He had to play quarterback," says Jim's father, Randy, who coached the Tigers. "He was the only kid whose hands were big enough to take the snap."

When it looked as though the Tigers wouldn't have enough money to travel to the Pee-Wee championships in Daytona Beach, Jim rallied his troops, and they raised \$15,000 by soliciting donations and selling T-shirts and mugs. Pittsburgh beat the Tigers in the championship, 20-0, but, says Jim, "What I remember most about the tournament was eating pizza at the beach on Thanksgiving. Not that we lost, but that we made it there."

Since then, a variety of goals have kept the 6' 4", 215-pound Ballard bulling forward. Shortly after Mount Union lost to Wis-

Koz (left) may rhyme with "doze," but as Ballard can attest, his play can give visitors to Baldwin-Wallace a wake-up call.



consin-La Crosse in the semifinals of the NCAA playoffs last year, he locked himself in his room and penned a list of objectives for this season. The list is now laminated and hanging near his bed. He wants to pass for 3,000 yards and 35 touchdowns and throw fewer than five interceptions. The goals appear unrealistic until they are compared with his numbers last year: 2,656 yards, 29 TDs and eight interceptions.

Jim is not the only Ballard who is consumed by football. In 1986, during Jim's freshman year at Cuyahoga Falls High, his parents battled through a contentious divorce. When they got back on speaking terms, it was Jim's football games that they were speaking about. "The Ballard family has used football as a focal point," says Purple Raider coach Larry Kehres. "They are here for every game."

Jim's mother, Bonnie, now has her own toll-free number that Jim uses daily to keep her abreast of how practices are going. And when Bonnie's father died a year ago, her mother, Betty Wrayno, asked that instead of sending flowers, mourners make contributions to the Mount Union football program. The Raiders' purple game pants were bought with those proceeds.

Football took on great significance in the Koz family, too. One afternoon during his senior year at Lakewood High, John was playing catch in his front yard while his sister, Diane, and their father, Russ, went jogging. Russ collapsed about a mile into the run when a blood vessel in his brain ruptured. He remained in a coma for two months. "There was never any question that I would continue playing football," says John. "It allowed me to think of something other than the hospital."

At halftime of the third game of the season, against Bay Village, John suddenly found his father entering his thoughts. He sensed something was wrong. When the game ended, he was told that his father had died.

"I was a pretty bad kid," Koz says. "I was always one of the bullies in class. But when my father died, almost at the exact moment I found out, I decided to change. Each day since I've tried to grow in some way, to live a fuller life."

That philosophy was behind Koz's decision to return to Baldwin-Wallace for a fifth year. Not only would it probably be his last chance to play organized football, but also he realized that having his name in the paper a few more times could only enhance his prospects as he sought work in the Cleveland real estate business after graduation. Almost daily Koz leafs through newspapers looking for available parcels of land. Then he pretends the land is his. "So far," he says, "I've built a lot of imaginary malls."

Fortunately for Baldwin-Wallace, the dining establishments in those malls are also imaginary. Koz's weight balloons by 25 or so pounds during the off-season, thanks primarily to the pizza spun at his brother Russ's Italian eatery in Cleveland, 10 miles from Berea. In fact, the 6' 3", 220-pound Koz is so doughy that an opposing coach once played a scouting

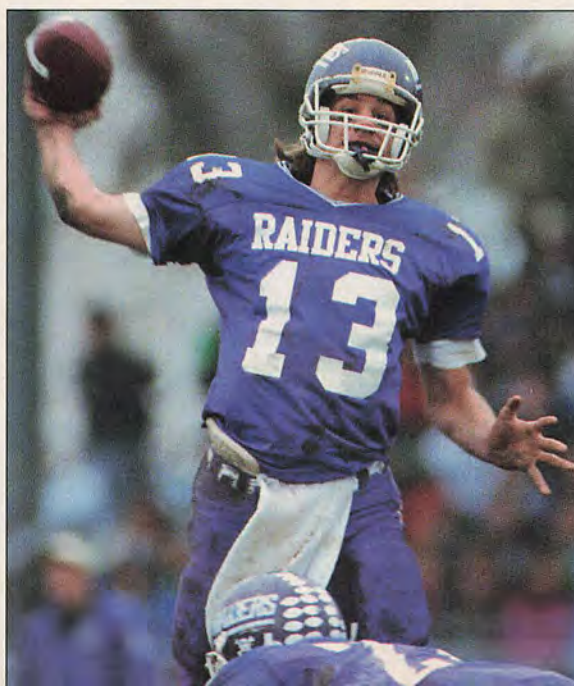


RON LINEK

videotape in slow motion so he could watch Koz's paunch jiggle.

Food has long been associated with football for Koz. During his sophomore year at Lakewood, he had just played in a junior varsity game when the varsity coach plucked a hotdog-munching Koz from the grandstand and inserted him into a scrimmage. Wide-eyed and mustard-stained, he took the field and threw two quick strikes for touchdowns. "That's when I first thought I could be good," he says, "that I was a quarterback." He won the starting job a month later.

Koz (12, above) and Ballard: Styles differ, results don't.



KEVIN CASEY/KRON BEACON JOURNAL

The Yellow Jackets are hoping a similar wave of confidence washes over Koz on Oct. 2, when they host Mount Union. The rivalry is intense, with Ballard and Koz having split their previous two meetings. In last season's game, which Mount Union won 23-14, the two threw a total of 94 passes. Both have already begun putting their personal spin on the upcoming encounter.

"It should be a good one," says Koz, in his typically understated manner. "I don't care how I play as long as we win."

"This is the rubber match," says Ballard. "Not only do I want the game, but I want to outplay Koz. It's a personal thing." ■

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Division III The Top 25



In a year of sterling quarterbacks, the brightest of all is Mount Union's Jim Ballard, who will lead the Purple Raiders to the championship

Rank	School	1992 Regular Season	1993 Projected Record	Comments
1	MOUNT UNION	10-0	14-0	QB Jim Ballard (page 88) leads the Purple Raiders' assault
2	WISCONSIN-LACROSSE	8-0-1	11-1	NFL experience: RB Virgil Jones had a job with the Saints
3	ITHACA	9-1	10-2	Coach Jim Butterfield enters his third century (200-67-1)
4	ROWAN	10-0	10-1	Coach John Bunting gone to the NFL, but 14 starters are back
5	BALDWIN-WALLACE	8-2	10-2	Yellow Jacket foes will feel sting of QB John Koz (page 88)
6	BUFFALO STATE	7-2	9-2	The Bengals return the teeth of their defense
7	CENTRAL (IOWA)	9-0	10-1	The Dutchmen are flying. Undefeated on road since '88
8	LYCOMING	8-0-1	10-2	Coach Frank Girardi's 11 junior starters are jammin'
9	ILLINOIS WESLEYAN	9-0	10-2	Titans near top of scrum behind rugby star James Kayondo
10	EMORY & HENRY	10-0	10-2	Wasps still buzzing over the nation's second-best scoring D
11	ALLEGHENY	8-2	9-2	Without Stanley (Bottle Rocket) Drayton there's little spark
12	SUSQUEHANNA	9-1	9-2	Tackle/greenskeeper John Heim owns a miniature golf course
13	WASHINGTON & JEFFERSON	8-1	11-2	Executive privilege: W&J has won 91.7% of games since '87
14	THOMAS MORE	9-1	10-2	The Rebels are ramblin' with two 1,000-yard rushers
15	CORTLAND STATE	6-4	8-3	Three Division II foes might slay the Dragons
16	REDLANDS	8-1	8-2	Junior Garret Skipper has yet to miss an extra point
17	AUGUSTANA (ILL.)	6-3	9-2	Last year's leading tackler and rusher were freshmen
18	AURORA	9-0	9-1	The Spartans surrendered only 13 punt-return yards in '92
19	ST. JOHN'S (MINN.)	8-1-1	10-2	With no cuts, 27 pairs of players shared numbers last year
20	JOHN CARROLL	8-2	8-2	Punter Ryan Haley's goal: Boot one into nearby tennis courts
21	ALBION	8-1	8-1	Need a fix of Briton ball? Try 1-800-846-4700
22	ROCHESTER	8-1	8-1	Runners Jeremy Hurd and Isaac Collins scored 22 TDs in '92
23	DEFIANCE	9-1	8-2	Yellow Jackets play four games outside the nest in October
24	WABASH	6-2-1	7-2	Edge to Little Giants on Nov. 13—their 100th game vs. DePauw
25	CARNEGIE MELLON	7-2	8-2	Experienced Tartan coaching staff dubbed Geritol Gang

PHOTOCOLLAGE BY ELLIE DICKSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID BENYAK, J.E. SCHILLING AND MIKE SCULLY

*Because she never
gives away my punch line.
Or waistline.
And doesn't comment when
I attempt the crossword
puzzle in ink.
Because tomorrow is our
Anniversary.
And I promise she'll
have stars in her eyes.*



*Diamonds.
Just because you love her.*

The Great Bear Hunt

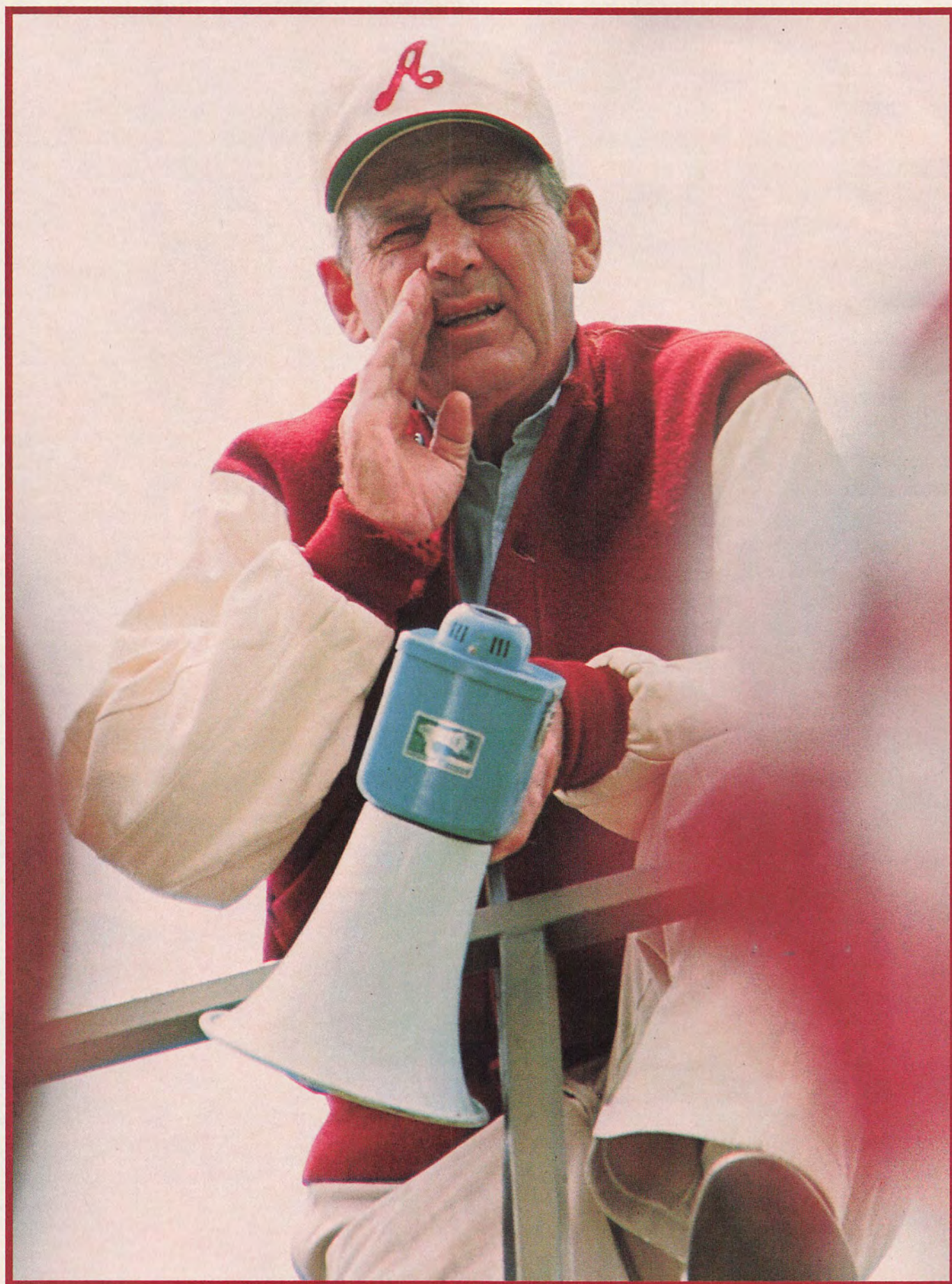


Fans still long for the larger-than-life college football coach, the gridiron god epitomized by Bear Bryant, but the truth is that his like will never be seen again

by Alexander Wolff

Even when he was at Texas A&M, Bryant coached from on high.





W

hen they quit, most of them did so at night so they could make the long walk to the bus stop under cover of darkness. Paul (Bear) Bryant would sometimes watch from a place in the shadows, taking a drag on a Chesterfield, maybe allowing himself a trace of a smile.

Quitting made the most sense. Reason, after all, didn't allow for getting up at five o'clock each morning and spending days in the searing Texas sun. Or for retiring to a cot in a Quonset hut, thinking the day's horror was done, only to be roused and ordered to leave yet more of themselves on the field under the stars. But reason was not what Bear Bryant was looking for in the 117 young men he brought to Junction, Texas, in 1954, before his first season as coach at Texas A&M. In the Bryant hagiography, that training camp in the Texas hill country is recalled as "the march to the desert." Its purpose was, in Bryant's words, "to find out right off who the players were and who the quitters were."

He found out. Camp was supposed to last two weeks. Fearing he wouldn't have enough bodies to start the season, Bryant called camp off after 10 days. Twenty-seven players remained.

At one point during that truncated fortnight, a man from the *Houston Post* showed up, having been dispatched to Junction by an editor who had heard tell of dissension on the team.

"Now, son, are you gonna quote me on this?" Bryant asked.

"Yessir," said the man from the *Post*.

"Well, you call your boss and tell him I said if there isn't any dissension now, there's damn sure going to be some in a hurry, and I'm going to cause it."

It was hard not to think of Bryant last fall when dissension broke out all over college football and coaches seemed powerless to stop it. In September, after Memphis State lost its first three games, 84 Tigers boycotted practice to show their displeasure with coach Chuck Stobart. In October the South Carolina Gamecocks, following an 0-5 start, voted to ask coach Sparky Woods to resign. In November players at Oklahoma refused to practice until coach Gary Gibbs explained to their satisfaction why one quarterback was getting more playing time than another. Think about it: On the very campus where Bud Wilkinson had delivered monologues so effective that one of his former players, Ralph Neely, remembers, "He had you convinced you could run through a brick wall"—a Sooner coach convened . . . an *encounter session*. Someday soon a major-college football team is going to release its fight song on the Windham Hill label.

Even the most secure coaches are furiously rewriting the rules to accommodate Kids Today. Just this spring Penn State's Joe Paterno, who would be a latter-day Bear if there were such a species, set up a "players' council." He and select seniors now meet

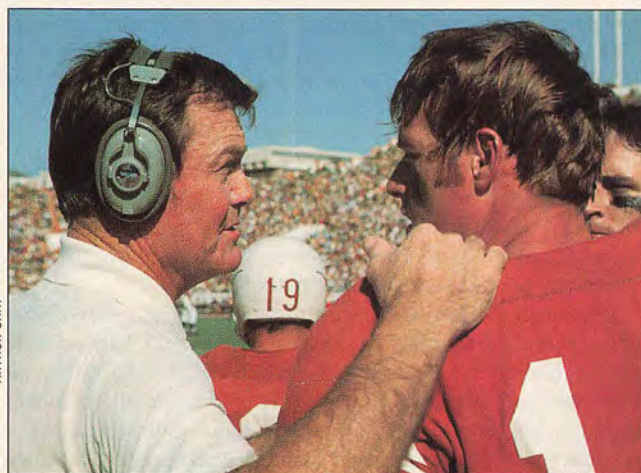
In Bryant's heyday at 'Bama (left), his fellow icons included (from top) Hayes, Parseghian and McKay, and Royal.



HEINZ KLUETMEIER



CARL IWASAKI



ARTHUR SHAY

regularly over breakfast to air gripes and share feelings. "I never thought college football would become like Central America," says ESPN commentator Beano Cook. "Kids don't understand that it's *supposed* to be a dictatorship."

Bryant never faced a player revolt, so we don't know precisely how he might have handled one. But we can be fairly sure that neither he nor any of his contemporaries—not the soft-spoken Wilkinson nor the oft-spoken Darrell Royal of Texas; not Ohio State's Woody Hayes, who once loosened the seams on his cap so he could later rip it apart to make a point, nor Southern Cal's John McKay, who in his first season demoted half the previous year's starters—would have broken out the healing crystals. In Junction when Bryant kicked an all-conference center off the team for walking off the field in the middle of practice, five other centers went to the coach to plead their teammate's case. Before they could say a word, Bryant shook their hands. "Good morning, gentlemen, and goodbye, goodbye, bless your hearts, goodbye," he said. Then he dismissed them from the team.

Would such an approach fly today? Like a dodo bird, it would. But the public clearly misses the larger-than-life football coach, imperiously stalking the sideline, eyes drawn into a permanent squint, the kind of coach to whom you sent your boy so he could come back a man. People seem to long for some impossible combination of Schwarzkopf, Schweitzer and Schwarzenegger, someone who really deserves that state trooper escort onto the field, a man who, as it was said of Bryant, "can take his'n and beat your'n, and take your'n and beat his'n." Yet these days it's easier to find natural-fiber clothing at a CFA golf scramble.

"For us, discipline implies disciple," Hayes once wrote. "The player will first believe in the coach as a person before he will fully accept the teachings of that coach." Contrast that credo with LSU coach Mike Archer's breezy acceptance of a player's explanation of why he was clocked going 123 mph on a Louisiana highway several years ago. "I was just trying to get some bad gas out of my engine," the player said.

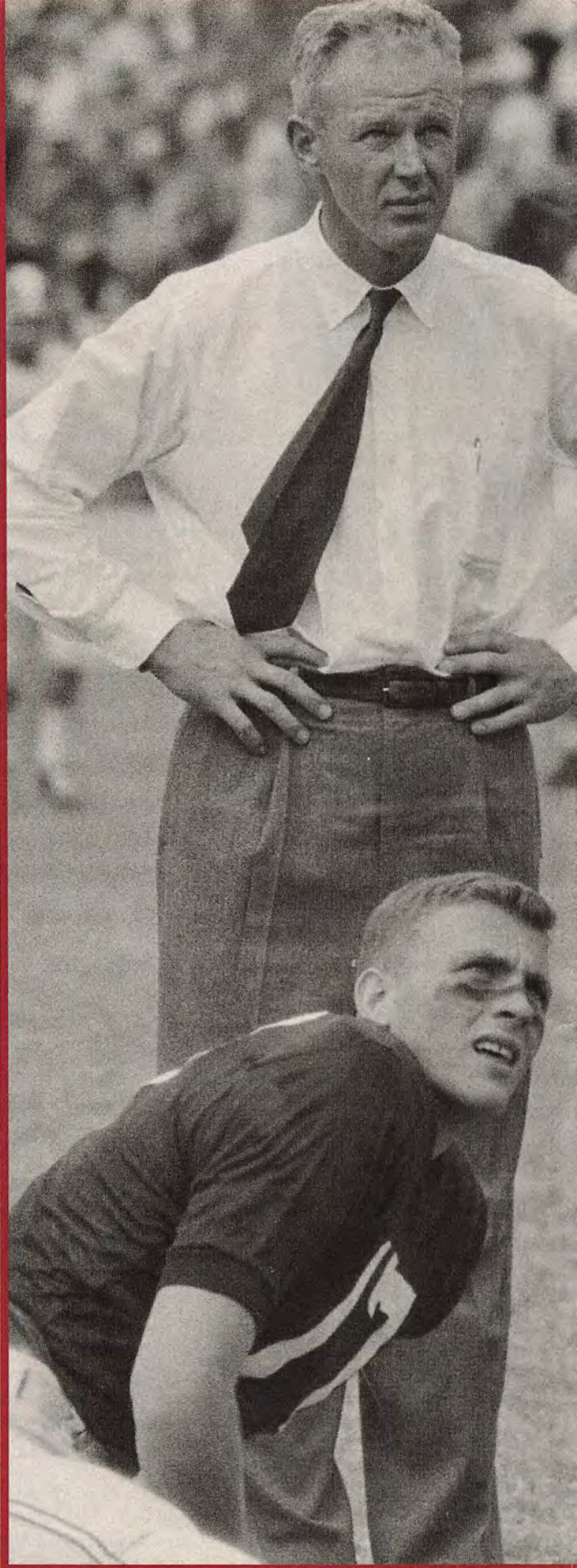
McKay listened to Knute Rockne speeches so he could quote the gnarled Norseman to his players. Former Houston coach John Jenkins, it came to light last winter, spliced footage of bare-breasted women into practice film. (You know, "Win one for the Stripper," and all that.)

Wilkinson narrowly lost a race for a U.S. Senate seat from Oklahoma in 1964. Congress, tawdry body though it may be, won't likely welcome to its halls another Sooner ex-coach, Barry Switzer, who in 1989 dismissed episodes of rape, cocaine dealing and gunfire in his football dorm as "isolated incidents."

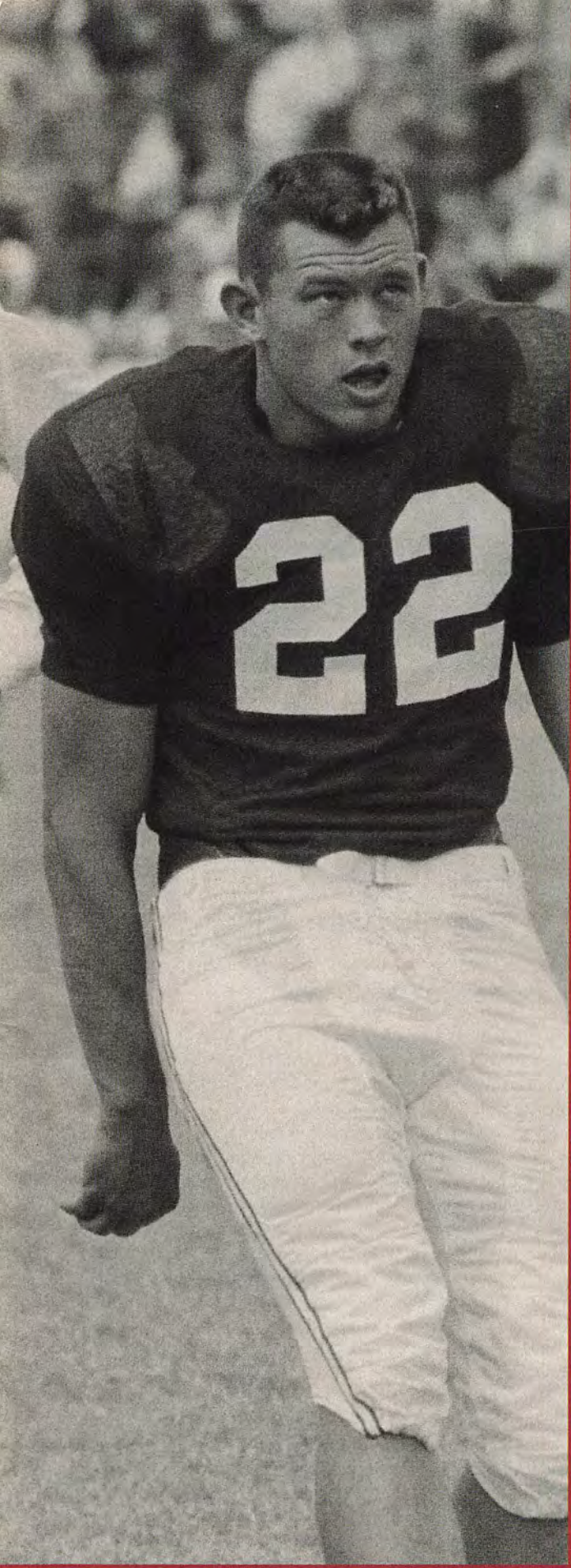
Of course Archer, Jenkins and Switzer are no longer head coaches. But the point stands: Rather than make men of his players, coach after coach nowadays seems content to concede that boys will be boys.

So why are there no more Bear Bryants? And no fair answering the way former Alabama and current Penn State president Joab Thomas does: "Because he's dead." It's not fair even if Thomas's may be the best explanation, because to answer the question one must start with Bryant himself.

If you had to distill someone larger than life into a few vulgar paragraphs, you would have to mention Bryant's hardscrabble upbringing in Moro Bottom, Ark., as one of 12 kids of a sickly father and a mother whom young Paul accompanied on her rounds selling produce from a wagon. You would also need to account for the young man's nickname, which he picked up when



MARVIN E. NEWMAN



he wrestled a bear for cash, and make mention of his early days as a brawler and a hobo. Football allowed him to attend Alabama, where he met the socially prominent campus beauty queen, Mary Harmon Black, who became his wife. He did his part in North Africa during the Good War. He even had a Hollywood screen test. (Paterno might get a callback for the Michael Douglas character in *Falling Down*, but that's about it.) Up at 4:30 a.m., like the strictest Calvinist, Bryant nonetheless loved games of chance and his evening scotch and Coke. "This must be what God looks like," said George Blanda, who played for Bryant at Kentucky, when he first saw the man's face.



RICH CLARKSON



ROBERT BECK

Wilkinson (left) was nearly elected to the U.S. Senate from Oklahoma, an unlikely prospect for Switzer (top) or Gibbs.

As a coach Bryant would blow into town and, saviorlike, set things right. He did it at Maryland, at Kentucky, at Texas A&M, at Alabama. In one season the Terps went from 1-7-1 to 6-2-1 and the Wildcats from 2-8 to 7-3. The Aggies' Great 27, survivors of the march to the desert, lost nine of 10 games that first season, but two years later they went unbeaten and won a Southwest Conference title. When Alabama, 4-24-2 the three seasons before Bryant took over, found itself in the Sugar Bowl within four years, it was just another case of Bryant raising the dead.

A fear of failure chased Bryant as much as a will to win drove him. He would do anything to avoid going, as he put it, "back to

Bear Hunt

the wagon." And he never wasted time with self-deprecation or false modesty. He had craved attention since childhood, when he once threw a cat through an open church window during services. As a player at Alabama he had been "the other end," opposite Hall of Famer Don Hutson; at Kentucky he had been "the other coach," eclipsed by basketball deity Adolph Rupp. At 'Bama, for 25 seasons, he was the man. Rivals liked to tell a tale of Bryant, out in a motorboat, fishing with a guide, getting his line ensnared on a log. The guide suggested they putter over and untangle the lure. "Don't bother," Bryant said. "I'll walk."

That story is apocryphal. Others aren't. One of Bryant's early Alabama teams had an earnest young player of limited ability named Russell Stutz. Teammates called him Bulldog for the low growling sounds he liked to make. One day Stutz muddled through a drill, making a lot of noise but a mess of his assigned paces. Bryant went over to him and in a voice so calm that it struck Bulldog's teammates as eerie, asked, "Stutz, did you give 100 percent on that last play?"

Stutz, enthusiastic and obliging, looked up at Bryant. "No, sir," he said. "I can do better."

"Russell," Bryant said, "I want you to get your butt off this field and be out of the dorm by five o'clock."

Politics have kept McCartney off a Bear-like pedestal.



ANDY HAYT

When he looks back on his career, Osborne will wish he had a lot more bowl victories.

Of all the factors that made Bryant what he was, longevity was among the most important. Bryant lasted long enough to coach the sons of those who played for him. Today the youngest head coach in Division I-A, freshly appointed Jeff Horton of the University of Nevada, is 36; even if he were to coach to the normal retirement age of 65 and average 10 wins a season, he would still fall short of Bryant's 323 victories.

Not that schools nowadays have the patience to stick with one coach, even if they ought to. A coach may receive a five-year contract, but he knows the booster club will buy him out if he hasn't done some serious winning by his third season. "History will tell you that when a school gives a guy only three or four years, the next guy will go through another three or four without success," says Bill McCartney, whom Colorado administrators stood by through three losing seasons, including a 1-10 nadir in 1984, before the Buffaloes broke through.

Of course, of their own accord, more and more college coaches are leaving for the pros. Jimmy Johnson, Dennis Green, Bobby Ross and Dick MacPherson each had the potential to become a Mr. Chips on his campus. Stanford's Bill Walsh and Southern Cal's John Robinson might be college icons right now if they hadn't taken sabbaticals in the play-for-pays. The NFL has ample appeal: You don't have to placate the divergent interests of faculty and fans. Paul Tagliabue won't put you on probation. And whereas in Bryant's day a college coach received more money and glory than he could in the pros, today a coach can't make out better than in the NFL, short of signing on with NBC.

"The only way to become a legend is by winning big," says Baylor athletic director Dick Ellis. "You don't become one by graduating all your seniors or winning the sportsmanship award. And it's tougher to win big with the spreading around of talent." It's said that during the 1960s and '70s, Bryant could have split his squad in two and finished first and second in the Southeastern Conference. Many 'Bama lettermen never played a down, but as long as they sat on Bryant's bench, they weren't out on the



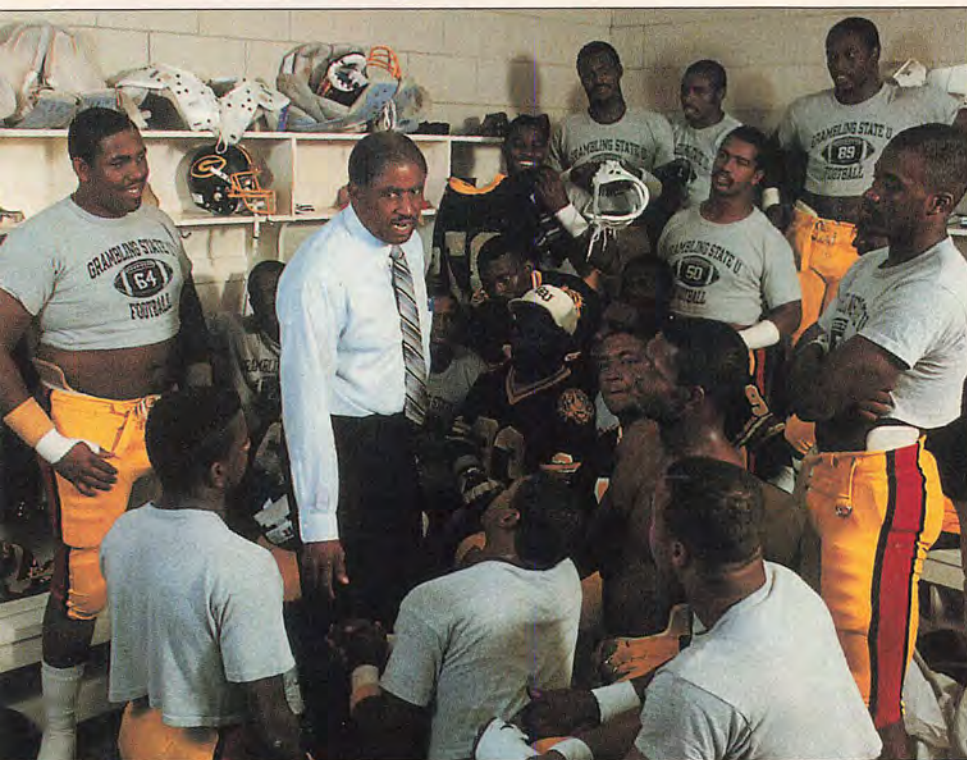
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tioned abuse is a contradiction in terms. When it was revealed last season that Colorado State coach Earle Bruce had cuffed around a few of his players, the school couldn't show him the door fast enough. And Purdue may have a hard time accepting the behavior of coach Jim Colletto, at least as alleged by Ryan Harmon, the former lineman who claims to have suffered such humiliation during two seasons in West Lafayette that he was driven to wanting to kill himself. Alleging both mental and physical abuse by Colletto, Harmon sued Purdue on Aug. 3. He claims that Colletto regularly "hit, punched, kicked and shoved" him.

Bryant boasted about kicking his players—to see, he said, which ones would kick back. But 30 years ago a coach who tried to turn practice into a Bruce Lee film wouldn't have merited an inch of newspaper copy. Now the news media have adjusted their attitude, and they're interested in more than just the bullying of players. In 1991, at the climax of Washington's undefeated national championship season, a Seattle TV station aired a report on the poor graduation rate of the players under coach Don James, who quit on Sunday after Washington was placed on probation (page 11). And Paterno's career at Penn State has been sullied by a

RONALD C. MOORE

If he coached in Division I-A, Robinson would be surrounded by idolaters.

field beating him. Today even if a talented high-schooler wanted to ride the bench for an elite program, he probably couldn't because of the current Division I-A limit of 88 scholarships. He would wind up going to Mississippi or Vanderbilt and playing. The result is parity—a competitiveness that's good for the game but bad for the business of legend-building.

In fact, the old-school masters never let squad limits keep them from winning big. A coach today screams that he's not allowed to suit up a fourth-string free safety because his athletic director has to hire a women's squash coach. Yet McKay won national championships with fewer than 50 players. "We'll have an offensive team and a defensive team," he liked to say. "And the other team will be in charge of carrying me off the field."

The coaches and players of the '50s had lived through the Depression and/or the shortages of the war years. "I was so poor," Royal liked to say, "I had a tumbleweed as a pet." Scholarships could be canceled on the spot, and players were as afraid as Bryant was of going "back to the wagon."

"Most of us were country boys," says Charley Pell, who was a member of Bryant's second recruiting class at Alabama. "If we didn't have that scholarship, it was back to laying blocks or digging ditches or working at the supermarket. Yeah, I was afraid of doing that."

Just as today's kids grow up differently, so too did their parents. Bryant loved to talk about the importance of his players having "good mamas and papas." Moms and dads nowadays aren't necessarily bad; they simply come from an era in which an authority figure didn't get a free pass. Thus they have modern relationships with their sons, who in turn expect relationships with their coaches to be more nuanced than "My way or the highway." Bemoan the passing of the despotic head coach if you must, but more and more schools are concluding that well-inten-

tioned abuse is a contradiction in terms. When it was revealed last season that Colorado State coach Earle Bruce had cuffed around a few of his players, the school couldn't show him the door fast enough. And Purdue may have a hard time accepting the behavior of coach Jim Colletto, at least as alleged by Ryan Harmon, the former lineman who claims to have suffered such humiliation during two seasons in West Lafayette that he was driven to wanting to kill himself. Alleging both mental and physical abuse by Colletto, Harmon sued Purdue on Aug. 3. He claims that Colletto regularly "hit, punched, kicked and shoved" him.

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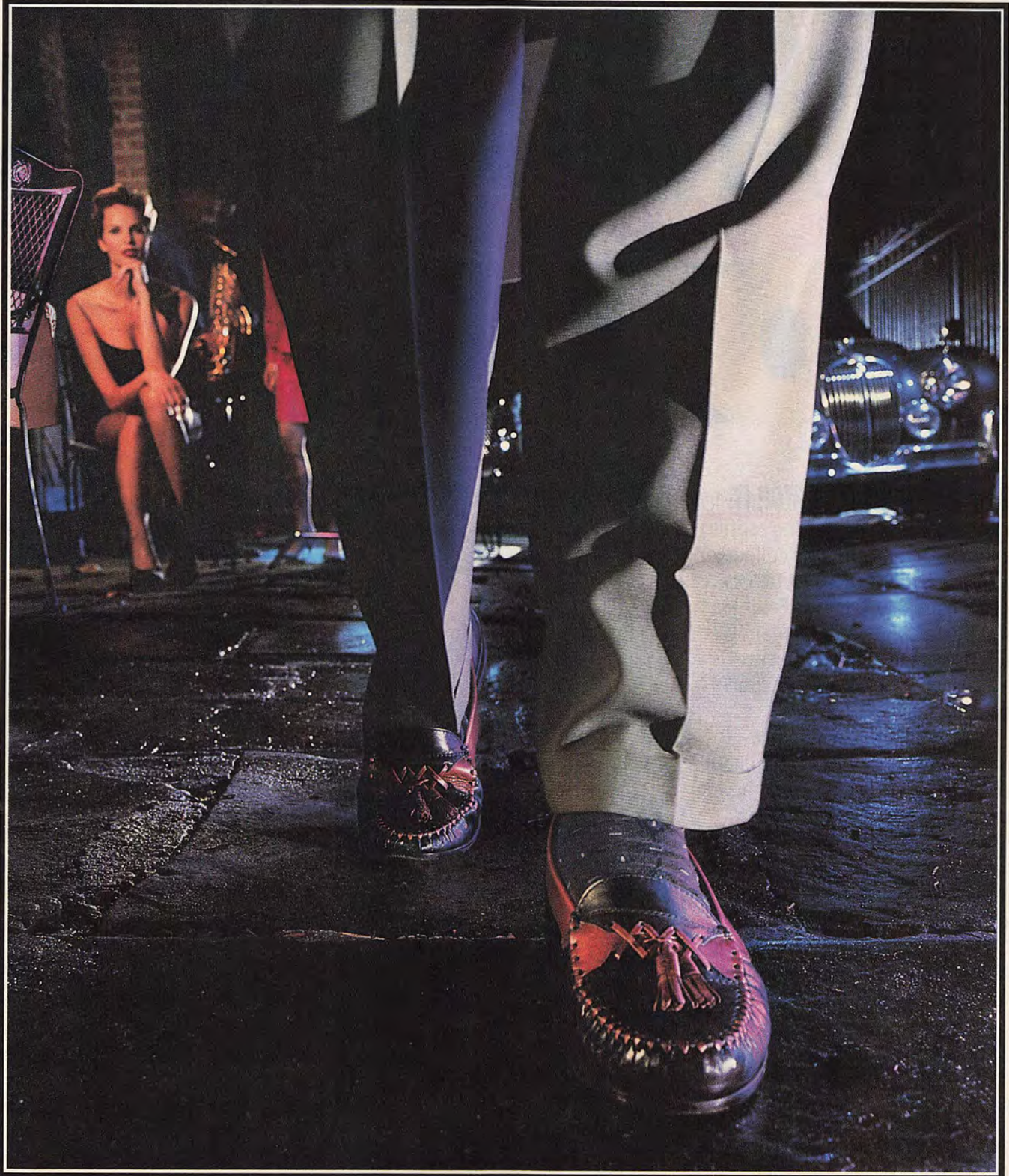
Anything goes on radio talk shows, the more contrary and controversial the better. And the men (and women) in the press box are of a new breed. Go ahead and accuse them of splitting infinitives, but whatever you do, don't call them homers. The lengthy NCAA travails of the Southwest Conference in the 1980s were caused not so much by the league's corruption as by the scoop-counterscoop crossfire of a newspaper war in Dallas.

An out-of-town journalist recalls watching Bryant hold a press conference following a practice during the '60s: "He comes walking into this room, sits down, takes out a cigarette and

Despite Edwards's record, people keep asking, B-Y-Who?



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smokes it down to the end. Nobody says a word. They just look at him, waiting. Finally he says, 'Well, we had a pretty good practice today.' Everybody starts scribbling like mad. 'I think Billy Joe Bob Fred Smith is going to be a good left tackle.' And they scribble some more. He keeps doing this. Finally he stamps out his cigarette and says, 'Any more questions?' With that he gets up and walks out. I got up and followed him. 'You call that a press conference?' I asked him. He said, 'That's the way we do things here in Alabama.'"

Which raises another point: Only certain pockets of the country have ever been willing to make a huge fuss over a football coach, and the Deep South may be the last of them. "I guess if there's ever going to be another icon anywhere, it's going to be in the Southeast," says ESPN's Cook. "The biggest person in most of those states isn't the governor. It's the football coach. Things are different in the South. The mothers and fathers still spank their kids down there."

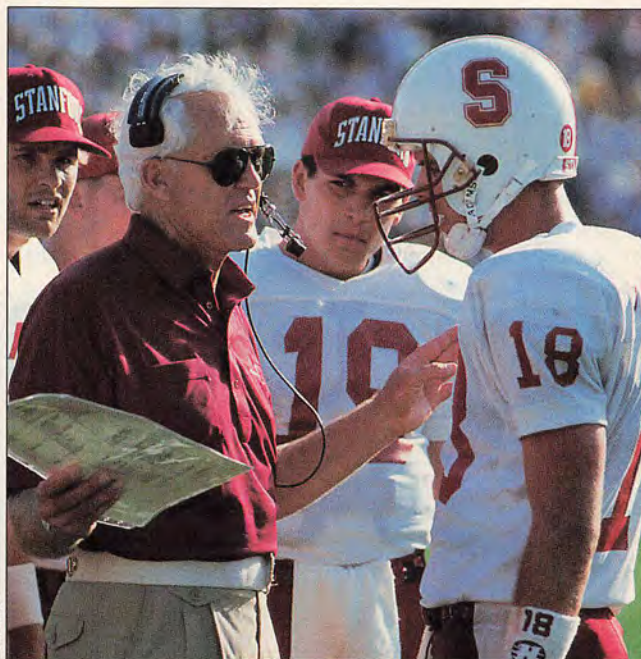
Yet even in the South, fans are particular about whom they'll make into a hero. At Georgia, Vince Dooley won 72% of his games and comported himself like a gentleman. In 1980 he coached the Bulldogs to a perfect season and a national title. So how come, when he considered an offer to go to Auburn late that year, most Dawg partisans were hoping he would up and leave? Because, they figured, if Dooley left, his defensive coordinator, Erk Russell, would get the Georgia job. And unlike Dooley, Russell had all the earmarks of an icon-in-the-making: an ear-catching name, a pate you could see your reflection in and a belief in a throwback brand of football that feeds some primal need in the public. (Indeed, Russell went on to become a vest-pocket legend at Division I-AA Georgia Southern, where he won three national titles in eight years.)

One of the sources of Bryant's charisma was the easy candor with which he owned up to his programs' violations of NCAA rules. Though Bryant avoided personal involvement in the purchase of talent, he told boosters to pay the prevailing rate. Bryant and Auburn coach Shug Jordan had an agreement: If one had a problem with the other's recruiting, he was to pick up the phone and call, not the NCAA, not the media, but the other coach. Anyway, in Bryant's day, says former Arkansas coach and current athletic director Frank Broyles, "you would not get fired for cheating. You were fired for losing."

That has changed. In the 1980s, Auburn's Pat Dye seized the in-state recruiting advantage from the Crimson Tide following Bryant's retirement. But when Auburn defensive back Eric Ramsey secretly recorded conversations that implicated a booster in providing improper benefits to him, Dye was gone. Today even Bryant might not be wooed to Tuscaloosa, considering the rap sheet he picked up at Texas A&M, which was placed on probation for paying money to recruit players in 1954. "Compliance problems," the 'Bama search committee might say as it tossed Bryant's application aside.

Imagine how Bryant and his contemporaries would have reacted to neologisms like *compliance problems*. Mention a phrase like *women's equity* to any of them, and he would likely have said, "Sure, I'm all for the pom-pom girls being equally pretty." Indeed, 15 years ago any of the other buzz phrases currently heard in college sports—dead periods, satisfactory progress, Bylaw 5-1-(J)—would have sounded to coaches like Etruscan.

Nowadays a university president simply isn't willing to let a \$15 million segment of his institution jeopardize the integrity of



TOM LYNN

Walsh (above) and Green were potential college demi-gods until they succumbed to the temptations of the NFL.



JOHN W. McDONOUGH

the whole \$400 million shebang. In Bryant's time—particularly in the Deep South—it was an insult for a football coach not to have the additional honorific of athletic director; today, Oregon's Rich Brooks is the only Division I-A football coach who doubles as AD, and if he failed to do his president's bidding, Brooks would surely be stripped of the title. "I can recall the days when Coach Bryant could address the NCAA convention on an issue and he could swing the vote if it was going to be close," says former Alabama player Pell. "There's not a

himself at their age. "I'll be damned, we've got so many *niiiice* boys," he once said, "sometimes I wish I'd have to go to jail on Friday nights and bail five or six of 'em out to play on Saturday." But by the 1970s Bryant's legend was so imposing that he could loosen the reins of discipline with little risk. By then Alabama players put out not because he drove them but because they couldn't imagine letting him down.

Even when Bryant bent, however, players knew there was something steely at his core. In 1963 he suspended Joe Namath

for two crucial games at the end of the season after Namath broke training. Bryant cried when he did it, but he did it. Of course, Alabama went on to win the Sugar Bowl and a national title without Namath. Glory and honor—in those days a coach-king could have both even when he stood by his principles.

Coaches make concessions today because flexibility is likely to yield the right results: the victories without which they're goners. Last season Woods and South Carolina won five of their last six games after the players' revolt. Archer's successor at LSU, Curley Hallman, at first forbade his players to wear earrings but then relented when they objected. There's only one problem with copping a flexible attitude: The very act of saying, directly or by implication, "Well, yeah, go ahead, wear your earrings," tends to cut a coach down to size. And that may be why today's icon wannabes can barely budge a blocking sled staturewise.

Florida State's Bobby Bowden has the fire, the folksiness and the Q-rating—is there anyone more likable in the game?—but until he starts beating Miami, he'll forever be doomed by the sine qua non of icondom: The coach must at least rule his own state.

James did. Before he left Washington last week, his coach-

ing acumen was the talk of every Puget Sound espresso bar, but to show for his 18 seasons in Seattle he had only a share in one national title, which is sort of like kissing your sister's Tupperware.

Notre Dame, the school of Rockne, Frank Leahy and Ara Parseghian, sets the bar awfully high. But whether you're based in South Bend or in Corvallis, you've got to win at least 200 games to run with the big dogs, and until he does, Lou Holtz will have to stay on the porch. His humor has also become a little unreliable; Holtz's jokes come in inverse proportion to the stress he's under. (That's the difference between Holtz and Royal, who repeated



Bryant usually had his way with the NCAA, but the organization has brought more recent coaches to their knees, including Danny Ford (left), Dye (top, right) and Sherrill.

single individual in college football who can do that today."

But be sure to credit more than just a bygone era for Bryant's stature. Credit Bryant himself. "He was always changing and adapting," says Jackie Sherrill, who played on two of Bryant's national championship teams in the early '60s and now coaches at Mississippi State. "If something wasn't working, he had the innate ability to change it and make it work." Bryant eventually took to encouraging marginal talents rather than summarily running them off. He permitted long hair and allowed his players to get married. Indeed, sometimes Bryant seemed to yearn for a few scapegraces—just a handful of boys who reminded him of

his most enduring aphorism—"You dance with who brung you"—during the pressure-filled run-up to the Longhorns' victorious 1969 showdown with Arkansas.)

Dennis Erickson has won two titles in four seasons at Miami without disturbing so much as a strand of his anchorman's hair. But because of the talent he lands and the pro-style offense he deploys, Erickson is likely to be picked off by the NFL before he can be vested with icon status. Plus it's hard to revere a man who can't keep his players from breaking into those derisive post-touchdown mazurkas. "If you got in the end zone and danced and pointed to the crowd and taunted when McKay was coach, you'd find yourself at the end of the bench," says former Trojan Heisman Trophy winner and current AD Mike Garrett.

The institutional giant today is Eddie Robinson, who has lorded over Grambling football for a half century. But he operates at a Division I-AA school, and, sad to say, many whites are reluctant to accept as their icon a man who's black and has devoted his life to coaching blacks.

McCartney's dabbling in divisive social issues will prevent him from ruling a state as diverse as Colorado—and it reminds us that, over a quarter century, Bryant may have been the only public man in Alabama to transcend the issue of race.

LaVell Edwards of BYU has a winning program, but he has had to spend so much time getting the pollsters to take his teams seriously that no one has gotten around to appraising him. When people finally do, it may be from courtroom footage. Former BYU defensive lineman Budd Orr is suing the school, alleging



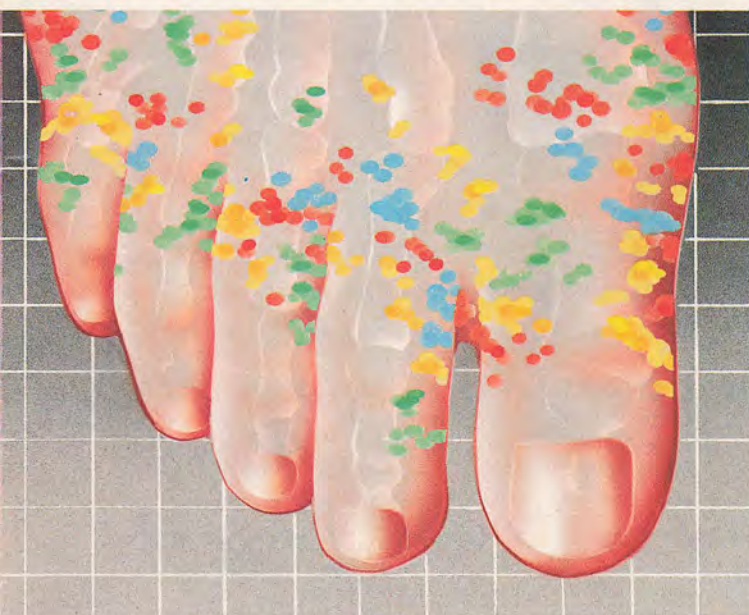
After three losses, 84 Memphis State players decided they had heard enough from Stobart and boycotted practice.

that a "win at any cost" attitude fostered in Edwards's program resulted in a back injury that snuffed out Orr's chance of a career and disables him still. Defendants don't make good icons.

Tom Osborne has Nebraska all to himself, but until he can consistently win big games, no one much cares. "Besides," says one of the game's cognoscenti, "can you name *your* eighth-grade math teacher?"

John Robinson and Walsh are back in the Pac-10, but each is in his 60's, having given his best years to the NFL. Robinson returns to a USC campus where expectations have been scaled down since McKay's day. And Walsh has still never been to a Rose Bowl.

Even as we mention him as a possible icon-in-waiting, Walsh embodies many of the reasons the species is no more. After two



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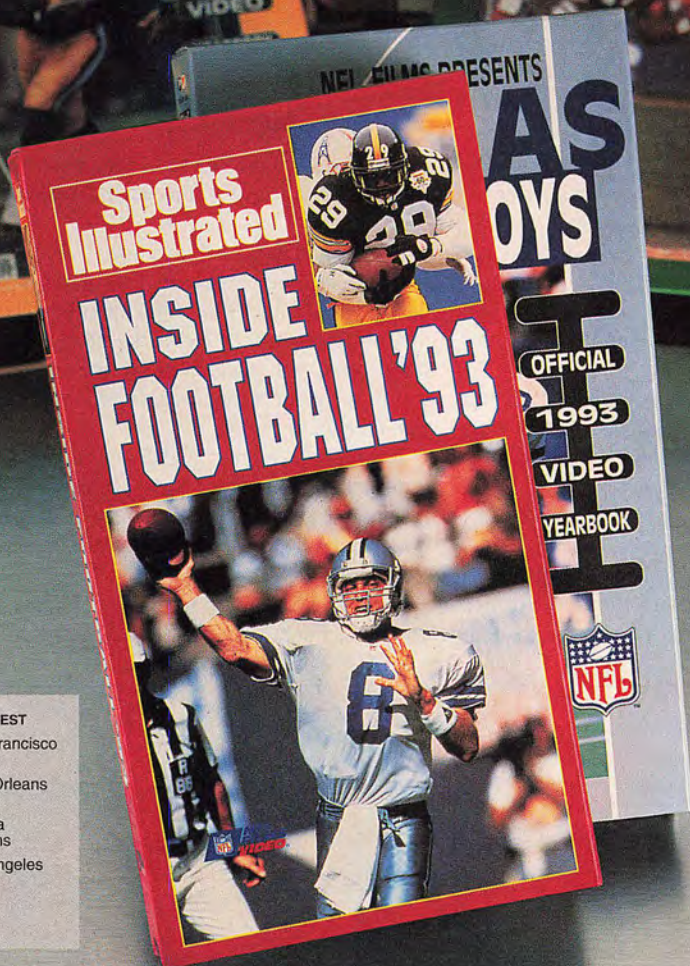
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C



G

(G) **New York Jets Official 1993 Video Yearbook.** Heart and determination are the ingredients all winners have. The 1992 Jets played with both of these, and despite being injured and short-handed, they played as hard as they could. 1993 marks the 25th anniversary of the 1968 World Champion New York Jets. NFL Films will take you back to the magical season Jets fans will never forget. Order now and see if 1993 will be another magical year. Approx. 40 minutes. VID1112

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L

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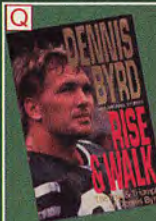
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P



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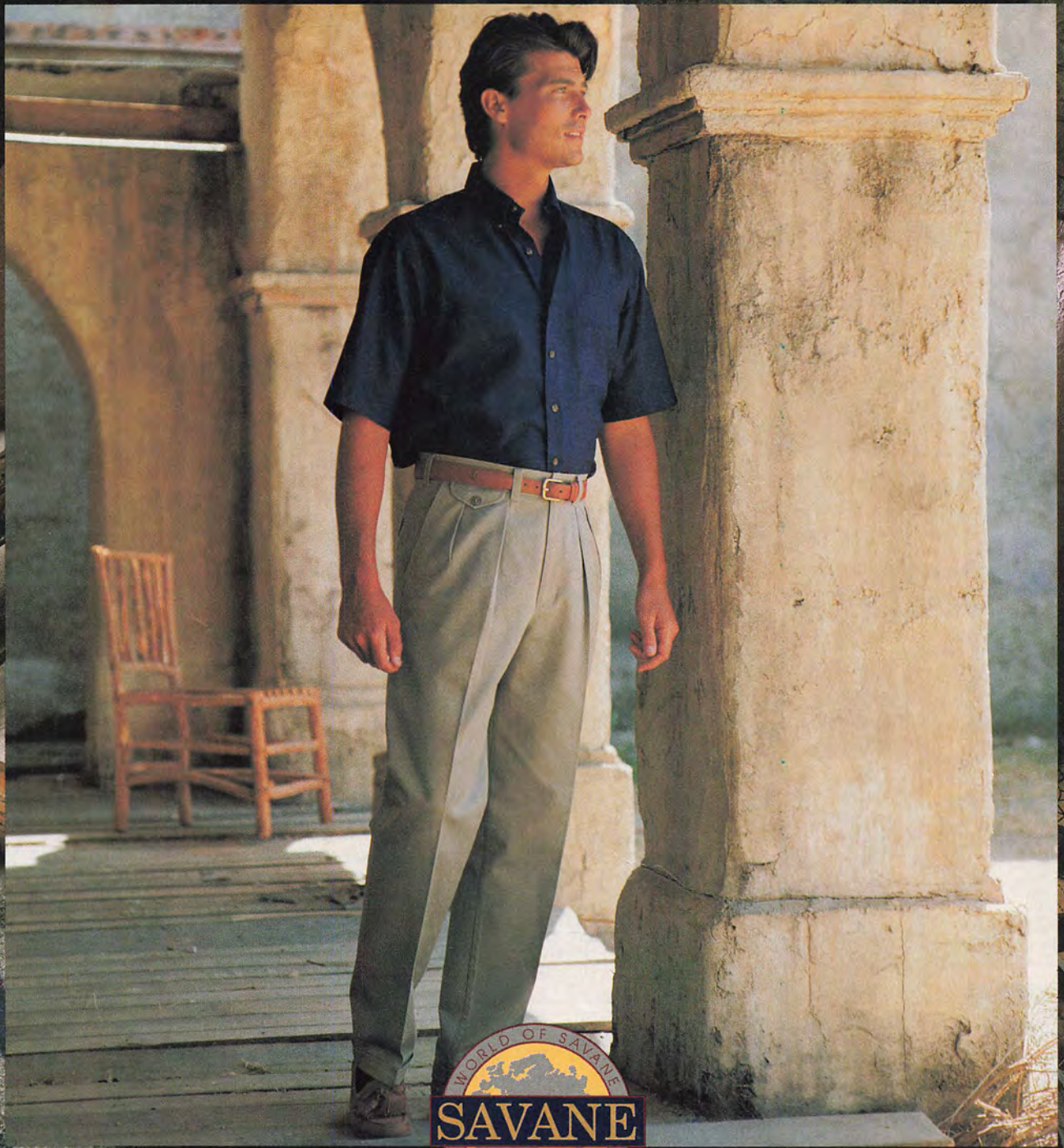


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seasons at Stanford in the late '70s, he was lured away by the pros. While many of the coaching fixtures who came before him, men like Hayes and Bo Schembechler, succeeded by relentlessly applying the conventional wisdom, Walsh is renowned as an innovator. And while the giants of the sidelines always seemed to exist apart from the campus pointy-heads, Walsh has been asked to lecture in Stanford's departments of education, psychology and business. Without self-consciousness Walsh will characterize his team's play as "sublime" or explain his return to Palo Alto by saying, "This is my bliss."

Small wonder, then, that while Bryant supervised practice from atop his tower, Walsh makes sure he's out on the field. "Today's coach is more facilitating than dictatorial," Walsh says. "There's more science to being a coach now. Consequently, 'making a boy into a man' nowadays may mean not just making him tough and strong but also helping him to learn communications skills, to deal with others under stress and to learn a game plan and apply it in a few days."

"There was a time when you could say, 'We will be tougher than them and hit harder and want it more.' And at the end of the game, people would say, 'Oh, yeah, USC wanted it more than Oregon State, or Alabama wanted it more than Vanderbilt.' If you have a mismatch, that works. But if you have two teams evenly matched—and parity has brought a lot more of that about—that won't work."

The headlines reporting Walsh's return to Stanford a season ago seemed to grope for something large—icon-large. "Genius" was the appellation he had picked up in the pros, but that was a secular one; a headline in *TIME* magazine heralded THE SECOND COMING. Walsh has studied the power of myth. Joseph Campbell's lectures on the subject riveted him. So Walsh and his staff, afraid that their players might be too starstruck to do the communicating that the Walsh way demands, tried to humanize the new coach. His management style would not isolate a leader atop a pedestal—or a tower. "It can drain from people to pay homage rather than play football," says Walsh. By encouraging his players to call him Bill, he allows them to play football.

So if Walsh, in the few years he has left, were to receive the mantle of icon, he would cast it off as if it were a yoke. That leaves only one figure to flirt with Bryant's stature.

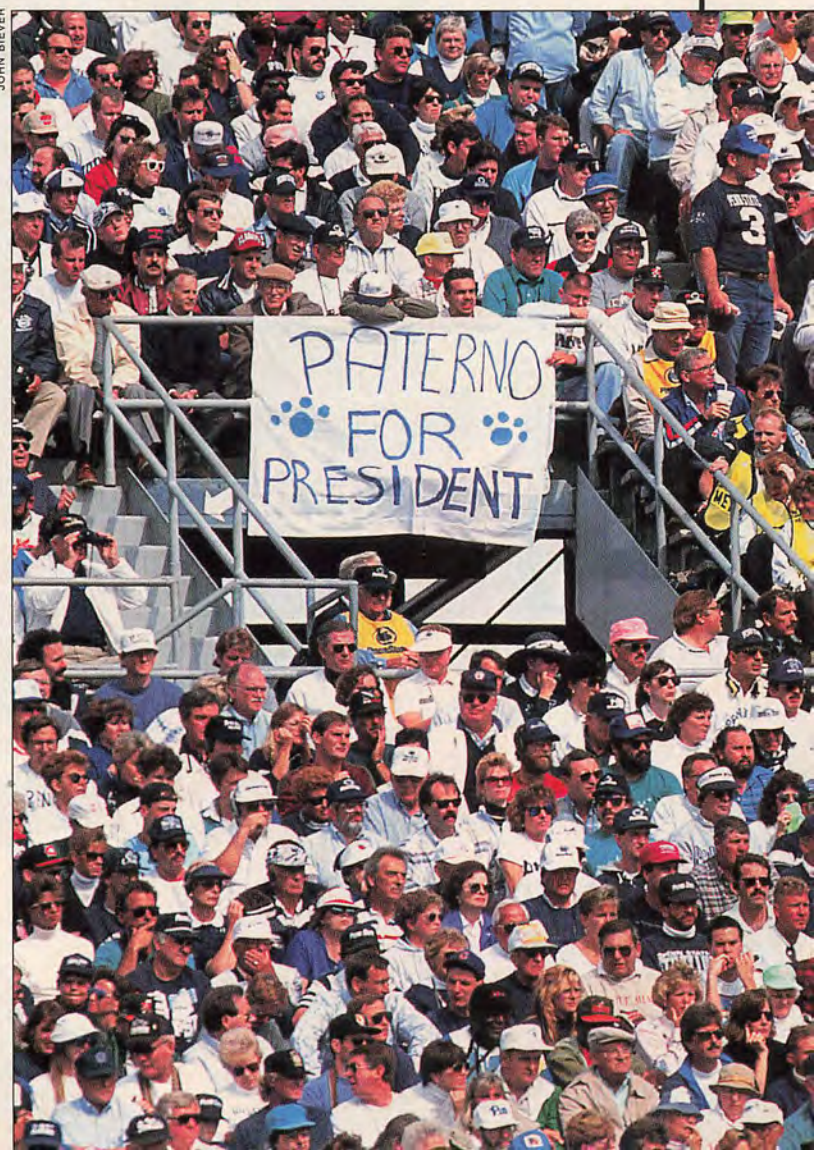
Paterno began his career at Penn State with no particular distinction. He played weak opponents, safeguarding a winning tradition established by the three coaches who preceded him, including the legendary Rip Engle. Then Paterno upgraded the Nittany Lions' schedule and won a couple of national titles, beating a superb Georgia team in the 1983 Sugar Bowl and upsetting Miami in the Fiesta Bowl four years later. All the while he spoke out for academic standards and ignored the blandishments of the NFL. Now that Penn State has joined the Big Ten, Paterno is facing, at 66, competitive challenges on another order of magnitude. If he meets them, he'll surely merit reconsideration.

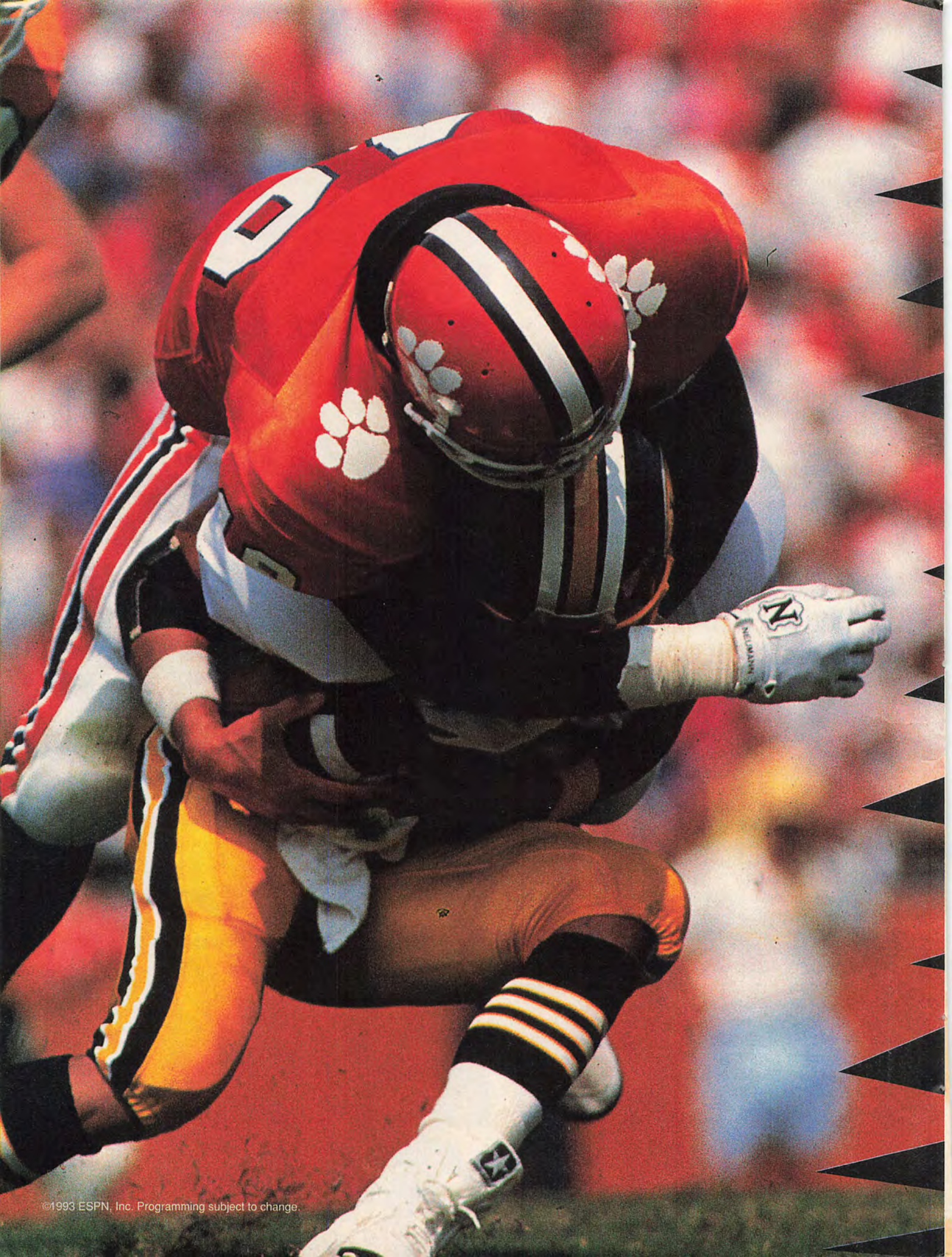
But until then Paterno's workaday life-style, that common touch of walking home from a game with the outgoing crowd, even those clunky glasses, all tend to make him seem smaller than life. When someone asks whatever happened to John Wayne, you have to do better than point out Henry Fonda.

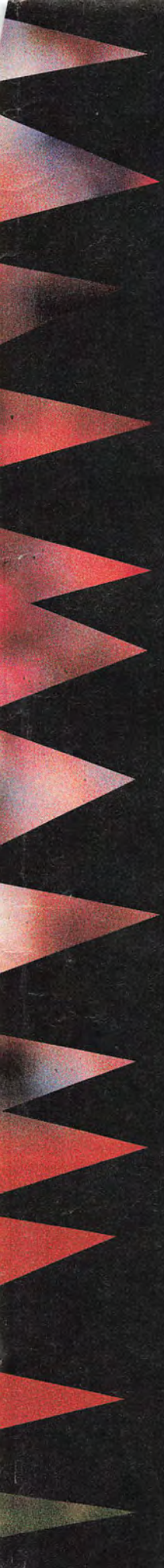
Funny: One of Paterno's players, a fullback named J.T. Morris, recently called him "a dictator" when the coach refused to release him from his scholarship. Reaching Bryant's status is going to take a lot more repression than that. But it's a start. ■



The ever-popular Paterno will have to tame his new competition in the Big 10 before his ultimate lionization.







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See You in Court

Inspired by Bryan Fortay, scrubs everywhere will soon be suing the clipboards off their coaches | by RICK REILLY



DANA FINEMAN/STOMA

ASK US ABOUT BENCHES. WE KNOW BENCHES. IN OUR abridged high school baseball career, we spent hours studying the subject. Blindfolded, we could sit on a bench and declare whether it was made of Georgia pine or Pennsylvania oak. While the rest of the team played on, we conducted scientific bench experiments. On a very cold day, would Melvin Stringley's tongue freeze to an aluminum bench? It would.

We pined to play, but the coach would not let us. He was a grouch who never liked our habit of letting fly balls get good and cooled down before we threw them back to the infield. So we sat on the bench. What were we supposed to do, sue?

Exactly.

Thanks to Bryan Fortay, a former University of Miami bench warmer, the Day of the Scrub has arrived. Fortay, the young genius, has filed a \$10 million lawsuit against Miami and its football coach, a lunkhead named Dennis Erickson, who allegedly promised Fortay the starting quarterback job in 1991 and then chose somebody else. The fink. The somebody else Erickson chose was a stiff named Gino Torretta, who ended up being absolutely no good at all, except for getting lucky a couple of times, when he led Miami to the national championship in '91 and won the Heisman Trophy in '92.

But Fortay and Fortay's dad and Fortay's lawyers say that even a lunkhead could see that Fortay was twice the quarterback Torretta was, and that making Bryan sit on the bench was an extra-large injustice. And they say that the only thing that can make an extra-large injustice right is \$10 million, which they say Fortay has coming to him because that's what he would have made in the brilliant NFL career he won't have.

The lawsuit says that Miami "traumatized" and injured Fortay and that because of Erickson's negligence, Fortay's "highly touted potential as a collegiate football quarterback did not materialize."

Of course a few twisted cynics might ask, "Well, if Fortay is so wonderful, how come he still can't win the starting job outright now that he's transferred to Rutgers, which isn't exactly Notre Dame? Furthermore, how come when Miami had Jim Kelly starting, Bernie Kosar and Vinny Testaverde both sat on the bench, and when Kosar played the next two years, Testaverde sat on the bench, and neither of their NFL careers was all that traumatized?"

A few cynics might ask that, but not us. We know what kind of mental suffering and anguish Fortay must have gone through. A kid can recover from a broken leg, but how is he supposed to recover from a broken promise? Besides, why shouldn't Fortay sue? If there is one thing the '90s have taught us, it's four precious words: *It's not my fault.*

If a woman on Long Island can sue an outdoor café for a bee sting, and Bill Shoemaker can sue the state of California because the roads it builds aren't safe enough for a man to drive drunk on, then football players should be able to sue coaches for everything up to and including the little balls in their whistles. Miami and Erickson say they never promised Fortay the first-string job and that they will fight the suit, but you can bet this football season will be different.

Erickson: Flanders, take a lap!

Flanders: Coach, I believe you know my attorney, Mr. Becker.

Naturally, we are filing papers immediately against every coach who ever cut us, benched us and/or yanked us out of a game. We're asking \$11 million in the suit against our high school baseball coach, because that's the amount your basic .236 hitter can earn in a big league career, and we knew we would have been good for at least a .236 average if we had ever gotten into actual games. We're also filing a small breach-of-promise suit against our mother, who repeatedly assured us we would grow up to be President.

In fact, we like filing so much that we have decided to become legal consultants to other athletes who find that a good multimillion-dollar lawsuit will make them feel much better. This kind of thing will be our Fortay, if you will.

For instance, we are currently under retainer to a Mr. Chuck Wepner, who is suing a Mr. Muhammad Ali for willfully and repeatedly aggravating Mr. Wepner's sensitive skin condition. Mr. Ali was fully aware that Mr. Wepner's skin happens to bleed when struck. Not only did Mr. Ali's actions damage Mr. Wepner's boxing reputation, but they also destroyed his highly touted potential as a Ralph Lauren model.

We have also begun legal action for a Mr. Tom Weiskopf against a Mr. Jack Nicklaus, inasmuch as Mr. Nicklaus continually and knowingly sank putts right in holes that Mr. Weiskopf was trying to putt into, thus distracting Mr. Weiskopf greatly and preventing him from walking away with about two dozen very heavy trophies stuffed with cash. And we're working on other complaints by the following:

1) Mr. Ralph Branca, who was done a grave disservice by a Mr. Bobby Thomson;

2) Mr. Fran Tarkenton against a Mr. Too Tall Jones, who repeatedly blocked Mr. Tarkenton's view during NFL games, making it very difficult for Mr. Tarkenton to see his receivers;

3) the citizens of Denver, who were promised that they would get a major league baseball team and instead got the Colorado Rockies.

We're also asking for a few million for Melvin Stringley and his tongue. Melvin figures he's out some big cash from what would have been a great trumpet career.

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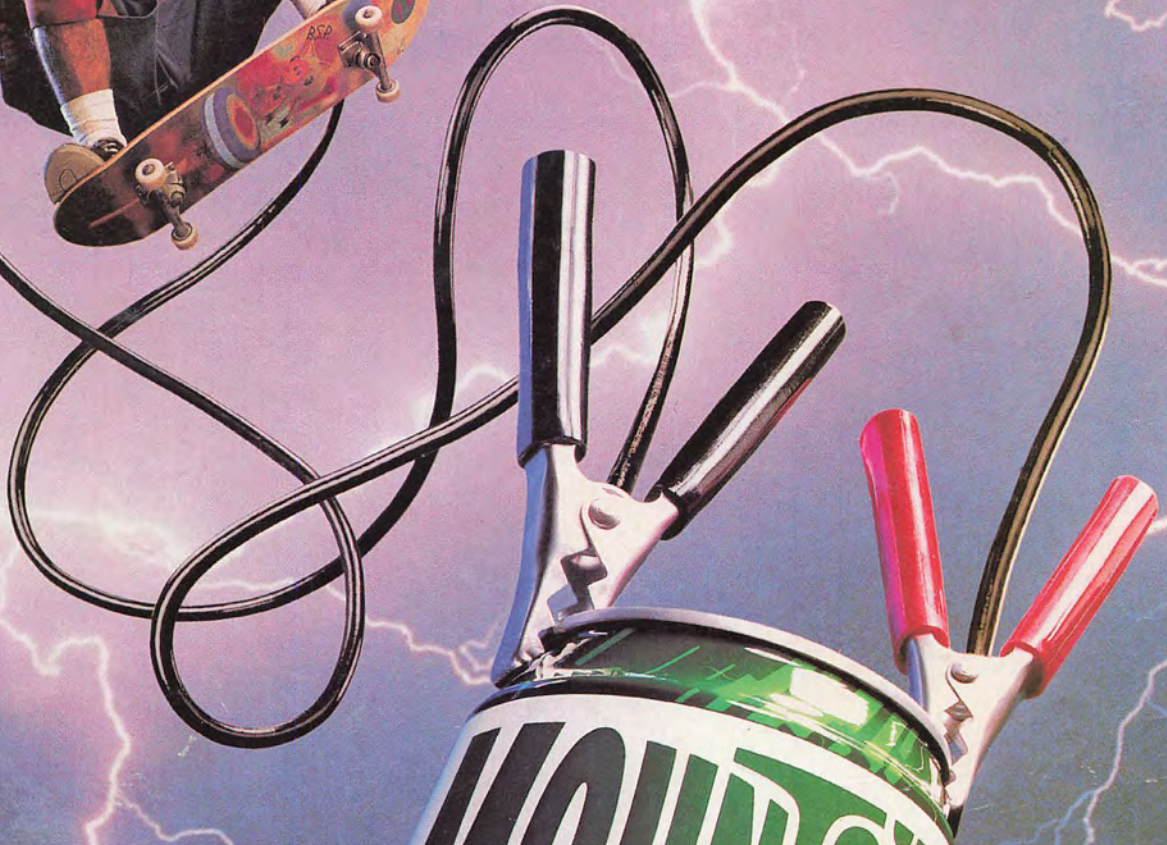


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